# THE HISTORY

OF

# HENRY MILNER.

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OF

# HENRY MILNER,

## A LITTLE BOY,

WHO WAS NOT BROUGHT UP ACCORDING TO THE FASHIONS OF THIS WORLD.


BY MRS. SHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY, "LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER," "ORPHANS OF NORMANDY," &c. &c.



THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.

1835.

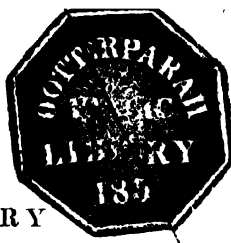
LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

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# THE HISTORY

OF

# HENRY MILNER.

## CHAPTER I.

We have many histories of little boys, who, being brought up according to the fashions of this world, have made themselves great and clever men, and have obtained riches and rewards in this life. I am now going to tell you the history of a little boy who was never taught any thing of the fashions or ways of this world, but was accustomed, quite from the time of his babyhood, to think only of pleasing God, and making himself such as the Lord loves.

His teachers were holy and humble people, and God blessed their instructions, for they trusted in his promises, and were not confounded. They believed in the Lord, neither did they turn aside from his commandments to give worldly instruction to their little pupil, or to endeavour to make him wise for this world, as well as for the next.

HENRY MILNER, for that was the name of the little boy whose history I am about to relate to you, lost his mother while he was a very little baby, and before he was quite four years of age he was also deprived of his last surviving parent.

Mr. Milner, the father of Henry, was descended from a noble family; but, as he was a younger child, and had many brothers and sisters, he had never been a rich man, and had only two thousand pounds to leave his little boy, which, indeed, was quite enough to provide for his education and comfort as a little boy, and to help him to get on in life as he got older.

When Mr. Milner felt himself near death, he sent for his tutor, a certain elderly and respectable clergyman of the name of Dalben, of whose manner of living I shall give you an account by and by; and when Mr. Dalben arrived he entered with him into the following discourse:

"You see me, my beloved tutor, lying on my death-bed, and about to depart to that dear Saviour, whom you first (with the divine blessing) taught me to love and serve. To you, my dear sir, under God, and to your simple and holy instructions, I have owed all the happiness I have enjoyed on earth, and all the joy I now have in the prospect of death; and if you will grant me one favour, the last I shall ever ask you, you will remove the only subject of regret which remains to me on leaving this world."

Mr. Dalben replied, "Give not the glory to me, my dear pupil; for, though it has pleased God, in some degree, to bless my labours with respect to you, yet the best that can be said of me is, that I am an unprofitable servant, and

one who has done his Lord's work with a cold and unbelieving heart. But, to wave this matter; What, my son, is your request? If it is in any way in my power to grant it, be assured, you shall not meet with a denial."

In answer to this the dying man extended his pale cold hand, and rung a bell, which was soon answered by a decent maid-servant, bringing in a little boy between three and four years of age. This child was dressed in a white frock and muslin cap, having ringlets of fair hair peeping out from under the cap, and falling upon his neck. This was little Henry Milner, who, at the sight of his father, used all those expressions of animated joy with which children commonly serve themselves ere yet they have acquired the full use of words whereby to convey their ideas.

The infant sprung from the arms of his nurse upon his father's bed, and put up his blooming mouth to kiss the pale lips of his beloved parent.

The eyes of the poor father filled with tears, and turning to Mr. Dalben, he said, "Can you love this little boy?—Could you take him to your heart, and make him your own son?"

"I understand you, my friend," said Mr. Dalben; "and, unworthy as I feel of the charge, yet, if it is your settled wish, upon mature reflection, to leave your child under my care, knowing me as you do, and all my ways and modes of thinking, I will accept the pledge; but consider well, if you have not already done so, that if I receive the dear boy, I shall not bring him up according to any of the received opinions or customs of the world."

"The *world!*" repeated Mr. Milner, with

warmth: "what is the world to a poor dying man like me? I thank God, that, through your instructions, and the views you early gave me of its emptiness and vanity, and of all its destructive tendencies, it never had the charms for me which it has for other young people less simply educated; but never, never did it appear of so little importance as it does at this moment; and I would rather look forward to seeing my beloved child a humble servant of God, in the lowest situation in life, than the first monarch upon earth. Take him, therefore, my dear friend, as the last pledge of love from your old and highly favoured pupil, Henry Milner.—Bring him up in your own simple way; talk to him, and give him the same kind of instruction as you gave to me, and all my wishes on his account will be fulfilled."

"We were very happy, indeed," said Mr. Dalben, "my dear pupil, when we lived together in my little cottage; and if the Lord would assist me in my care of your dear boy, it would, I think, make up to me almost what I shall lose in his father. But, dear Henry Milner, beloved pupil and son of my heart, may I not hope that you may yet be spared to us?"

"No," said Mr. Milner, "no; I neither expect nor wish for a prolongation of life;—I am fully persuaded that I must soon die; therefore, my dear friend, set not your heart upon me; but love my little son, and for his sake recall to mind the days of my youth, and the sweet instructions you used to give me.

"Do you remember, my dear tutor, the conversations we used to have upon the subject of

those blessed days when Christ shall reign from sea to sea, and from the river even unto the ends of the earth? How you used to tell me, when speaking of the glory of the ancient kings and heroes of the earth, and the vaunted conquerors of Greece and Rome, that this was a false and deceitful glory, and would be as much excelled by the glory of the kingdom of Christ upon earth, as the brightness of the sun exceeds that of a blazing flambeau? Do you recollect how many questions I used to put to you on these subjects, and how you used to take the Bible and point out to me those passages which refer to this glorious time, when the trees of the field shall yield their fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, when springs shall burst forth in the desert place, and brooks of water in the thirsty land; and you used to describe to me at those times what would be the beautiful and holy deportment of the children of the Blessed One in those happy days, in terms so warm and animated, that, while I listened, I often felt my young imagination, as it were, take fire, and every feeling of my heart engaged in the desire of promoting, as much as in me lay, the advancement of this kingdom upon earth?

"Ah! my friend, while other tutors and instructors of youth are engaged in filling the minds of their pupils with precepts of worldly wisdom and worldly glory, you were continually employed in representing to me such views of true peace and true glory as were never yet verified on earth; insomuch so, that, with the divine blessing, my young heart was quite filled with these images; and I felt, while yet a boy,

a more ardent zeal for the advancement of Christ's kingdom upon earth, than ever Spartan or Roman youth for the honour of his country, or the fame of his native city."

Mr. Dalben smiled, but there was a mixture of tender grief in the expression of his countenance as his pupil thus proceeded:

"I remember that you used to say to me, 'Dear Henry Milner, what sort of little boys are those who will be admitted into the kingdom of Christ on earth, and who will be allowed to play upon the hills of the Millennium; not indeed such little boys as we now see; children with sinful, proud, and ambitious hearts; but holy children who have received new hearts, and been made white in the blood of the Lamb, have been justified, regenerated, sanctified, and are at length admitted into glory,—such little boys as these will play on the high hills of the Millennium.'"

"My dear pupil," said Mr. Dalben, "I fear you will exhaust yourself by speaking so much."

"No, no," returned Mr. Milner with animation; "in promising to take my boy you have added, I think, some days to my life, and enabled me to look back on the sweet period of my childhood with renewed delight; inasmuch as I now dare to hope for the same holy and simple instructions for my son, as those on which I now dwell with such inexpressible delight. My beloved tutor, while under your care, I was as happy as a sinful child of Adam could possibly be while carrying about with him a body of sin; and though, indeed, after I left you, and mixed with the world, I lost much of my peace

of mind, He who undoubtedly willed my salvation ere yet the spirit of life was breathed into my nostrils, soon found means to recall me to himself, and will assuredly, in a very short time, make me blessed in his presence for evermore; for I have been enabled to place my confidence in Him,—and who ever trusted in Him and was confounded?"

Now, as I have made my first chapter somewhat long, and as it contains some matters rather difficult for little boys to understand, I shall conclude it in a few words, by saying, that Mr. Dalben stayed with his dear pupil, not only till he died, but until he had seen his remains placed in the grave; after which, he hired a chaise, and, taking little Henry Milner on his lap, began his journey towards his own home.

## CHAPTER II.

*Containing an Account of Mr. Dalben's House and his Servants; also a Description of his Dog and Cat, with certain other important particulars.*

MR. DALBEN'S house was situate in Worcestershire, between the Malvern Hills and the valley of the Teme, so that those who approached the house from the other side of the river, saw the hills towering majestically above the house, and a grove of trees which grew at the back of it. The house itself stood in a very neat and beautiful garden, abounding not only with vegetables and fruit, but also with many fair shrubs and flowers; among which, several neat gravel walks went winding about, sometimes being in sight from the house, and sometimes being quite hid from the windows by the trees and shrubs.

The house was a very old one, even in Mr. Dalben's time; and I have been told by those who have lately visited that country, that it is now quite gone to ruin.

It was, however, a lovely and comfortable abode as could possibly be, when the old gentleman lived therein. It was laid out in a little hall or vestibule, on one side of which was the kitchen, and on the other the old gentleman's study, a handsome large room, which took up one whole

side of the house. The kitchen window, which was a very large one, looked towards the front of the house, and commanded a fine view down the valley of Teme: but the window of the study opened the other way, and from hence the heights of Malvern were seen, lifting themselves above the trees in the garden and grove beyond. This study, which was as much as twenty-five feet in length, contained certain large book cases, in which Mr. Dalben's books were placed in the neatest order; the floor was covered with a Turkey carpet; a bright mahogany table stood before the fire, and another in the bow-window; in which last place Mr. Dalben used to sit in warm weather. There was in this room a very comfortable sofa, and a warm rug lay before the fire-place; which last piece of furniture I particularly mention, because it was on this rug that the old cat used to take her place in a wintry evening, and where she not unfrequently spent her night.

On the inner side of this study was a large light closet, where Mr. Dalben used to keep his papers and such of his books as were not clothed in a handsome binding; and here he was so kind as to allow Henry Milner, when he was about six years of age, to keep a certain bag of rubbish which the little boy prized not a little, though it contained nothing but a few sticks and nails, some bits of string and scraps of paper, a bundle of penny pictures, and a clasp knife which would not cut.

But I shall not say much about this bag in this place, lest I should forget the proper subject of this chapter; which is, to describe Mr.

Dalben's house, his servants, and his cat and dog.

Over the study, which I dare say you have now got in your eye, was the old gentleman's sleeping-room, and over the closet was another small apartment, in which a little bed was put for Henry Milner, though he did not begin to sleep in it till the day when he was five years old, because, till that time, it was thought necessary that he should sleep in the room with Mrs. Kitty, whom I shall speak of by and by.

Behind the kitchen was a brewhouse and poultry-yard, and a large barn, with lofts above, every corner of which Henry Milner was well acquainted with, when he got to an age to go about by himself; and here also was a kennel for Lion the great black dog, who, though he looked very fierce, and would sometimes make a terrible noise when he saw any thing he did not like, was nevertheless a very good-natured creature.

Mr. Dalben kept three servants; namely, Mrs. Kitty, the housekeeper, who, though sometimes rather cross, was very honest and attentive to her master, having lived with him more than twenty years; Thomas the gardener, and Sally the cook and dairy-maid. Thomas was as old as Mrs. Kitty, and knew every flower and tree in the garden, as well as you know A B C; but Sally was young, and often made Mrs. Kitty angry, by looking out of the window when she ought to have been at her work.

And now I think that I have but one inhabitant of the family to make you acquainted with, and that is Muff, the cat; she was called

Muff, because a lady brought her, when she was a kitten, to Mr. Dalben's in her muff.

Muff was a tortoiseshell cat, and would have been very handsome, only that she had had the misfortune to lose one eye in a battle with a large rat; and you must be sensible that the loss of an eye is no great advantage to a cat, any more than it would be to you. However, we must consider, what a very good thing it is that Providence has given two eyes to most creatures; so that, although we should lose one eye, we still shall have another to use, which would not be the case if we were born with but one eye, even if that eye were ever so large or handsome.

And now, having fulfilled my promise, I shall finish my chapter.

## CHAPTER III

*The arrival of little Henry Milner, and the dreadful alarm which took place some days afterwards.*

It was five o'clock on a fine evening in autumn, and Mrs. Kitty, who knew when to expect her master, had lighted a good fire in the study, and set the tea-things in order, for she knew that her master always liked tea better than any thing else after a journey, when the carriage drove up to the door, containing the good old gentleman, with his little adopted son asleep on his knees.

Mrs. Kitty and Sally immediately hastened out to the door, and Thomas came running from a distant part of the garden at the sound of the carriage.

Thomas bowed his head as he opened the carriage; and Mr. Dalben, addressing Kitty, said, "Take this little man as gently as you can, and lay him on the sofa, if possible, without waking him."

"O the little darling! the little fair one!" said Mrs. Kitty; "so like his dear papa! a thousand blessings rest upon him!"—"Gently, gently, Kitty," said Mr. Dalben; "there, now you have him. Lay him on the sofa, where he can see me when he wakes; for my old face is the only one which the poor infant can now to-

lerate." So saying, the old gentleman accompanied his housekeeper into the parlour, followed by Thomas and Sally; which last made an errand into the parlour, to have a farther view of the little sleeper.

"Softly, softly," said Mr. Dalben; "there, that will do. And now how are you all? and how are the neighbours? All well; very good: the Lord be praised for all mercies!"

"Poor Mr. Milner, sir!" said Mrs. Kitty, as she put some water in the tea-pot: "I hope, sir, he went off happy, he went off trusting in his Saviour's merits."—"Kitty," returned Mr. Dalben, "he is now at rest; we might almost wish we were with him."—"He was a sweet little boy," said Mrs. Kitty, "and that little darling there is the very picture of him." So saying, she gave another kind look at the child, and walked out of the room.

In the mean time Mr. Dalben poured out his tea, and took a piece of a white loaf to soak in milk for the child, looking at him from time to time, his tender and pious heart being filled with thankfulness for the blessed death of the father, and lifted up in prayer for the divine assistance, in order that he might be enabled to fulfil his duty towards the son.

While employed in these meditations, little Henry Milner opened his eyes; his first motion was to cry, finding all around him strange and new; but, as he explored the whole apartment with his eager gaze, his eye at length rested on the face of his old friend, on which a lovely smile lighted up his whole face, and he extended both his little arms towards him.

Mr. Dalben instantly got up and took him on his knee, feeding him with his own hands, and speaking to him in a manner the most tender, pointing out to him the cat, who was asleep upon the rug, and certain other objects in the room which he thought most suitable to his taste. After a while the little boy began again to feel the fatigue of his journey, and was, in consequence, conveyed to his bed in Mrs. Kitty's room.

The next morning he was brought down to breakfast with his kind old friend, whom he was taught to call uncle; after which he was allowed to play in the study, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mrs. Kitty, who said that she feared Master Henry would prove very troublesome to her master, who was used to be so very quiet: "and then, sir," she said, "the little gentleman has no playthings to amuse himself withal."

"Well then, Kitty," said Mr. Dalben, "in default of these send Thomas to the carpenter's shop, and bring from thence any little square or oblong bits of deal which may chance to be lying on the floor; and do you, Kitty, clear out one of those cupboards under the book-cases, in order that the empty cupboard may form a repository for these treasures." Mrs. Kitty marvelled, but said nothing in the parlour, though, when she went out into the kitchen to send Thomas to the carpenter, she ventured to remark, that she had never seen her master put himself so much out of the way before; "for you know, Thomas, he was always particular about the study carpet, and now he is going to have all manner of rubbish

brought in to litter the room: surely, Sally, if little master is to play upon the best carpet, he ought to have some genteeler toys than a parcel of bits of wood which are good for nothing but to light the oven." In this manner Mrs. Kitty vented her indignation, till Thomas returned with the bits of deal, which she ordered Sally to carry into the parlour in her apron.

In the mean time Mr. Dalben had emptied one of the cupboards in question, carrying the books and papers which it had contained, to his light closet; and Henry also made himself busy on the occasion, and was mightily pleased when Sally brought in the bits of deal, and Mr. Dalben made him understand that they were all to be his own, a d that he was to have the cupboard to keep them in.

Mr. Dalben studied, as his custom was, till twelve o'clock, and Henry played during that time in the room; at twelve he walked out, and took the little boy with him; they returned about two, and Henry dined with Mr. Dalben; being seated opposite to his uncle on a large arm-chair, on which the sofa cushion had been placed, to form a seat of a convenient height for him.

Mr. Dalben himself always lived plainly; but he took care to give of the simplest food at the table to the little boy. After dinner Mr. Dalben went out to see some poor neighbours; and as Henry was too young to accompany him, he was allowed, during the interval, to visit Mrs. Kitty on her side of the house.

Before tea Mr. Dalben and Henry met again; and while the tea-things were preparing, Mr.

Dalben took Henry on his lap, and told him a story, and talked to him a little about his Creator. After tea Henry was made to say his prayers, and he then went to bed. Thus his first day passed, and several of the following days, under the roof of his kind uncle; but when he had been about a week in Mr. Dalben's house, an accident happened, of which I am now about to give you an account.

One morning after breakfast, Mr. Dalben being busy writing letters, and Henry playing at his cupboard, the little boy having spread all his treasure on the floor, and seeing his cupboard quite empty, took it into his head to try whether there was not room enough within for such a little body as himself; he accordingly probably first put in his head, and then one foot, and then another, and finding abundance of room, he pulled the door nearly to, and stretching himself out along the floor, fell fast asleep. In the meantime a gentleman came to the door of the house on horseback, and asked to speak to Mr. Dalben, who, for a moment, forgetting little Henry, walked out into the hall, and stood there some minutes talking to the stranger. When returning to his study he thought of the child, and not seeing him in any part of the room, he ran out hastily into the kitchen to ask the servants if they had seen Henry. They all answered, that they had not. Whereupon Mr. Dalben, followed by the rest of the family, ran back into the parlour, but no little Henry Milner was to be seen, though they went into the closet, and looked under the sofa. They were by this time much alarmed, and ran out of

the parlour faster than they had come in; and when they got into the hall, one took one way, and one another. Thomas ran out into the garden, Mrs. Kitty hurried up stairs, Mr. Dalben descended into the cellar, and Sally ran into the kitchen and brewhouse, where she gave alarm to an old woman, who was busy washing little Henry's frock; and while Sally examined every hole and corner in the offices within door, the old woman ran to the pig-stye, into the barn, into the shoe-hole, and into the coal-hole, calling as loud as she could, "Master Henry! Master Henry! dear little rogue, I hope no harm is come to him!"

While the family were in this confusion, one running one way, and one another, every body calling and nobody answering, and every one becoming more and more frightened every minute, little Henry was enjoying a very delightful rest at the bottom of his cupboard; and I know not how long he might have lain there, perhaps till night, if the whole family, having searched in vain in every possible direction, had not returned again to the parlour; and there, while they were examining every odd corner, Sally opened the cupboard, and set up such a cry of joy, that Henry began to stir and rub his eyes, and was not a little surprised to see his uncle, Mrs. Kitty, Thomas, Sally, and the washerwoman, all gathered together round the door of his house, as he afterwards called his cupboard.

"O you little rogue!" said Mrs. Kitty; "how you have frightened us all! who would have thought of your being in the cupboard?"

"Why, we might all have thought of it," said

Mr. Dalben, "if we had thought at all, and not put ourselves into such a fright: however, I am very thankful that our alarm is thus removed. And now, my little man, come out of your hole: you will live, I feel assured, to thank your foolish friends for all the cares, whether wise or simple, which they have had on your account." So the little boy got up and came out, and having thanked every one, for what he could not tell, all departed to their own place, and thus terminated this dreadful alarm.

## CHAPTER IV.

*In this Chapter an account is given of Henry's Fifth Year, and of what he learnt in that year, with certain other curious particulars.*

SOON after little Henry Milner arrived at Mr. Dalben's, his birth-day happened, at which time he became completely four years of age.

At this period he could speak very plainly, and would walk and run as well and as far as most little boys of his age. Through the precautions of his kind uncle and Mrs. Kitty, he knew no naughty words and naughty tricks; notwithstanding which, like all little children, who have not yet received new hearts, he was full of evil inclinations which he showed in many ways. I shall point out presently these ways, in which he showed his evil tempers; but before I do this, I will explain to you what I mean by saying that all little children who have not received new hearts are full of evil inclinations. All little children who have been born in England, and have lived a few years in this Christian country, must have heard this solemn and important truth; that there is only one God, and that he is holy and just, and never does evil, but hates sin and loves goodness. This great and mighty God made all things; he created the sun and the stars, and all the worlds, to which the

light of these heavenly bodies extends throughout the universe.' And this we understand from many verses in the Bible, some of which I shall bring forward in this place. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy works. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God. He made the stars also."

It is now nearly five thousand eight hundred years, according to our best reckonings, since the Lord created the world in which we live. You have often undoubtedly heard of the first man and woman made by God. These our first parents were made without sin, pure, and holy, and upright, and blameless in the sight of their God: but that wicked spirit, to wit, the devil or Satan, tempted them to depart from God, by eating of the tree of which God forbade them to taste. And thus they introduced sin and death into the world; the consequence of which was, that from that time every child born of the family of Adam is utterly corrupt from his birth, and not able in himself to think one single good thought. I could bring forward verses without end from the Bible to prove this doctrine of man's utter depravity. "There is not a just man on earth, that doeth good and sinneth not. Every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is only evil continually. There is no health in us. The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint." These are some of the many verses in the Bible which prove the entire corruption of our nature.

But one would think we need not go to the Bible to be convinced of this. We can hardly

walk out into the streets without meeting with wicked children, or bad men and women, who swear and use dreadful words; and if we look into our own hearts, we shall see even worse things than these; we shall find wicked thoughts, anger, idleness, covetousness, malice, foolishness, with many other abominations which I have not time to tell. This being the case, and man's heart being naturally so, we are told that it is necessary for us to have new hearts and new natures; this new nature, which is the gift of God, is called in Scripture being born again; but as I shall have occasion to speak farther on this subject by and by, I will say no more upon it at this time; but will return to little Henry Milner; who, as I said before, though he knew no naughty words, showed in many ways, when he was but in his fifth year, that his nature was corrupt, and that he, like other children, stood in need both of spiritual and bodily chastisement.

One day, when Muff had offended him by getting into his cupboard, he went in a great passion, and collected all his bits of deal in his frock, and threw them in over Muff, saying, "You naughty cat; you frightful cat, I hate you; that I do."

He also often showed a great deal of ill temper when Mr. Dalben called him to read. He would not, for many days, say the letter F. His uncle bought him a set of ivory letters, and used to lay them on the floor at the farthest end of the room, and direct him to bring him each letter as he called for it; but if Mr. Dalben chanced to call for F., he would bring every

letter in the alphabet first, and leave that to the very last; and one day he was so naughty about it, that he would not bring it at all, till his uncle got up to see if it was there, and actually found it lying by itself on the carpet. "There it is, Henry," he said; "pick it up, and carry it to the rest." But the little boy swelled out his cheeks, and would not obey. When Mr. Dalben saw this, he remembered Solomon's words, "Correct thy son while there is hope; thou shalt beat him with a rod, and save his soul from hell." Accordingly the old gentleman called for a twig out of Sally's besom, and laying little master over his knee, he made him recollect the letter F another time. Henry cried violently; but the moment he was set down he took up the ivory letter, carried it to the appointed place, and came back in a moment to kiss his uncle and beg pardon.

"You will thank me for this by and by, my little man," said Mr. Dalben, wiping the tears from Henry's face; "and I will tell you, moreover, my boy, I love you too well to omit any means appointed by God for your soul's good."

After this day there were no more battles about the letter F; but Henry stood out again a long while about spelling CAT; he insisted, whenever he came to that word, upon calling it Muff, and tried to put the matter off at first, as a very good joke. But, on his uncle repeatedly telling him that CAT would not spell Muff, he grew sullen, and lowered his brow, and pouted his lips. Mr. Dalben reasoned awhile with him, and next tried threatening, upon which, little

master grew more stubborn. Mr. Dalben was then again forced to have recourse to his friend the besom; which, when the young gentleman perceived, he called out "CAT, cat," so loudly, that he was heard by Mrs. Kitty, who was making pie-crust in the kitchen.

Throughout the greater part of his fifth year, little Henry Milner, from time to time, broke out in these little fits of obstinacy; he was then so very young, that he could hardly be expected to understand the danger and guilt of sin, though his good uncle tried to lay these matters before him in words as plain as possible; but he perfectly understood the arguments used by Sally's besom; and though I think Mr. Dalben only used it three times, if he heard but the name mentioned, he would instantly give up any point, let him have it ever so much at heart.

And here I must pause to make a remark, which you, my young readers, may not understand now, but which you will perhaps remember and think of in years to come, when you have some little Henrys or Georges of your own to take care of. The Almighty, who knows the foolishness and the sinfulness of children, has in his infinite mercy given to each little child some kind friend, or parent, in whose hands an awful authority and responsibility is invested; directing that this authority shall be used for the child's good, until that child has attained an age in which he may be supposed to understand the higher obligations of religion. The Almighty, in thus arranging matters for little children, and directing in his holy book,

that the chastisements of various kinds should be used if needful, plainly pointed out, that he did not expect persons at a very early period of life to be regulated by argument or reason, but by parental authority; and, therefore, those parents who neglect the use of the power thus placed in their hands, are as guilty of despising the ordinances of God as he who refuses to enter a place of worship, or denies the authority of the divine precepts concerning the sacraments. This was Mr. Dalben's opinion; and I have introduced it here to show the principle upon which he corrected the little orphan, whom he loved with the utmost paternal tenderness. But, to go on with our story.

As little Henry approached his sixth year, through the divine blessing upon his uncle's care and instructions, he became evidently more docile. A word would now do, where some months past it had been necessary to threaten, if not to inflict punishment; being more humble, he was also become much more polite. I am sorry to say, that I see many little boys in these days, even in gentlemen's families, who do not use common manners; the little words "Ma'am" and "Sir," and "I thank you," and "I am obliged to you," are terribly out of fashion in these days; and I am very sorry for it, because I take rude manners to be a sign of a proud heart, and we know how hateful pride is to God, for his first work with those whom he calls to be his own children, is to humble them in their own conceits.

Accordingly little Henry, as I said before, as

he became more humble became more civil; he never spoke to any one, without giving a title of respect, and he never received even a bit of bread without thanking the person who gave it.

Thus little Henry finished his fifth year, and I also conclude my chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

*Giving an account of Henry Milner's Improvement during his Sixth Year, and of six pleasant Pictures which his Uncle bought him in a Penny Book.*

When Henry Milner was completely five years old, he used to spend as much as two hours every day, at different times, at his lessons.

There were not in those days such a variety of little books for children as there now is; but little master did not feel this want; for Mr. Dalben had a custom of telling him every day some little pleasant and true story, commonly when he was out a-walking, or when he was sittting on his lap before tea.

Mr. Dalben had been at Worcester one day, and there he bought, in a bookseller's shop, a pretty penny book with a gilt cover, and six little pictures within. This book Mr. Dalben used to show to little Henry every day before tea; pointing him out one picture at a time, and telling him a story about that picture.

The first picture in this little book was that of a little boy sitting under a tree, and reading a book. "That little boy," said Mr. Dalben to Henry, "is a very holy little boy; he has

got a new heart; I will tell you some other day what a new heart is; every day, when he has done his lesson, he comes into this wood, and sits under that tree and reads his Bible. He is a poor boy, and his Bible is very old; but he loves it very dearly, because holy men have written it, the words being put into their heads by God himself. Every word in the Bible is true; it tells of things that happened before the world began, it tells of things which will come to pass in the last days; it speaks also of that dreadful hell to which wicked people go when they die; a place of fire and brimstone, where devils dwell in darkness, fire, and chains. The Bible speaks also of heaven, where holy men, and women, and children, go when they die; there are the spirits of just men made perfect, and of redeemed and holy infants; there they rejoice for ever in the presence of their Saviour, wearing their crowns of gold, and having harps in their hands, being also clothed in garments made white in the blood of the Lamb. All these things, and many more, this little holy boy finds in his book; he spends many pleasant hours, I am very sure, in that wood; he is a happy little boy; we will call him the happy little boy of the wood."

The next picture represented a little boy kneeling by his bed, and employed in prayer.

"Oh!" said Mr. Dalben, "here is another happy little boy. What shall we call him?—not the happy little boy of the wood, but the little boy who makes his bed-chamber a temple of God. This little boy is praying, and I

think he is praying with his heart, for see how earnest he looks. Praying is a very dull thing when we do not know whom we are praying to, nor care what we are praying for; but prayer is very sweet when we are brought to love the person to whom we pray.

"It is God, the only true God, to whom this little boy is putting up his prayers. I dare to say, that this little boy knows more about God than you do, Henry, otherwise he would not pray to him with so much pleasure. There are many wicked people in distant lands, who say that there are many gods; but we know that there is but one God.

"In this God there are three Persons,—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; and these three are one. You cannot understand this, Henry; but you will understand it better by and by: but I can tell you what each of these three Persons has done, and still is doing for you. God the Father knew you before you were born, and he also knew that you would have a bad heart, and be fit only for everlasting destruction; but God the Father loved you, notwithstanding your bad heart; and he sent his dear Son to die for you upon the cross: and this dear Son came and gave up his life for you long before you were born, and then he went back to heaven to prepare a place to receive you when you die. It is a sweet place, a place where all are happy, and there is no sorrow nor crying there.

"So God the Father loved you before you were born; and God the Son died for you; neither does God the Holy Spirit fail in his

part of your salvation, for he has taken upon himself to make your heart clean, and to take naughtiness out of you. When God the Spirit has done his work, you will be fit to go to heaven; you will then be full of joy and gladness, and your soul will be white and holy as the angels, who stand before the throne of God. That little boy, who is kneeling by his bed, I make no doubt, knew all these things; and if he is praying rightly, he is thanking God the Father for having loved him before the world was made; and he is thanking God the Son for all that he suffered for him; and I doubt not but that he is earnestly beseeching the Lord the Spirit to make his heart clean and holy. Well," continued Mr. Dalben, "these are two very pleasant pictures, and two happy little boys.

The next picture was that of Adam and Eve, the first man and woman, sitting in the garden of Eden before they had committed any sin. Around them were playing all manner of birds and beasts; a monstrous lion was lying quietly at Adam's feet, and a leopard was sleeping upon the grass by the side of Eve.

"Oh! how happy," said Mr. Dalben, "was the world before Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit! Those, Henry, were the first man and woman made by God; they had no naughtiness in their hearts then; they lived in that beautiful garden, and lions and tigers, and other beasts, which are now so furious, lived with them: but when they were tempted by Satan to eat of the fruit which God forbade

them to taste, every thing was changed; their hearts became full of sin, and their bodies liable to death; and the world from that time became full of sin and sorrow."

The fourth picture represented an eagle flying through the air after a dove, and a fierce dog pursuing a gentle hind; and in another part of the picture was a lion fighting with a tiger.

"See, see, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "see how those strong creatures pursue the weak ones, and see how those two dreadful beasts are tearing each other to pieces. Before Adam sinned, these creatures lived together very happily in the garden of Eden; there was no death there, no quarrelling and tearing each other to pieces; but when sin came into the world, their natures were all changed, and they have since lived in continual war with each other."

The fifth picture represented a little white horse standing in a field; it was night, and the heavens were covered with bright stars; in a thicket near to this little white horse lay a monstrous lion fast asleep.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Mr. Dalben, as he looked at this picture. "Oh, I can tell, and its meaning is very pretty.

"You have often heard me speak of God the Son, our Saviour Christ, who came to die for us upon the cross: this dear Saviour is now gone up into heaven, and he has promised, that he will come again in the last days to be King over the earth: these are the blessed days called the

millennium; and the Bible is full of sweet accounts of these days, 'when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.'

"When Jesus Christ is King over all the earth, there will be no longer cruelty in the world; little boys will be no longer cross or passionate, and evil beasts will become gentle: 'the wolf will lie down with the lion, and the calf and the young lion together, and a little child shall lead them.' This picture represents a happy night in the millennium; the stars are shining bright; the sky is free from clouds; the little horse stands quietly in his field, and is not frightened, though the lion is near; for it is the days of the millennium, the blest days of the millennium, and violence has ceased from the land."

The sixth and last picture was that of the Shepherd King, sitting on the top of a lovely hill, with a multitude of sheep feeding quietly around him: the Shepherd King had a harp in his hand, and a crown on his head.

"This," said Mr. Dalben, "is the King who shall reign, in the days of the millennium, from one end of the earth to the other. This King is Christ, and the sheep are his people; this King has bought his sheep with his own blood; therefore they are his: and they know him and love him, because he gave his life for them."

You do not suppose that little Henry Milner understood all these pictures, after having seen them only once or twice. No, he had seen them, and heard his uncle talk of them over and

over again, before he understood them properly; but before he was six years old, he so fully comprehended them, that he would often take the book himself, and tell the stories, as it were, to himself; and then he began to ask his uncle questions about the subjects of these pictures; and so he gradually acquired new ideas relative to them.

Thus little Henry Milner entered his seventh year, an account of certain events in which, I shall give you in my next chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Giving an account of Henry's Contest with his Temptations to Idleness; the Pigeon, the Butterfly, the humble Bee, the bright-eyed Mouse, and the Spider.*

It was the intention of Mr. Dalben to bring up little Henry, the Lord permitting, for the ministry of God; he therefore knew that the little boy must acquire a knowledge of those ancient languages in which the Bible was written; but inasmuch as he knew with what difficulty children acquire a knowledge of grammar in a foreign language, he resolved to make him first acquainted with the parts of speech and other such matters in the English tongue, for these are the same in all languages; and it is a great matter to understand what an adjective, and what a substantive, and what a verb is, before we begin to study new and strange words in other tongues.

Mr. Dalben accordingly procured a plain English grammar to his purpose, and took considerable pains in explaining it to the little boy.

Henry, in commencing this new and dry study, felt himself much disconcerted; but he did not show his ill humour as he had formerly

done in pouting and obstinacy, but by being excessively idle; he, for a length of time, would never study his grammar, excepting when his uncle was working with him and trying to explain it to him.

At length Mr. Dalben was displeased, and calling him to him, he said, "Henry Milner, you may perhaps have heard foolish people say, that idleness is not sin; but I plainly tell you that idleness in children is nothing but obstinacy; and that it is because children will not work, not because they cannot work, that we see so many ignorant boys and girls. You often tell me that you wish to be good, and to be one of the little lambs of the Shepherd King, and to be like those holy children, who, in ages to come, will play upon the fair hills of the millennium; but, Henry, do you suppose that these boys will be idle? Think you not rather that they will be ready to learn, and would be ready, if called upon, even to suffer for the sake of their King?

"Let me tell you, Henry Milner, if you do not know it already, that this idleness is a strong symptom of an unchanged heart, and that if it is not speedily overcome, I shall apply to the friend which has lain by in the closet for nearly a year and a-half."

So saying, Mr. Dalben produced the rod; but I am happy to say that he had no occasion to use it, for Henry melted into tears, confessed his fault, and, to show his penitence, set to work with all his might to learn his lesson.

It was summer-time, and Thomas had mowed one of the fields. Mr. Dalben, at breakfast the

day after the above conversation, said to the little boy, "If you will do all your lessons before dinner, Henry, you shall go with me after dinner to the hay-field, and shall help to make hay." Henry heard this with great delight, and the moment breakfast was finished, set to his lessons. He had a copy to write, and a sum to do, he had two lessons to learn in geography, his Bible to read, and his grammar lesson: all these lessons he loved, excepting his grammar. So he did those he liked best first, and then said to his uncle, "May I go, Sir, into the closet where I sleep," for Henry being six years old now, slept in the closet I spoke of within his uncle's room, "and there learn my grammar!"

Mr. Dalben gave his consent, and Henry ran up stairs, shut the door, and sitting down on a little stool opposite the window, set himself to learn his lesson. It was the summer-time, as I before said, and the window was open; but there was nothing to be seen where Henry sat, through the window, but the tops of the tallest shrubs, the summits of the groves behind these, and the heights of Malvern beyond, but at such a distance, that the little gardens and cottages, halfway up the hill, only looked like dark specks upon the blue mountain. Henry set himself very earnestly to his lessons, and went on without interruption, till a blue pigeon, from his uncle's pigeon-house over the stable, (for Mr. Dalben had built a pigeon-house about half a year before,) came flying towards the window, and setting herself on the window-sill, for she was very tame, began to coo and dress her feathers, turning about her glossy neck in a

very dainty and capricious manner. Henry's voice ceased; his eye wandered from his book, and fixed itself upon the pigeon; till at length recollecting himself, he cried out, "Get away, Mrs. Pigeon; I will learn my lesson, and you shall not hinder me." At the sound of his voice the bird took flight, and Henry went on with his lesson very successfully, till suddenly a beautiful yellow butterfly, whose wings were enriched with spots of azure, appeared in the open window, first settling himself upon the window-frame, then upon some of the furniture within, and then upon the ceiling. Henry's eye again left his book, and followed the butterfly through all its irregular motions, till the creature returning through the window, and flying towards the shrubs, was presently too far off to be seen. "I am glad you are gone," said Henry, returning to his lesson, "and I hope you will come no more." Henry should have said, "I hope I shall have sense, if you should happen to come again, not to think any more about you." But Henry was a silly idle little boy, and had not yet learnt the necessity of commanding his attention to what he ought to be doing. Poor Henry was very unfortunate that day; for, no sooner was the yellow butterfly out of sight than in came a humble bee,—Buz, buz, buz; and this last gentleman was so impertinent, that he came flying up to Henry and round his head; buzzing in one ear, then in another, then out at the window, then in again, then again at the little boy's ears, then away again. At length, Henry got so vexed with him, that he took his opportunity, jumped up, and shut the window

against him; and more than that, he turned his stool round, and set himself with his back to the window: "There, gentlemen and ladies," said he, "Mrs. Pigeon, and Mrs. Butterfly, and Mr. Humble Bee, if you come again, you will not find me at home; or, if I am at home, not ready to receive you."

While Henry was saying these words, and while he was looking for his place in his grammar, which had fallen to the floor in his haste to shut the window, he heard a little kind of nibbling rattling noise in the old wainscot. "What now?" said the little boy; "who is coming next?" He turned towards the side whence the noise came, and there was a pretty little brown mouse with sparkling black eyes, peeping through a hole in the old wainscot.

"There now," said Henry, "there is a new visitor come; well, I am glad Muff is not here at any rate; get back, Mrs. Mouse, get back to your hiding-place; but I will not look at you, I will learn, I am determined to learn." So he turned his face again to another corner of the room, and had just settled himself to learn with all his might and main, when a monstrous large spider let himself down from the ceiling right above his head, and dropped upon his book; Henry shook him off without hurting him, saying, "I will tell you what, ladies and gentlemen; I won't care for any of you, that will be the best way, that is, I will try not to care for you. I hope I shall be helped to do right; and then, Mrs. Pigeon, you may coo; and Mrs. Butterfly, you may flutter; and Mr. Humble Bee, you may buz; and Mrs. Mouse, you may

nibble; and Mr. Spider, you may spin; but still I shall be able to learn my lesson." So little Henry being filled with a desire to do well, no doubt from above, kept looking at his book, and repeating the words with all his might, till he was able to say his lesson quite perfectly, and then he went joyfully down to his uncle, and when he had said his lesson, he gave an account of all his visitors to his kind old friend.

In reply to little Henry's story, Mr. Dalben made this remark:

"My dear boy, whenever we have any duty to perform, whether a duty of little or much importance, we shall assuredly meet with difficulties; difficulties from our own hearts within, and difficulties from the world without. Now these difficulties, whether they be great or small, are such as no man can vanquish in his proper strength; and therefore we see persons who are not religious, so changeable and variable in their conduct, and so light and inconstant in all they do; but those who are supported by the help of God, are enabled to overcome all trials; therefore it is written, 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.'" (Isaiah, xl. 31.)

## CHAPTER VII.

*The Hay-making, and the Conversation by the Brook.*

WHAT a sweet field was that into which Henry Milner went to make hay with his uncle, on the afternoon of the same day in which he had received so many visitors in his little bed-room.

As he was going through the hall immediately after dinner, his uncle called him to him to the door of a closet under the staircase, and presented him with a nice, strong little rake, which he had had made for him, and a fork which, though not made of iron, was very substantial, and would not easily come to pieces.

How happily did the little boy now follow his kind uncle through the garden, carrying his new fork and rake over his shoulders, and asking, as he went along, how they must be used.

"You will see the other haymakers at work, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "and you must do as they do."

When arrived in the field, they saw Thomas very busy with several poor work people out of the village. The field in which they were at work was on the declivity of a high bank,

sloping towards the west. It was surrounded on the east and south by a thick wood, and on the north it opened towards the lovely valley of the Teme. In the lower part of this field were a few low trees, or bushes, through which ran a clear stream, sometimes being hid by the bushes, and sometimes appearing plainly to the eye. A variety of wild water-plants, such as the marsh-marygold and soapwort, grew close upon its margin, and certain little fish were seen playing across its pebbled channel. At some seasons of the year, that beautiful bird the king-fisher was said to visit this brook; but at this time this bird, called by the ancients the halcyon, was not to be seen, being perhaps driven from its usual haunts by the voices of the hay-makers. Many commoner birds, however, abounded near this place; and in the field on the other side of the water were many sheep and lambs, whose gentle bleatings sounded most agreeably among the other rural murmurs.

Mr. Dalben had brought a book with him, and soon seated himself quietly on the grass near the brook to read; but Henry fell to work in tossing about the hay with so little moderation, that in less than an hour he was quite tired, and was glad to sit down for a while by his uncle on the grass.

"I thought," said Mr. Dalben, "how it would be, Master Henry, when you set to work so furiously; and I think, if I heard rightly, Thomas warned you against so doing. Remember, my little man, from this adventure in the hay-field, that when you wish to work long, and to make yourself really useful, you must begin

with moderation, and not exhaust yourself at first setting out."

Henry held down his head, and looked a little ashamed. Mr. Dalben, however, said no more on the subject, but advised him to remain quiet a while to cool himself.

Now, while Henry was sitting with his uncle in the field, they fell into some very pleasant and sweet discourse. Mr. Dalben pointed out to the little boy the brook which came tumbling from the high grounds above, and now ran gently murmuring at their feet; and then he explained to him the use of these little brooks, which abound in this country, namely, to convey nourishment to the thirsty lands, and to supply drink for the cattle and the birds which reside in the brakes and bushes.

"In countries," he said, "where these springs do not abound, the people are obliged to dig wells with immense labour, and to draw out their water from the bowels of the earth; and where water is not thus supplied, the lands become parched and dry, and will neither produce trees nor grass."

The good old gentleman then went on to speak of the Holy Spirit of God, "whose blessed gifts and graces," he told the little boy, "were compared in the Bible to gentle showers, and early dew, and flowing brooks and fountains; because," he added, "showers, and dew, and running brooks, soften the hard earth, and fit it for producing flowers and fruit, corn and herbs; and the Holy Spirit coming into the stony hearts of men, makes them soft and tender, and fit for bringing forth holy and blessed works; there-

fore it is said, 'He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth.'"

"Is my heart tender?" said little Henry.

"I dare not yet say," said Mr. Dalben, "that I think it so. You certainly have not shown so many naughty tempers lately as you used to do; but if your heart was really changed, you would love God more than you do; you would be fonder of your Bible than you are; you would delight in singing hymns and in praying; and when any disagreeable task was given you to do, you would endeavour to do it with pleasure, hoping thereby to please your God."

"Oh!" said Henry, "I wish that the Holy Spirit of God would make my heart soft and tender."

"For whose sake, and in whose name, ought you to seek the help of the Holy Spirit?" said Mr. Dalben.

"For the sake of my Saviour," returned Henry.

"Remember, my boy, that it is in the name of Christ, and through his merits only, that you or I, or any poor sinful creature, must expect any favour from above."

The discourse between Mr. Dalben and Henry then took a different turn, and Mr. Dalben spoke of the sheep and lambs which were feeding on the other side of the brook.

"I knew an old gentleman," said Mr. Dalben, "who died twenty years ago, who knew the history of all the living creatures in the country, and could tell their modes of life and

manners. He knew all the four-footed creatures which inhabit this land. He knew also the birds which live in the branches of the trees, and in old buildings and rocks. Those creatures which live half in water, and half on the land, he was also well acquainted with. He knew most of the fishes too which swim in our rivers; and also the insects and the worms; and he could tell many curious stories about them, so that he was one of the pleasantest old men I ever met with."

"And did he fear God?" said little Henry.

"Yes, my dear boy," said Mr. Dalben; "for I should not call any man pleasant who did not fear God."

"Do you remember any of his stories, uncle?" said Henry.

"Yes, my dear boy," said Mr. Dalben, "and I will tell you some of them some time or other; but you must first repeat to me, if you can remember them, the six different classes into which the old gentleman divided the creatures."

"Indeed," said Henry, "I do not think I can remember them. Please to tell them to me again, uncle."

"The first," said Mr. Dalben, "are all those creatures which feed their young ones with their own milk, of whatever shape or kind they may be; such as sheep, and cows, and horses, and cats, and mice, and rats, and bats. And there are also some creatures which live in the sea, of this class, but they are rarely found on the English coast. The second class consists of birds; the third, of creatures called amphibia, which live half in water and half on land; the

fourth are fishes; the fifth, insects; and the sixth, worms."

"Shall I ever understand any thing about all these creatures?" said Henry.

"You are a very little boy yet," said Mr. Dalben; "but when I come to talk to you more about these creatures, you will be able, I dare say, to remember many things about them. But here comes Sally, with a pailful of skimmed milk, and a loaf of brown bread for the haymakers."

"O uncle, may I wait upon them?" said Henry.

"They will not want much attendance, Henry," said Mr. Dalben; "but while they are at their supper, you shall read to them a chapter in the Bible, provided you will speak out plainly, and in an audible voice."

The haymakers soon gathered round the milk-pail, thanking Mr. Dalben for this unexpected treat; and Sally gave to each person, great and small, an iron spoon and a piece of bread. And Mr. Dalben having first requested them to give God thanks, they began to eat and Henry to read. The portion of Scripture which Mr. Dalben fixed upon on this occasion, was the eleventh chapter of Isaiah: "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots: and the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his

eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears: but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity, for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together: and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

When little Henry had read so far, a certain old man of the company, by name John Holmes, begged leave to put in a word, and said to Mr. Dalben, "May I make bold, Sir, before little master goes any further, to ask for an explanation of these verses which the young gentleman has just read? Now, Sir, I think I understand so far, that the branch from the stem of Jesse is no other than our Lord, who came, as we know, from Jesse, who was the father of King David. And having made out so much, I understand pretty well what follows; for, to be sure, the spirit of the Lord and the spirit of wisdom did rest upon our Lord while on earth; but what does this expression mean, that he

shall judge the poor with equity, and that the beasts shall, as it were, change their natures, and that the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea? When are these times to come, Sir? or, think you, are they past? For I have heard many say, that the old times were much better than these."

In reply to this, Mr. Dalben answered, "These verses, John, contain a very curious and wonderful prophecy; and I could show you many passages without end to the same purpose in other parts of Scripture. These verses speak of a blessed time which shall come to pass in the last days of the earth, when Christ our Lord will be King and Ruler over every country, when the fear and love of him will be impressed on every heart. We have some reason to think, though we know not when this time will come, that it will last a thousand years; and that every kind of spiritual and temporal blessing will then be spread abroad over all the earth."

"Sir," said John Holmes, "I never heard talk of this before."

"Never, John!" said Mr. Dalben: "why, if you have never had any insight into this matter, the prophecies, for the most part, must be as dark to you as the blackest midnight. But now I tell you, that although Satan has had a long time of it on earth, his time will have an end; and then will come the triumph of the children of God. The creation has long groaned under pain and bondage; but even these fair fields and woods will yet see better days, and

roses and lilies will yet bloom where now we only see thorns and briers."

"If such is the case, Sir," returned John, "and if our Lord is finally to triumph even in this world, what's the use of folks trying to make themselves great and grand in laying up treasure for their families in these days, seeing that all the fashions of this present world must pass away, in order to make way for the better things which are to come."

"Ay, John," said Mr. Dalben, "as you say, what is the use of any care but for the soul? for the Lord has said, that to those who seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all other things necessary shall be added."

By this time the haymakers had finished their meal; and as there was a little fog beginning to rise from the brook at the bottom of the meadow, Mr. Dalben thought it best to take Henry by the hand, and to return to the house.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*A Walk in a Wood, with a Visit to the old House once inhabited by Jenny Crawley.*

When the hay was got in and safely lodged in a small rick well thatched with straw near the barn, Mr. Dalben took Henry one afternoon to visit a wood about a mile distant, to which he had promised to take him as soon as he was able to walk so far.

As they were going along, he talked to him about the six classes of animals, of which he had spoken to him before, viz. the animals of the first class, which are known by their feeding their young ones with their milk; the second class, which consists of birds; the third class, which are called amphibia, creatures which live half on land and half in water; the fourth class, which are fishes; the fifth, which consists of insects; and the sixth, which are worms. "And now, Henry," he said, "you shall point out to me one of each sort as we go along. Let us see who will first discover an animal of the first class."

The first part of Mr. Dalben's and Henry's way to the wood lay through a lane inclosed on each side by a high hedge; here Henry saw many birds, and found several snail shells, some of

which shells had snails in them; and therefore Mr. Dalben would not allow him to meddle with them; but neither birds nor snails would do for their first class, because birds and snails do not feed their young ones with milk: at length, on the lane taking a turn, Henry being a few steps before his uncle, cried out, "I am first, I am first; I have found it,—*a donkey, a donkey, a donkey.*" Henry had reason to rejoice; there was just before him a poor little gray donkey feeding on the side of the lane.

Mr. Dalben smiled, and said, "You are right, Henry: the poor donkey belongs to the first class, a specimen of which we are looking for, and you have seen him first; and I hope you feel yourself much obliged to him for coming to eat his thistles in this lane.

"There are many naughty boys, Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "who are very cruel to these poor animals, and use them very ill; but I trust that you will never fall into the dreadful practice of being cruel to any animal. It is sometimes necessary that animals should be killed, but it should always be done as speedily as possible, in order that they may be in pain a very short time.

"Behold that poor little donkey, how meek and humble he looks with his rough coat and long ears! There is no creature in the world, however, more useful to men; he does not travel so fast as a horse when he is on the road, but he goes straight forward, and will go on a long time without being tired; he will carry great burdens, considering his size; and is contented with the coarsest food: hard-hearted people despise and

use him ill, but a good man is merciful to his beast. And now, Henry, let us look for an animal of the second class."

"The second class?" said Henry, "oh! those are birds; I have seen a great number since I came out, but now I cannot see one. How tiresome! oh, there is one in the hedge; no, it is not one: it is only a leaf shaking. Well this is provoking, when there were so many just now, and now I cannot see one."

"Why so impatient, Henry?" said Mr. Dalben. "If you were a king or a prince now, and had power, you would do some very rash thing, because you cannot see a bird the very moment you desire to do so; is this right, Henry?"

Henry looked ashamed, and remained silent a moment, till at length a bird did actually rise out of the hedge, and fly before him.

"There, uncle, there," said Henry, "there is one of the second class."

"Very well, Henry," said Mr. Dalben; "you have found a creature of the first class, and one also of the second; we must now find a specimen of the third."

"The third class?" said Henry, "oh, those are creatures which live on land sometimes, and sometimes in water; what do you call them, sir?"

Mr Dalben replied, "Amphibia."

"Amphibia, sir," said Henry; "what kind of creatures are those?"

Mr. Dalben answered, "Tortoises and frogs, and toads, and lizards, and serpents."

"Oh!" said Henry, "these are all ugly

things. I think, uncle, I will leave it to you to find one of these."

"They are ugly," said Mr. Dalben, "as you say, Henry, and some of them very hurtful. These animals have cold blood, and generally naked bodies; their colours are often dark and disgusting; and some of them have an unpleasant smell."

"Are there any in this lane, uncle?" said Henry.

"A little farther on," said Mr. Dalben, "is a green ditch; and, perhaps, if we mind what we are about, we may find some frogs in it. Come on, Henry; there it is a little before us."

Mr. Dalben and Henry hastened on, till coming into a wider part of the lane, they saw a green stagnant puddle on one side, and in this green puddle they saw a number of little animals, about two inches or more in length, having no legs and long tails.

"What are these creatures?" said Henry.

"They are young frogs," said Mr. Dalben; when they are about six weeks old their tails will fall off, and they will have legs; these creatures belong to the third class of animals, namely, the amphibia; and we have now found an example of three classes."

"I found two, uncle, and you have found one," said Henry; "and now it is my turn to look again. Will you tell me, uncle, once more, what is the fourth class?"

"The fourth class, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "are fish; they breathe in a different manner to what we do, and the bodies of most of them are covered with scales."

"O uncle," said Henry impatiently, "I wish I could find one."

"Henry Milner, Henry Milner," said Mr. Dalben, smiling, "command yourself, my boy; for if you give way to impatience, as you did when looking for a bird, I fear you will be quite out of your senses before you find a fish in this dusty lane; unless it should happen here, (as I have been told it sometimes does in India and other hot countries,) that a violent shower of rain should fall, and in it a number of small fish."

"Is that true, uncle?" said Henry; "does it ever rain fishes?"

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Dalben; "I knew a gentleman, who being in a tent in India, in the midst of a sandy plain, as much as a thousand miles from the sea, picked up several little fishes at the moment of their fall from the clouds in a violent storm of rain."

By the time that Henry had done wondering and talking about this story, they were come to the end of the lane, and passing over a stile, they entered upon a wide and open field, where a number of sheep and lambs were feeding on a soft and thymy herbage.

"No hope, Henry, of finding any fish here," said Mr. Dalben, "any more than in the lane which we have just left. I should therefore advise, that we put off finding our other three classes till another afternoon, when I will walk down with you, my dear boy, (if all is well,) to the river which winds in the bottom of this valley, and whose course is marked by rows of willows, which you may distinctly see from this

distance. And now," he added, "we will speak a little of these sheep, which are feeding so peaceably in this beautiful field. I never, my dear little boy, see sheep feeding happily in a field with their lambs playing beside them, but I look forward to that blessed time when the Shepherd King shall reign over all the earth, and when he shall gather his sheep together, and preserve them from all their enemies, and pour upon them showers of blessings."

"That will be in the time of the millennium, uncle," said little Henry; "I wish I could live to see that time."

"How things will be ordered and arranged before the second coming of our Lord, we know not exactly, my dear boy," said Mr. Dalben; "but some persons suppose that the second of St. Peter, third chapter, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th verses, allude to that time: "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up. Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be

diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot. and blameless."

"From these verses therefore it appears, my dear boy, that we have nothing to do, but to follow our Shepherd King while in this present state of being; to obey his gentle calls; to submit ourselves to his holy will; and as much as in you lies, to study the character of those persons who shall make a part of the blessed number of the inhabitants of the earth in the days of the millennium. In those days no one will desire to be rich or great, no one will be anxious to join house to house and field to field, but every one will strive to please his Shepherd and his God; and every one will strive to be holy, humble, and inoffensive."

By this time they had crossed the pleasant field where the sheep were feeding, and were entering into a thick wood, through the midst of which ran a narrow winding path, which, as they passed on, sometimes led them up hill, and sometimes descended into the bottom of a narrow valley or dingle.

Having gone on for some little time, they came within sight of an old cottage, built of timber with lath and plaster; the timbers had been painted black, and still retained their colour; but the white plaster had been rendered yellow and gray by time; and in many places both lath and plaster had fallen so entirely away, that the inner chambers were open to the outward air. A few panes of greenish glass were still left in one of the casements, but half the old door of the house was gone.

"Could your dear father visit this world

again," said Mr. Dalben, "there is perhaps no place which he would behold with more delight than this old cottage, because here it was that he was first permitted to exert himself in the service of his God."

Henry looked hard at Mr. Dalben, as not thoroughly understanding the tendency of this remark. Whereupon Mr. Dalben explained himself to this purport; but as I have made my chapter sufficiently long, I will here break off, and proceed in my next.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Giving an Account of Jenny Crawley ; of Mr. Milner's kindness to her.*

"About twenty years ago, there lived in the house which you see before you, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "an old woman of the name of Jenny Crawley. This old woman lived here alone, and had done so for many years. She maintained herself by making matches, and besoms, and by buying and selling rags for paper. She was always seen in the same dress ; namely, a petticoat patched from top to bottom, with patches of all manner of colours and shapes ; a short blue jacket, an apron and handkerchief, and a flat hat made of felt. She was never seen at a place of worship, and could not read. Her only companions in this place were a gray cat and a magpie ; and she had little furniture in her house, but an old wicker chair, a three-legged stool, a three-cornered oak-table, a tea-kettle, and a few cracked cups and plates ; her bed, which was in the room up stairs, was as uncomfortable as the rest of her furniture."

By the time Mr. Dalben had told thus much of his story, they were come to the door of the cottage ; and, as what was left of the door was open, they went in.

The lower room was quite stripped and empty, excepting that the mantle-shelf, and part of an old window-shutter, were left, and in one corner were the remains of an old mop made of different coloured rags.

" There," said Mr. Dalben, " on the side of the chimney nearest the window, the old woman used to sit; and often and often have I seen your dear papa placed on the three-legged stool opposite to her; but I must tell you how your papa got acquainted with her, and what he was enabled to do for her; and, as we both stand in need of a little rest, let us sit down on the foot of this stair, and I will tell you the whole story. —When your dear papa was about twelve years of age, we were told that old Jenny Crawley was so ill with a lameness in one foot, that she was not able to carry on her trade of selling besoms and matches, and that she was suffering great distress from want; and, as her character was none of the best, no person in the parish was forward to help her. When your dear papa heard this, he asked my leave to take her every day some little thing out of the kitchen; and when I gave my leave, I found that he afterwards added all the money which he had in the world, which he spent in buying the old woman a coarse gray cloak, for it was the depth of winter. From that time he went every day for nearly a year, about which time she died, to take her broth, or milk, and such other food as he could persuade Kitty to give him; and I have often seen him put by his cheese, when he was allowed a bit of cheese for supper, or at twelve o'clock, to carry to his poor woman, or

any other nice little bit which he might happen to have, although thus denying his own appetite for the sake of this poor creature.

"When he had been once or twice to see this poor woman, and found that she knew nothing about her God, or about her dear Saviour, he asked me if I would allow him to take a Bible, and read to her, and I gave my permission.

"It happened at that time, that I had a very bad cough, which obliged me to remain within doors for as much as two months; but as soon as I was able to go out, I went with your dear father to see her. And I was quite surprised to find how much he had been enabled to teach this poor ignorant creature, and how very thankful she was. 'Dear sir,' she said, 'if it had not been for Master Milner, I should have died for want; but what he has done as to providing me with food and warm clothing, is nothing in comparison of what he has told me about my Saviour. Why, sir, though living in a christian country, I was as ignorant of all these things as the babe unborn; and should have remained so until my dying day, if it had not been for dear little master.' I told her, that it must not be to Master Milner that she must give the glory and thanks; but to God. And I was glad to hear her say, that your dear papa had told her the same thing; and that he would never allow her to thank him for any thing he had done; but would always say, 'No, Jenny, no—don't say a word about it to me. I am very glad if I have done any thing to make you comfortable; but it is not me, it is God you must thank for all your comforts.'

"Look at that old chimney, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "and think how many hours your dear father spent in that corner, reading to the poor old woman; forsaking all his pleasures and his play for her sake. Do you think he is sorry for having done so now?"

While Mr. Dalben was speaking, they heard a gun go off at some little distance, and in a minute afterwards they saw two young men in shooting dresses, and with guns in their hands, passing away through the bottom of the dingle. "There," said Mr. Dalben, "there, Henry, look at those young men; I do not know who they are, so I may speak more freely of them than if I did know them. They are spending their time in the way which most young men delight in who do not fear God; but holy boys and young men will never take delight in these kinds of sports. Your dear father might once have liked these things, as well as other boys; but he knew that they were unholy, and he gave them up, and rather chose to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin."

Mr. Dalben then arose, and made his way up the old stairs, followed by Henry. The old stairs shook under them as they stepped upon them; but they got safely to the top of them, and found a room above of the same size as the lower room; in this room there was no furniture excepting an old oaken bedstead, so eaten with worms, that one of the feet had given way, and the sacking was all in tatters; on the wall were the remains of an old penny print, which represented the ascension of our Saviour into heaven; it was

coloured, and had been pasted to the wall; it was placed exactly opposite to the bed.

"Ah!" said Mr. Dalben, "that picture I have often seen in your father's hands; and I remember when he pasted it up against this wall, thinking it would please the old woman to look at it, when she was confined to her bed."

Henry looked at the picture till the tears came into his eyes, and he said, "Oh! uncle, shall I ever be as good as my papa?"

"Your papa, my dear Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "was by nature no better than you are. He was born with an evil heart; but the Spirit of God was poured upon him; and the consequence was, that he was enabled to bring forth all the fruits of the Spirit. You know, my boy, what the fruits of the Spirit are?"

"Yes, uncle," said Henry; "they are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness. When the Holy Spirit enters our hearts, then our hearts are filled with these blessed feelings, and then we are very happy."

"Very true, my boy," returned Mr. Dalben; "and now let us look from this old broken casement, and see what beautiful places the Lord prepares in woods and solitary parts of the earth."

Henry immediately went to the window, and found he could see from thence into the very bottom of the dingle; where a little narrow wooden bridge was thrown over a clear brook which came tumbling down from the opposite sides of the dingle. A number of beautiful trees grew on each side of the little valley, casting their deep shade below, excepting in one place;

where the last rays of the evening sun made their way through the branches, and poured directly upon the water-fall, causing it to glitter and sparkle, as if it were composed of crystals and diamonds.

"Oh! uncle," said little Henry, "what a pretty place!"

"Your dear father," said Mr. Dalben, "used often to sit by this window, and read to poor Jane Crawley, when she was confined to her bed, which she was for some months before she died; and I know that he often used to look upon that scene with delight; for he had learned to admire these beautiful works of God.

"We had provided an old woman to take care of poor Jenny; but it was from your dear papa that she learned all those heavenly truths which were, with the divine blessing, to make her eternally happy. It was from him that she learned what God the Father had done for her; how this her heavenly Parent had planned and provided the means of her salvation even before the foundation of the world: and how God the Son had, in obedience to his Father's will, laid down his precious life for her upon the cross, that she, through his death, might be justified from all her sins; and how God the Holy Ghost was even then bringing her to the knowledge of her Saviour, and by his regenerating and sanctifying grace thus preparing her for glory.

"Though he was very young, he was enabled to teach her all these things; and, as I before said, he preferred the pleasure of visiting and talking to her, to all his sports and amusements. He continued to attend her every day

till she died: and he perhaps, at this moment, is standing before the throne of God, in the company of this poor creature, to whom he was enabled to show so much kindness when in this world."

When Mr. Dalben had spoken these last words, he took Henry's hand, and they went down the old stairs, and out by the door of the house into the wood; and in this place I shall finish my chapter, hoping that you have had pleasure in following Mr. Dalben and little Henry Milner in their visit to Jenny Crawley's cottage.

## CHAPTER X.

*The Walk to the River-side. Discourse upon Fishes and Insects.*

A few days after Mr. Dalben had taken Henry to Jenny Crawley's cottage, he took a walk with him, according to his promise, to the banks of the river Teme, which flowed about a mile and a half from Mr. Dalben's house.

This river is a clear and rapid stream, which rises in Wales, and having taken its course through some of the most beautiful valleys in England, falls into the Severn, a little below the city of Worcester. The course of the river is for the most part marked by rows of silver willows.

Henry and his uncle continued descending along beautiful fields for some time before they came into the meadows on the banks of the Teme; and Mr. Dalben, as his custom was, renewed his discourse as they walked along, profitable to the little boy, as well as exceedingly agreeable.

"We are going to look for an animal of the fourth class to-day, Henry," said Mr. Dalben; "let us therefore consider what kinds of animals these are.

"The animals of the fourth class, as I have told you, my dear boy, are fishes, creatures

which live in the water. Most fishes are much of the same shape, being very large in proportion in the middle, and tapering towards the head and tail; and this shape is given to them because it is the most convenient for making their way in the element for which they were designed. They are also furnished with fins, which assist them in moving through the water; and with the help of their tails, which serve them for a rudder, they are enabled to turn to any side at pleasure. It is said that a fish, well furnished with fins, will outstrip the swiftest ship which ever sailed.

"Four-footed beasts are, for the most part, covered with hair, and birds are provided with feathers; but as neither hair nor feathers would be suitable for a creature living in water, fish are provided with scales, under which is found a kind of oil, which keeps them warm."

"But, uncle," said Henry Milner, "I do not think scales are so pretty as feathers, or fine soft hair such as four-footed beasts are clothed in."

"Many fish," returned Mr. Dalben, "are covered with scales of beautiful colours, and having variations which are wonderfully rich and curious; but, after all we can say, fishes are certainly very inferior creatures to birds or beasts. There is no one of this class which has the least regard or care for its young ones, and many of them are even so unnatural as to feed upon their offspring. Neither have fishes the sense of hearing, or smelling, or tasting, or even of seeing, so perfect as those of birds and beasts. Some people even suppose that they have no power of hearing at all. They are also exceedingly cruel,

being the most greedy creatures in the world, and devouring each other with the utmost voraciousness."

By this time Mr. Dalben and Henry were come to the banks of the river, and there saw, before them, at a little distance, a mill, situated near a bridge, over which the high road passed to the city of Worcester. A number of willows encircled and shaded the river in the neighbourhood, and the roaring of the water over a weir, some little way from the mill, might be heard at a considerable distance.

As Mr. Dalben had no mind to proceed to the mill, he sat down with Henry on the banks of the river, not far from the weir, saying to the little boy, " Now, Henry, if we look for a fish we shall have a chance of seeing one, without needing the assistance of a shower of fishes ; and as your eyes are young and quick, I expect that you will be the first to find this specimen which we need of our fourth class."

Henry, however, was some minutes before he succeeded in discerning a fish ; at length he perceived one, which appeared for a moment on the surface of the water, and then dived again out of sight. On beholding it, however, he uttered an exclamation of joy, and said, " Now, uncle, we have only two more kinds of creatures to find, and those are insects and worms ; and I now, at this moment, see thousands and tens of thousands of insects dancing upon the edge of the water.—Look, uncle, look towards the side of the setting sun ; there they are. I wonder I did not see them before ; they seem to be of all colours, and they are flying up and down, in and out, in a most violent hurry. Look, uncle, look.'

"Why, my boy," said Mr. Dalben, "these little creatures seem to have communicated their agitation to you. What a bustle you are in! Come now, compose yourself; sit still, and I will explain a little of the nature of insects to you.

"There are not any more curious creatures," said Mr. Dalben, "to be found in any class of animals, than among insects, though many of them are so extremely small that we cannot see them without glasses. The formation of many of these little creatures is exceedingly and incomparably delicate. Some of them are covered, as it were, with coats of armour, polished like the finest steel, and jointed together in the most curious manner. Some are covered with down or very fine feathers, enriched with gold and azure, scarlet, and violet. Some of them, particularly the ant and bee, discover a prudence and wisdom of which no other animal but man is capable; and many of them show great fondness for their young ones. In short, my dear boy, it would take the whole of the longest life to understand but half the wonders of the works of God, in the insect tribe."

While Mr. Dalben was speaking, there suddenly appeared on the grass before them, a beautiful butterfly; which, having rested a moment on the cup of a buttercup, with which those meadows abound, rose up, and pursuing its irregular course, sometimes flew before them, and sometimes rose in the air above their heads. Its wings were encircled with a variety of delicate colours; among which, a pale yellow and purple were the most remarkable.

"Of what class is that pretty creature?" said Mr. Dalben; "does it feed its young ones with its milk, Henry, do you think? or is it a bird or a fish?"

"Oh! uncle," replied Henry, somewhat conceitedly, "do you think I don't know it belongs to the fifth class? it is an insect."

"Why so conceited, Master Milner?" said Mr. Dalben: "surely you do not think yourself particularly clever, because you know the difference between a butterfly and a fish?"

"No, uncle, I was not conceited," said Henry, half ashamed.

"Do not, my dear boy," returned Mr. Dalben, "defend yourself when you know that you are in fault; but let me take this opportunity of explaining to you, that it is not uncommon for people, whose hearts are not changed, when they first begin to learn any new thing, to be very conceited upon that subject; but when they know a little more of the same thing, then they begin to find out their own deficiency, and are ashamed of their former conceit."

"But, uncle, do you not think that I am beginning to have a clean heart yet?"

"I never think well of you, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "when you are conceited; because, as I have often before told you, when the Holy Spirit begins to change the heart, the first sign we perceive is, that the person becomes humble."

"Uncle, I will pray to be humble," said Henry, taking his uncle's hand and kissing it in a very gentle manner.

"Do so, do so, dear boy," said Mr. Dalben,

tenderly. "And now, my boy, I will tell you something about the butterfly. The people who lived in old times used to call a butterfly a Psyche, or the soul. The soul is that part of a human creature which never dies: your soul will still live when your body is perishing in the grave."

"Uncle," said Henry, "I understand that about the soul, but I do not understand why people should call a butterfly the soul."

"I will tell you then," said Mr. Dalben; "but because it is a difficult thing for a little boy like you to understand, you must attend to me with all your senses, and leave off digging that hole with that little bit of stick, and throwing up the mould upon your clothes. What are you doing that for?"

"I was looking for a worm, for the sixth class, uncle," said Henry.

"Very well, very well," said Mr. Dalben; "but if you choose to dig, I shall not tell my story."

"O do, pray tell it, uncle, and I will not look for a worm to-day; and I will tell you what, uncle, I have just thought of; I need not give myself the trouble of digging for worms, for there is a great flat stone near Lion's kennel, and there are always plenty of worms and grubs under that stone, where I can find them in a minute."

"Very well," said Mr. Dalben; "and now that matter is settled, perhaps you can attend to my story; but as the damp is rising from the river, we will walk home, and I will tell it as we go along.

"I was about to tell you why the ancients called a butterfly Psyche, or the soul. You have seen many caterpillars, Henry; they are something like worms or maggots, but they may be known by the number of their feet. Caterpillars are those creatures which produce butterflies: every body is acquainted with the shape and appearance of caterpillars; some of them are covered with hair, and others are quite smooth. Caterpillars have no wings, but creep about on the bark and leaves of the trees and shrubs on which they feed: they also often change their outward coat. In this state the ancients compared the caterpillar to men when on earth: who, having no wings or power of lifting themselves from the ground, must be content to spend their lives in creeping about and seeking their food on the face of this earth.

"The caterpillar, having existed in its first form for a few weeks, enters into a new and curious state of being; it gradually becomes weak and unable to move actively about; its bright colours are pale and faded, and its body shrivelled and meagre; it then begins to spin itself a web, in which it involves itself as in a winding-sheet, and there remains for a long time in a state of apparent lifelessness and inanimation. This state of the caterpillar was compared by the ancients to man when lying in his grave, dead, cold, and silent, and, as it were, without hope. When the creature has lain for a while in this state, as it were dead, the warmth of the sun at length revives it, in like manner as the power of God, in due time, shall awake the dead which shall sleep in the dust of the earth,

according as it is written, 'Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, sing ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.' Isaiah xxvi. 19.

"And now we come to the last state of this insect, when he forces his passage through the covering in which he has been involved, and comes forth an inhabitant of the air, being richly clad with gold and purple, and with fringes and embroidery which surpass the finest needlework. Thus this little animal becomes the lovely emblem of the first resurrection, when the redeemed soul and glorified body shall meet again, and be satisfied in finding themselves renewed in the likeness of their Redeemer.

"And now I have explained to you, my dear little boy," continued Mr. Dalben, "wherefore the ancients, who were not acquainted with the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, compared the butterfly to the soul, of the immortality of which they seemed to entertain no doubt."

Mr. Dalben and Henry continued to talk on these subjects, suggested by the history of the caterpillar, till they were arrived at home, and it was time for Henry Milner to go to bed.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Containing some Account of the Sixth Class of Animals, and a Visit made by Henry Milner in Company with Mrs. Kitty, during which the young Gentleman lost some Credit, and was somewhat lowered in his own opinion.*

The morning after the walk to the river's side, immediately after family prayers, which Mr. Dalben always solemnized before breakfast, Henry Milner disappeared, and shortly afterwards returned, holding a large earth-worm in the palm of his hand, which elegant creature he contrived to drop upon the table-cloth, as he was holding it forth triumphantly for Mr. Dalben's inspection, exclaiming with eagerness, "There, uncle! there it is, the largest I could find under the stone; and there are many more, but I thought one would be sufficient."

"Yes, my dear boy," said Mr. Dalben, quietly, "quite sufficient; and now, my little man, carry the gentleman back to his abode under this wonderful stone, and do not disturb any more of the family at present."

Henry obeyed; and presently returning, Mr. Dalben, whose appetite for his breakfast was not greatly improved by the sight of little

Henry Milner's specimen of the sixth class of animals, took this opportunity to give his pupil some general ideas upon the subject of the sixth class.

"The sixth class of animals," said Mr. Dalben, "consists of worms, leeches, slugs or snails, sea-anemones, cuttle-fish, star-fish, shell-fish of all sorts, and animal plants, such as corals, sponges, and polypes; besides which, we must add those little animalcula which are found in vinegar and in corrupt water, in sour paste, and other decaying bodies.

"All these creatures, with the exception of shell-fish, are, for the most part," continued Mr. Dalben, "very disgusting in their appearance; and some of them, such as corals, sponges, and polypuses, have apparently little more life or understanding than the herbs of the field, though they are known to be living animals: some of these take root upon rocks near the sea, and grow up into hard and solid branches; others are, however, soft, and show that they are endowed with life, because they shrink from the touch. But despicable as this class of creatures called vermes is, nevertheless we may learn many lessons by contemplating them.

"When the Scripture would represent to us a person who is weak, mean, and despised in the world, it compares him to a worm of the earth, because nothing is more despicable than a worm. The friend of Job, when speaking of the appearance of man before God, uses this expression, 'How then can man be justified with God? or how can he be clean that is born of a woman? Behold even to the moon, and it

shineth not; yea, the stars are not pure in his sight; how much less man, that is a worm, and the son of man which is a worm.' Job xxv. 4—6.

"Humble and holy persons, Henry," proceeded Mr. Dalben, "persons who know their own natural vileness, will not be ashamed to compare themselves to worms: the holy Psalmist says, xxii. 6, 'I am a worm, and no man;' and indeed, in some respects, the worms of the earth are better than we are; for they are as the Lord made them, but we have corrupted ourselves, and departed from the way of the Lord, and are thus become more vile than the meanest reptile."

Henry looked grave, and said, "Uncle, I think I shall never despise these creatures again, so much as I have done."

By this time breakfast was finished, and Henry was called to his lessons. When the little boy was concluding his last task, Mrs. Kitty came into the study, and asked her master's leave to go in the afternoon to see her sister, who lived about a mile distant, and to take Master Henry with her.

"You have my leave to go yourself, Kitty," said Mr. Dalben; "but as to taking Henry, I am persuaded that he will do you no credit; his spirits will rise, he will begin to chatter, and I fear that you will not check him as you ought to do."

"Indeed I will, Sir;" said Mrs. Kitty; "I always do speak to him when he is rude."

"And I will be very good;" said Henry.

"And I will keep him out of all mischief, Sir," said Kitty.

"And I will do every thing which Mrs. Kitty bids me," rejoined Henry.

"And I am sure little master will be good," added Mrs. Kitty.

"And so, I suppose, I must give my permission;" said Mr. Dalben, "but I trust to you, Kitty, if he does not behave well, that you will never ask leave to take him out again."

Thus the matter was settled; and, as soon as dinner was over, Master Henry took leave of his uncle, and walked off with Mrs. Kitty over the fields towards Malvern, it being on that side of the country where Mrs. Green's cottage stood, for Green was the name of Kitty's sister.

Their way lay, first, through a long field; after which they entered upon a little coppice, where Henry amused himself in gathering vetches; at length they came out into a hop-yard, where the poor people were busy in dressing the hops.

At the end of the hop-yard was Mrs. Green's cottage, standing in a garden surrounded by a high quickhedge; the cottage was low and thatched, and the garden was curiously disposed in beds of flowers, straight green walks, and a variety of fruit-trees and vegetables.

Mrs. Green, who expected her sister, was dressed in her best flowered gown and lawn apron; and her two daughters, for she was a widow, were also set forth in their best. At sight of Henry and Mrs. Kitty, they came out

at the door, and received them with a hearty welcome.

" And so, Master Milner," said Mrs. Green, " this is mighty kind of you to come so far to see us poor folks. Well, this is a great honour indeed, Betsy," she added, speaking to her eldest daughter, " for little master to be coming to our poor cottage. Come, Master Milner; please, Sir, to be seated; you must have the big chair."

" Nay, sister," said Mrs. Kitty in a whisper, " do not be making too much of the child; he will grow troublesome upon it, and master will blame me."

It was vain for Mrs. Kitty to expostulate; Mrs. Green and her daughters continued to compliment Master Henry, serving him with the first and best at tea, till the young gentleman, by degrees, grew very pert, and began to chatter at no small rate, and with no great degree of discretion.

After having talked at random for some time, while the party were assembled round the tea-table, a large frog appeared sprawling over the little narrow walk which ran from the house door to the gate.

" Ah," said Kitty, " look at that frightful creature; sister Green, I wonder you don't clear your garden of those frogs; I would as soon meet a thief in the dark as a frog."

Mrs. Green laughed, and said, " Oh, they do no harm; why should you be afraid of them?"

Here Master Henry took upon himself to

show off. "Those creatures do no harm, Mrs. Kitty," said the young gentleman; "they are of the class amphibia; that is, of the third class; some of that class are, indeed, very mischievous; but frogs never hurt any one."

"Amphibia," said Mrs. Kitty, "what a word is that, Master Henry?—How can you use such words?"

"It is not English, Mrs. Kitty," said Henry; "you don't understand it, I know, *but I do*; it means the creatures who live half on land, and half in water, as frogs and toads do."

Mrs. Green looked with admiration at her sister, and said, "Dear me, but to hear how he talks!"

"There are six classes of living creatures," said Henry, being encouraged by Mrs. Green; "first, those which feed their young ones with milk; such as cows, and dogs, and cats, and bats, and rats, and sheep; and then there is the second class, aves; that is, birds; and the third, amphibia; and the fourth, pisces, fish; and the fifth, insects; and the sixth, vermes, or worms. Now, Mrs. Green, you must not despise worms, for you know, that when we are full of sin we are no better than worms."

"There again," said Mrs. Green; "what words are those to come out of the mouth of such a babe!—Is not it wonderful? Did you ever hear the like of this!"

Mrs. Kitty was pleased that Henry should be able to do himself so much credit before Mrs. Green; however, she had prudence enough to say, "You know, sister, that he does not find

out these things of his own head, but that it is master which teaches him; and then you know it is no wonder if he knows more than we do."

"Oh, but," said Mrs. Green, "it is a wonder how such a young creature should be able to keep all these things in his head, and speak them so properly as he does."

By this time the young gentleman was become so conceited, that he could not sit still; and so having eaten and drunk as much as he could conveniently swallow, he got up, stalked about the room, and then went out into the garden, having received an injunction not to go beyond the quickhedge. Thus little master, being in a manner let loose, knew not what to be about next, in order to spend his spirits. The first thing he did was to pursue Mrs. Green's ducks round the house, calling out, "Quack, quack, quack," as they waddled before him, until they made their escape through the bottom of the hedge into the next field; he then espied an old owl hid in a tree; this owl was a pet of Mrs. Dolly, Mrs. Green's younger daughter. He was of an iron-gray colour, having his eyes covered over with a kind of film, which he had power to draw over them when the light of day was too strong for him; for these creatures are formed for flying about in the night, and committing plunder upon their harmless neighbours.

As soon as Master Henry observed this owl in the tree, he began to call to him, making a low bow, and saying, "Your servant, old gentleman; your wig is well powdered, and your nose is exactly fit for a pair of spectacles." The

owl, however, being well accustomed to the human voice, took no manner of notice of Henry; whereupon he began picking up sods to throw at him, which was very cruel sport, as he might have severely hurt the poor creature by so doing; however, as he did not aim very exactly, the sods did not reach the owl; so, being soon tired of this fruitless sport, he looked round again for something to amuse him; and seeing a ladder set against the side of the house, he climbed up it, and scrambling along the sloping thatch, he reached the very highest part of the roof, astride which he set himself, and trying to fancy that the house was an elephant, he pretended to be urging it forward, as if it were actually moving.

In this manner the evening passed away, and Mrs. Kitty preparing to go home, bethought herself of Henry, and sent her nieces to call him. And now Master Henry being mounted at the top of the house, had the pleasure of hearing himself called for, and saw Mrs. Betty and Mrs. Dolly running here and there in quest of him; neither of them thinking of looking for him where he really was. This pleased Master Henry mightily, and he kicked his elephant, and rode away famously in his own conceit.

When Mrs. Green's daughters returned to the house, they excited such an alarm, that out came Mrs. Kitty and Mrs. Green, calling Master Henry so loud, that they might be heard a quarter of a mile distant. In answer to which noise, Henry joined, crying, "Oh! oh! Henry Milner, where are you? Where are you, Sir? Don't you hear the people call you?" At the

sound of his voice, the women all looked up together, exclaiming, "Oh, Master Milner! you little rogue! how you have frightened us! —and how did you get up there—And how are you to get down, you naughty boy?—I declare you have frightened me almost out of my life."

Master Henry, however, did not find much trouble in getting down; and Mrs. Kitty having brushed the bits of dry thatch off from his coat, they set off towards home, Mrs. Green and her daughters accompanying her part of the way.

Mrs. Green proposed that they should return by a different path from that by which they had come; and accordingly they turned down a long narrow lane, at the end of which was a little brook, which they were to cross by a narrow wooden bridge. Master Henry was as rude in the lane as you please, though Mrs. Kitty continued from time to time calling to him to remember himself, and to behave himself, saying that she would be sure to tell his uncle how unlucky he had been.

There is, however, a kind of inefficient scolding which is sure to make the object thereof more unruly than before; and this was precisely a kind of scolding which Mrs. Kitty chose to adopt on this occasion; in consequence of which the young gentleman became so very rude, that Mrs. Kitty at length grew angry, and attempting to catch hold of the naughty boy, he ran down the lane, got upon the wooden bridge afore mentioned, and stood jumping upon it with all his might; on seeing this, Mrs. Green screamed, and Mrs. Kitty scolded, Mrs. Betty

called, and Mrs. Dolly ran forward with all speed; nevertheless, all their efforts to prevent mischief proved vain. The plank broke in the very centre, and Master Milner came tumbling into the brook, bringing the bridge down with him. The water was not indeed very deep, but there was enough of it to wet the little boy to his knees as he stood up; but, as he fell with the bridge, though not otherwise hurt, he was covered with mud and moisture up to his shoulders.

Mrs. Kitty was now thoroughly vexed and frightened; however, she and her nieces soon contrived to pull the little boy out of the water; and, passing over the brook as well as they could, some of the party made the best of their way towards home.

Mr. Dalben was walking in his garden, when Mrs. Kitty and her younger niece appeared, leading Master Henry between them; for Mrs. Green and her elder daughter had gone back.

The whole party were handsomely bedaubed with mud, and Mrs. Kitty was looking not a little disconcerted, neither was Master Milner altogether in quite such high spirits as when explaining his six classes to Mrs. Green and her daughters.

"Why, Kitty," said Mr. Dalben, "what is the matter? Where have you all been? Henry, my boy, what can you possibly have been about? Have you been improving your acquaintance with the *amphibia?*"

"Oh, Sir!" said Mrs. Kitty, "Master Henry would not mind what I said to him; and he broke down the bridge, Sir; and he has been in the brook."

"Well, well," said Mr. Dalben; "you must not blame me; I told you how it would be; but make all possible haste now; get his clothes off, and his bed warmed, and I will come in a few minutes with something for him to drink."

All this while Henry said not a word; but being speedily stripped, and put into a warm bed, he lay quietly, expecting the arrival of his uncle, with that which was to be taken inwardly, which he greatly feared might prove a dose of no agreeable nature;—but as I have made my chapter long, I shall close it in this place, and give an account in my next of Mr. Dalben's visit to Henry's bed-side, with sundry other particulars.

## CHAPTER XII.

*Containing a Conversation between Mr Dalben and Henry; with a Visit to the Gardener.*

Mr. Dalben soon returned to Henry with something for him to drink; it was warm; but, although it had a bitter taste, Henry did not refuse to receive it, but swallowed it without hesitation; for he was conscious that he had behaved ill and deserved punishment. After Henry had taken what Mr. Dalben offered to him, Mr. Dalben sat down by his bed-side, and entered into discourse with him.

"Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "you have behaved ill to-day."

Henry was silent.

"Be sincere with me, Henry; am I not right? Have not you behaved ill this evening?" repeated Mr. Dalben.

"I have, uncle," said Henry.

"I expected it would be so," said Mr. Dalben, "because, when you set out, you were very conceited, very full of yourself, and perfectly assured that you should do well. Old as I am, Henry, if I were to go out any day in such a state of mind, I should certainly do something very ridiculous, or perhaps very wicked, before I returned."

"Oh! uncle," said Henry, astonished at this remark, "I am sure you could never be either wicked or foolish."

"Then do you suppose," said Mr Dalben, "that I am not a child of Adam, but perhaps some angel come down from heaven?"

"No, uncle," said little Henry, "I do not think that you are an angel."

"And yet," said Mr. Dalben, "you think that if I were to become conceited, I should not do foolish things."

"But, uncle," said Henry, "you would not be conceited."

"Why not?" said Mr. Dalben; "why should not I be proud and conceited as well as you? Have not I as much to make me proud as you have?"

"Yes, uncle," said Henry, "a great deal more; but you are wise, and I am foolish."

"You have not yet found out the reason wherefore I am not conceited, Henry," said Mr. Dalben. "It is not because I am really wiser than you are; but because I have been led to see, by frequent and repeated experience, that I cannot do well without help from God. I have indeed often told you the same thing, and assured you, that from day to day, from hour to hour, from one minute to another, you cannot conduct yourself properly, unless upheld by God; or which, at your age, is the same thing, without being guarded by the watchful care of him who stands in the same relation to you as your heavenly Father; namely, your paternal friend; but this truth has not yet sunk

into your heart: and, notwithstanding all that you have heard on this subject, you are ever ready to depart from this friend, and to set up for behaving well, in your own proper strength; and this, dear boy, is the cause of the disgrace into which you fall, whenever you leave me."

"Uncle," said Henry, "I will not ask to go out without you another time. Indeed, uncle, I am always most happy when I am with you, and when I never leave your side. Dear uncle, do not give me leave," continued the little boy, "to go out without you again." So saying, he burst into tears, and lifting himself up in bed, he put his arms round Mr. Dalben's neck, and sobbed aloud.

"Dear child," said Mr. Dalben, "I pray that you may have been taught, from this day's experience, wherein your true happiness consists; that is, first in the presence, the affection, and instruction of me your father, who, for a while, am to stand in the place of your God, for the paternal authority is from the Lord; and the child who loves, honours, and obeys his earthly father, for the sake of his God, will, in consequence, there is no doubt, in after-life, be enabled to look up more directly to his heavenly Parent for his assistance and help; for, the sacred feelings of filial piety are, as it were, but the buds and blossom of those christian principles which are the foundation of a holy and happy life."

Mr. Dalben then left Henry, having first offered a prayer by the side of his bed; and the next day, after the little boy had done his lessons, he took him out to walk with him, telling

him that he was going to show him something which he hoped would make plain some part of their discourse the day before.

Mr. Dalben took little Henry into the lane of which we have formerly spoken; and, having passed along the well-known path for some way, he came to a stile, over which they climbed, and entered into a narrow path, which led them, after many turnings and windings, to a small wooden door, which formed an opening in a quick hedge, which was neatly trimmed, and was considerably higher than little Henry Milner.

Mr. Dalben pushed this door gently open, and, entering through the door-way, was followed by little Henry, who was surprised to find himself in a large piece of land laid out as a nursery and flower-garden, the ground being divided into small beds, each of which was devoted to some particular kind of tree or plant. A long straight walk extended from the door at the entrance to the other end of the garden, and was terminated by a kind of alcove or wooden building, open in front and furnished with benches.

"Oh! uncle," said Henry, "what a beautiful garden! I never was here before: who does it belong to?"

"I will not say much for the beauty of this garden," said Mr. Dalben, "because it is too stiff and formal. A garden, in order to look beautiful, should, in some degree, partake of the wildness and irregularity of natural scenes; that is, such scenes as you saw near the ruins of Jane Crawley's cottage. But this belongs to a gardener, whose business it is to rear and sell young plants, and to whom the beauty of it is of little

consequence. We will walk on to the end of this garden, and sit down to rest on that seat which you see at a distance, and then I will talk to you a little of the nature of vegetables, and tell you how they are classed in the same manner which I have adopted in explaining the classification of animals."

Mr. Dalben and Henry then walked on to the end of the garden, and having seated themselves in the wooden building above-mentioned, they entered into the following discourse.

"It is said of Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "that he knew every herb of the field, from the cedar which groweth in Lebanon, to the hyssop on the wall. But I fear, Henry, if you were to be examined, it would be found that you scarcely are acquainted with one single subject of the vegetable kingdom."

"Oh! uncle," said Henry, "why do you say so, uncle? I know a great many flowers, and trees, and vegetables. I know cabbages, and potatoes, and dandelions, and gilliflowers, and snowdrops, and snapdragons, and gooseberries, and currants."

"Stop, stop, Henry," said Mr. Dalben; "not so fast, my boy. You can tell the names of all these, and many more, when you see them; but do you understand their different parts, and their natures, and their families?"

Henry looked a little blank upon this, and said, "Uncle, I don't understand you."

"Why, I only mean to say, my dear, that you at present know no more of all the trees and flowers which you have seen, than you would

know of the people in Worcester, if I were to take you to walk in the streets of that city. You would know that these people were men and women, but you would not know their qualities, whether they were good or bad, or even their names or their families to which they belong. But when you have studied the history of the vegetable kingdom, you will be able to discover the name and nature of every flower and plant you see; and you will perceive that they are all arranged in order, and distributed in regular classes, like the living creatures, the six orders of which I have described to you. The knowledge of the vegetable kingdom is called botany," proceeded Mr. Dalben. "When you are older, Henry, if I am spared to you and you to me, and all is well, we will study this pleasant subject. We will make ourselves first acquainted with all the trees and plants round about us; and then we will climb the hills, and descend into the valleys, and among the woods and waterfalls, to find out new varieties of these beautiful works of God. I hope we shall have many pleasant walks together, Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "when we are studying botany; and when we meet with a flower which we have not seen before, we shall find new occasion to praise Him who has adorned these little flowers of the fields and valleys with beauties so various, so exquisite, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

Mr. Dalben then explained to Henry Milner, that every plant consists of seven parts; viz. its root, its buds, its trunk, its leaves, its props, its inflorescence, and its fructification.

"You know what roots are, Henry," said Mr. Dalben.

"O yes, uncle," said Henry; "they are the long strings which go down into the ground."

"All plants," said Mr. Dalben, "excepting sea-weeds, have roots. The roots of some trees are said to be larger than the upper or visible parts of them. Buds, or bulbs, are those parts of the root which are round, or long, and solid, such as you see in tulips and potatoes."

"And onions, uncle," said Henry, "are not they the same?"

"Yes, my boy," said Mr. Dalben; "and there are many other plants whose bulbs are large. But all plants have buds and bulbs, though not so plainly to be discovered as those we have mentioned. Next to the buds or bulbs of plants, come the stems or stalks. There are many kinds of stems or stalks. Some are strong and firm, and branched, like the trunks of trees. Some are hollow, like the stems of grasses and corn; others bear only flowers, without leaves, and are soft and tender, like the primrose; and others are like that of the mushroom."

"Mushrooms, uncle?" said Henry, "are mushrooms vegetables?"

"Yes, my boy," said Mr. Dalben, "but of a nature very different from other vegetables.—The fourth part of a plant, Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "is its leaves. You know what leaves are; they are the elegant clothings of our woods and forests, being, for the most part, of a fine green. Leaves are of endless variety with regard to their shape, and to them our

woodland scenes owe all their shadowy beauties. Among these the birds make their dwelling, and they afford to the weary traveller a refreshing shade from the burning rays of the noonday sun. When Adam dwelt in Paradise, he had no other canopy than these to shelter him from the gentle dews of evening. And when the period of the millennium shall arrive, these will again become the only protection of the blessed subjects of our Lord; for in those glorious days they shall dwell quietly in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods. And now, my dear Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "I have pointed out to you the four first parts of a plant, tell me how many more remain."

"Three, uncle," said Henry.

"True, my boy; and these are, the props, inflorescences, and fructifications. The prop is that leafy appendage which we see to some flowers and stems, such as the rose. The thorns also, and bristles, or hairs, which we see in many flowers, are also called props. Can you point out to me any plants which you can recollect as having these?"

"Yes, uncle," said Henry; "moss roses have hair upon them, and gooseberries have thorns."

"The inflorescence," continued Mr. Dalben, "is that beautiful part of a plant which is called the flower. These are of all colours, and all shapes, wonderfully various, exquisitely beautiful, emitting the most delightful odours, and wanting nothing but immortality to render them fit to adorn the mansions of the blessed. But the sentence of death has passed on these beau-

tiful works of God; and as they are the most lovely and otherwise perfect of his works in the natural world, so they are undoubtedly of all others the most perishable.—The seventh and last part of a plant," continued Mr. Dalben, "is the fructification, which is that part which produces seed and fruit. It is from this part of the flower that persons who study these things are enabled to find out the classes of plants. Plants are divided into twenty-four classes. When you are older, my dear boy, as I before said, I mean to explain these classes to you; but their names are now so difficult, that you could not remember them."

While Mr. Dalben was speaking to this effect, the owner of the garden appeared. He made a bow to Mr. Dalben, whom he knew very well; and looking at Henry, "Is that little Master Milner?" he said, "I remember his dear papa at the very same age." So saying, he put his hand in his pocket, and presented him with a fine summer apple, and two plums. Henry looked at Mr. Dalben for leave to take them, and having received the desired permission, he took out his pocket-knife, and dividing the apple, he gave half of it, with one plum, to his uncle. Mr. Dalben did not reject his little present; and as they were now sufficiently rested, they followed the gardener, who wished to show Mr. Dalben some beautiful flowers which he had in bloom, and some trees which he had lately graffed.

After having looked at these flowers, which were esteemed very precious on account of their rarity, Mr. Dalben cast his eyes on a moss rose

full of buds and full-blown flowers, and after having contemplated it for a while, he said to the gardener, " After all you have shown us, Mr. Baring, I still return to my original opinion, that there is no flower on earth in all respects equal to the moss rose."

Sir," said the gardener, " I am much of the same opinion as you are. Take the rose for colouring, scent, and beauty of shape, I doubt whether it has its equal in the world."

" You know, Mr. Baring," said Mr. Dalben, " that our blessed Saviour compares himself, in Solomon's Song, to the rose: ' I am the Rose of Sharon,' he says. Methinks I have ever loved the rose since I learnt that it has afforded a similitude to the perfections of the Saviour."

" Sir," said the gardener, " it is wonderful how many curious thoughts I have had since the time when you first began to talk to me about my trade as a gardener, showing me how honourable and distinguished a business it is, inasmuch as it was the business of the first man, when in a state of innocence in Paradise. You have caused me to think better of my situation ever since, and have made me anxious that the chief glory of Eden, namely, the presence of God, should be found again in my garden "

" And do you recollect, Mr. Baring," said Mr. Dalben, " what I said to you respecting that period which is promised when the world will again become as a blooming and fertile garden ?"

" Ay, sir," said the gardener, " I have not forgotten it. The time you allude to is, when

Christ shall reign over all the world; when the wicked will be destroyed, and none but the holy and beloved of the Lord will be left to dwell upon the face of the earth."

"Had man never sinned," said Mr. Dalben, "the whole earth would have been as one blooming and fertile Eden; and when Satan is bound, and the wicked destroyed, then will the wilderness blossom again as the rose; then will the field be joyful, and all that therein is; then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box-tree together, to beautify the place of his sanctuary."

"O sir," said the gardener, since it first pleased God to put it into your mind to show me how I might improve myself by the many emblems which nature supplies in an extensive garden, I have been brought to make a thousand comparisons between the natural and spiritual world; and I have set myself to consider what may be learnt from trees, and plants, and herbs, and have discovered many things which have, I trust, proved profitable to me. Why, sir, it appears to me, in Scripture, that both good and wicked men are often compared to trees; for the Psalmist says, "The godly shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruits in his season.' (Psalm i. 3.) And John the Baptist says, 'The axe is laid to the root of the tree; therefore, every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire.' (Matthew vii. 19.) And having thus thought, sir, when I see an

unfruitful tree in my garden, and am preparing to cut it down, it makes me feel many a twinge in my own heart, for I think, if all worthless trees were to be thus cut down, what, sir, would become of me? And then, sir, when I see a tree growing kindly, and bringing forth fruit in abundance, there again is a lesson for me; who am, as it were, so worthless and barren."

"There is another lesson to be learned from trees, Mr. Baring," said Mr. Dalben, "which, I think, I never pointed out to you, at least I am sure I never did to this little man, here; and, therefore, if you please, to lead on towards the trees you graffed last year, I will take the occasion to point it out to him."

"Ah, sir!" said the gardener, smiling, "I think I have some little notion of what you are going to say."

The gardener then led the way through a long grass walk, bordered on each side with parterres of flowers; and, while they went slowly forward, Mr. Dalben thus spake to Henry:

"My dear Henry," he said, "I have spoken to you, times without end, concerning the wickedness of man's heart, and the necessity of his becoming a new creature before he is admitted into the kingdom of heaven. This new nature, which he must receive if he is to be saved, is called regeneration, or the new birth, and is thus spoken of by our Lord Jesus Christ; 'Unless a man is born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' It is God the Holy Spirit who changes man's heart, and makes him a new creature; and this change is compared in

Scripture to the effect produced by the graffing of trees."

"What is that, uncle?" said Henry.

"Come on a little farther, young gentleman," said the gardener, "and I will try to explain it to you. There, Sir, do you see before you a patch of small trees, some of them being loaded with fine apples, and others only bearing a few, being too young to supply nourishment to much fruit? It was from one of these trees that I just now gathered the apple which I gave you. You remarked how sweet and good it was, and full of juice. Now, Sir, the time was when all those little trees which bear this sweet fruit were no other than crabs, producing such fruit as you could not eat without setting your teeth on edge, and making you sick. Now one would think that such trees were only good to be cut down and burnt; but, instead of destroying them, we lopped off their upper branches, leaving nothing but the stem or trunk, and opening a small place at the top of this trunk, we inserted a branch of fruit-bearing apple, and covering the place over with thick clay, we left the new branch to grow and incorporate itself with the old stock, and thus the barren and useless tree became a valuable and fruit-bearing plant. And in this manner, my young master, as your good uncle laid it out to me years ago, our old nature, which is barren and full of evil, must be cut down, and a new nature graffed in, and thus we shall be enabled to produce good and holy works acceptable unto the Lord." The gardener then turned to

Mr. Dalben, and said, "My good Sir, I never graff an old stock with a good branch, but this which you have told me concerning the need of a new nature being put into us, comes into my mind."

"You cannot have a better thought," replied Mr. Dalben; "only you have failed to tell little Henry Milner, what I nevertheless trust you have not forgotten yourself, that this new nature, which must be put into us, is the divine one. Christ is the branch to which we must be united if we are to be saved; for the Lord says, 'He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing.' And this was what my little boy experienced last night, for he went out, Mr. Baring, yesterday, not doubting his own strength, and not depending on help from above; and he was like one of your crab stocks, he produced no good, but plainly showed what a poor worthless, helpless thing, a little boy is, who depends on his own strength to do well."

"Indeed!" said the gardener; "but we must hope that Master Milner will never again trust in his own strength."

Mr. Dalben then took leave of the gardener, who was so kind as to give Henry two or three more apples before they separated; and the little boy took them home to divide them between himself and his beloved uncle. Neither did he forget to put one apart for Mrs. Kitty.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Giving an Account of Henry Milner during his Eighth Year; with the History of the Green Bag.*

I HAVE now related to you many events which took place in the life of little Henry Milner, when he was between six and seven years of age; and I hope that you have been profited by some parts of these accounts, and amused by others.

When Henry entered his eighth year, he could read English very well; he knew something of the outline of Geography, was acquainted with the names of the planets, and had some notion how they moved round the sun, and how many moons attended each planet.* He had endeavoured to draw many plans of the solar system, that is, of the sun, with the planets and their moons, on his slate.

He knew all the pretty stories in the Bible, and had learnt many chapters of the New Testament by heart. He could repeat most of Watts's Hymns, could do sums in simple addition, and had begun to learn to write. He had also obtained a good idea of general grammar; and by means of constantly conversing with his uncle when walking out, had acquired a great deal of knowledge, for such a little boy, of plants

and animals, and other such things, as people meet with every day in their walks, but often pass over disregarded, because they are either thinking of nothing at all, or of those kinds of subjects which are of no use.

Mr. Dalben was very well satisfied with what little Henry had learnt; and he was also rejoiced to find that his temper daily improved, and that he did not set up his will, as formerly, against his uncle; neither did he show such irritation as he had formerly done, when disappointed or vexed by any accident.

I promised you, that I would give you an account of a certain green bag, which Mr. Dalben was so kind as to allow Henry to keep in the closet in the parlour.

This green bag was the general repository of Henry's treasure; and one would have thought that there could be no fear of its being stolen, because the bag, together with all its contents, would never have fetched any thing like the value of a silver sixpence. The bag was made of a part of an old green baize floor-cloth, put together with infinite labour, by Henry himself; and the contents were an extraordinary assemblage of nails, string, snail-shells, scraps of paper, sticks, old phials, and bits of broken plates, which Henry used as pallets and painting-stones.

It happened one day, soon after Henry had attained his ninth year, that Mrs. Kitty threatening a thorough cleaning of the study, and a general dusting of the books, Mr. Dalben, after several ineffectual expostulations on the subject, made his escape immediately after breakfast, accompanied by Henry, intending to spend the

morning in the woods, and to dine and drink tea with a clergyman who resided in the neighbourhood.

As soon as Mr. Dalben was clear off the premises, Mrs. Kitty began her operations; being aided by Thomas, Sally, and the old woman, of whom mention was before made, on occasion of Henry's being concealed in the cupboard.

Who shall presume to give an account of the clouds of dust which were now excited, and of the violent concussions and agitations which took place, while Mrs. Kitty and her coadjutants turned chairs, tables, carpets, cushions, rugs, and sofas, out of the window?

Every thing, however, went on successfully, till Mrs. Kitty, in an unfortunate moment, cast her eyes on Henry's green bag, which lay in a corner of the light closet: and there she beheld a large snail crawling upon the outside of the bag, with its shell on its back, and its horns erected in a most formidable manner.

It happened, that Henry had been the day before in quest of snail-shells; and, though often warned to the contrary, had brought home one or two with their inhabitants still alive and well, and in high preservation, within them. He had not done this with the actual intention of being disobedient, but through carelessness, which is next in degree, with respect to criminality, to intentional disobedience. Let, however, this be as it may, the sight of this snail filled Mrs. Kitty with almost as much horror as if she had seen a serpent coiled up in the corner of the closet; and such was her indignation, that she took up the bag with the tongs, and threw it

out, together with all its inestimable contents, into an ash-hole in the yard, muttering as she went, and returned, "I wonder master will allow such rubbish and vermin to be in the parlour. Master used to be so particular, and would not allow a dog even to walk over the carpet; and now he suffers the child to litter the house from top to bottom. It is downright impossible to keep things clean and wholesome, while such doings are permitted."

Notwithstanding the unfortunate circumstance of the snail being found on the green bag, Mrs. Kitty had finished her operations, much to her own liking, by eight o'clock in the evening, when Mr. Dalben and Henry returned.

The next morning, Henry having done his prescribed lessons, and received permission to play, went to his usual corner to look for his bag; but no bag was to be found. The little boy, never suspecting that his friend Mrs. Kitty would be so treacherous as to put away his treasures, searched in all his accustomed haunts, but in vain. The bag was not in his bed-room or his little garden; for Mr. Dalben had given him a bit of ground to dig in and plant radishes; nor in Lion's kennel, where he used now and then to put it, when his uncle called him to walk, and he had not time to run into the house with it; nor in the hollow tree in the garden; nor under his pillow. No,—it was not to be found any where; and the little boy full of grief, came to Mr. Dalben, to tell him of his distress.

Mr. Dalben, who was never deaf to Henry's complaints, got up from his desk, where he was writing, to look in his own cupboards, if by

chance the bag might be found in any of them; but not finding it, he recollected the concussion which had taken place the day before, and suggested the idea, that Mrs. Kitty had perhaps removed the bag, recommending it to the little boy to make some inquiries of her respecting it. At the idea of Mrs. Kitty's taking away his treasure, Henry's indignation rose, and he walked out into the kitchen, in a state of high displeasure, and seeing the housekeeper, he said, "Where did you put my bag, Mrs. Kitty?"

"What bag?" said the housekeeper, still going on with certain preparations for cooking which she had in hand.

"*My* bag;" said Henry, swelling with passion; "my green bag."

"What! your bag of rubbish?" returned Kitty;—"Have you lost it?"

"Yes," said Henry; "and you know where it is."

"I am sure it is not worth stealing," returned the housekeeper.

"Then why did you take it?" said the little boy.

"How do you know I have taken it?" said Mrs. Kitty.

"I know you have;" said Henry; "I know by your face; and if you won't tell me, I will complain to my uncle; that I will."

"Do then, Sir;" said Mrs. Kitty; "and tell him also, that you had live snails and all kind of vermin in it."

By this time Henry was in a violent passion, and seeing Thomas in the garden, he ran out to make his complaints to him.

Thomas could not help smiling at the violent heat and agitation of the child. However, he told the little boy, that he had seen Mrs. Kitty carry out the bag with the tongs, and that he believed she had put it into the ash-hole.

"Oh! did she?" said Henry; "then I will soon have it out." Accordingly, he ran to the place, brought out the bag, which was covered with ashes, and presently appeared on the outside of the kitchen window, which was open, it being summer-time, with the bag slung over his shoulders, his hands and face, and his nankeen coat, being black with ashes.

"Oh, oh, Mrs. Kitty," said Henry, calling through the window, "and so I have discovered your tricks. I have got my bag in spite of you. I have found it; you shan't have it again." So saying he darted through the hall door into the study, and laid his bag of treasures, ashes and all, on the Turkey carpet, at the feet of his uncle.

Mr. Dalben had scarcely had time to wonder at the extraordinary appearance of Henry, who looked not very unlike a little chimney-sweeper, with his bag of soot on his back, before Mrs. Kitty rushed into the parlour in a state of the most violent indignation; at the sight of whom, Henry snatched up his bag, and ran to the other side of his uncle's chair; by the same motion, making the dust fly over his uncle's coat and neckcloth, and causing the old gentleman to cough with considerable violence.

Mrs. Kitty did not, however, wait till Mr. Dalben had recovered his breath, before she gave

utterance to her anger. "Sir," she said, "I hope you will please to punish Master Henry; for, it is no use for me to be slaving myself to death to keep your house clean, if he is to be allowed to play such pranks. You might as well, Sir, have one of the sweeps in your house, as Master Milner, in the condition he now is. Please, Sir, to look at his coat, and his face and hands; did you ever see the like? Did you ever see any one in such a shocking condition?"

Mr. Dalben looked at Kitty, then at Henry, being unable to comprehend any thing at all of the matter. The excessive anger of the housekeeper, and the extraordinary dirtiness of Henry's appearance, at length, however, set him to laugh; by which he inflamed, in no small degree, the anger of Mrs. Kitty; who, thereupon, began again to expostulate. "Cleaning as I was," she said, "all yesterday, I, and Thomas, and Sally, and Betty Lea, all day long; and so nice as the study looked; and to think that Master Milner should have got down into the ash-hole, to daub himself all over, and then come in here, treading the ashes all over your best carpet,—indeed, Sir, it is very provoking."

"Is that true, Henry?" said Mr. Dalben.

"Yes, uncle," said Henry; "I went in for my bag, which Mrs. Kitty had put there."

Mr. Dalben now began to comprehend the state of the case, and to have some notion of the cause of the quarrel between Mrs. Kitty and the little boy; and as he doubted not, but that Henry had been hasty and impertinent, he insisted on his begging the housekeeper's pardon.

After which, he delivered him into the hands of Thomas, who put him into a tub of water; with the help of which, and a suit of clean clothes, he was presently put into a decent plight; and with the assistance of a broom and duster in the parlour, all was again brought into good order; especially as Sally very kindly undertook to wash the green bag, and to restore it to its former respectable condition.

In the afternoon of this same day, while Henry was still humbled under the shame of his misdemeanour, Mr. Dalben took him out to walk; and while they were together, they fell into the following discourse.

"Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "let us talk a little about the affair of the green bag. Did you behave ill in that matter, do you think? let us consider the point."

"Uncle," said Henry, "I think Mrs. Kitty should not have thrown it among the ashes."

"And you ought not to have brought living snails into the house," said Mr. Dalben.

"I did not intend to do it, uncle," said Henry; "I did not see that there were snails in the shells."

"When we are told to attend to any duty, Henry," returned Mr. Dalben, "we must not plead carelessness as an excuse, and I will give you this reason; because carelessness will not be received as an excuse at the day of judgment. It will not do then to say, I have done wrong; but it was not because I intended to do wrong, but because I was thinking of something else. The holy God will not receive this as an excuse, and it is always wise and prudent for us to

judge ourselves, as we shall be hereafter judged. The ignorance and carelessness of men, and women, and children, Henry, is the effect and consequence of sin: people are ignorant, because they will not learn, and careless, because they will not be attentive; and this is easily proved, because, when sin is overcome by the influences of the Holy Spirit, men, and women, and children, immediately begin to acquire knowledge, and at the same time lose a great deal of that carelessness, which we see in most persons, whose hearts are not changed."

"But," said Henry, "was it kind of Mrs. Kitty to throw my bag among the ashes?"

"Was it kind of you, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "to bring so much dirt into the parlour, after Kitty had been at such trouble to clean it? And so, if you speak of unkindness, you have been quite as unkind as Kitty. And now, Henry, I must point out to you another thing, in which you have acted wrong this day. Our Lord Jesus Christ, though God in human flesh, thought it a duty to submit himself to his mother, and to the man who was called his father; he lived with them, and was subject to them, till he was thirty years of age: thus he gave us the example of a proper conduct towards parents and elders; and we find in Scripture, precepts without end to this purpose: 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.' Ephesians vi. 1.—'Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.' Colossians iii. 20. And not only ought we to obey and honour our parents, but to respect all those who are older than ourselves, in

whatever rank or situation in life they may be; and to those who have taken care of us in our infancy, we owe an especial regard. On this account, Henry, you acted particularly ill this morning, in showing so much disrespect for Kitty; and I hope, my boy, when you return, that you will go to her with all your heart, and express your sorrow, and beg her to love you as she used to do."

During the remainder of the walk, little Henry looked very serious; but I have reason to believe, that, at that time, the Holy Spirit of God was dealing with his heart; for, as soon as he got home, he ran to his cupboard, brought out his green bag, which Sally had washed, and in which he had again put all his little treasure; and carrying it into the kitchen, where Mrs. Kitty was at work, he laid it at her feet, and bursting into tears, he said, "There, Mrs. Kitty, take my bag, and do what you please with it; only forgive me for all my naughtiness, and love me as you used to do."

Mrs. Kitty was quite overcome with this generous conduct of the little boy. She threw down her work, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him many times, while the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Take your bag again, dear Master Milner," she said: "I am very sorry that I was so angry with you this morning; I never will put away your poor treasures again; no, never, as long as I live." So saying, she took up the bag, put it again into Henry's hand, and he heard her say, while running out of the kitchen, "He is just like his dear father,

Sally, just such another; the Lord Almighty bless him !"

And thus I conclude the history of the green bag, in a manner which, I think, will be agreeable to all little boys who love God.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### *Containing the History of the White Rabbit.*

ONE day, not long after the events above related, Mr. Dalben took Henry to walk towards Malvern.

Henry was now able to take much longer walks than he formerly did, without being tired; and the pleasant discourse which Mr. Dalben used to hold with him when they walked out, rendered these periods of exercise the happiest moments of his life.

As the direction of their walk was this day towards Malvern, the hills were before them continually; and these fine objects, which, though not new, were ever charming to Mr. Dalben, suggested the subject of their discourse.

"My dear boy," said Mr. Dalben, "look at those lovely mountains before us, with their shadowy valleys and sunny heights, adorned as they are here and there with groves of trees, which form so fair a contrast with the thymy downs which cover the upper parts of the hills. I never look upon these heights, though accustomed to see them every day, without thinking of that glorious period of the earth, when 'the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall

be exalted above the hills, and people shall flow unto it; and many nations shall come and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for the Lord shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.'" Micah iv. 1, 2.

"I know, sir," replied Henry, "when that time will be,—it will be the time of the millennium; that happy time, when the Shepherd King will reign over all the earth."

"You never learnt any history, Henry," said Mr. Dalben; "but I mean very soon, the Lord permitting, to put some books into your hands on these subjects; but, before we begin to read, I will teach you the outline of history, which is very plain and simple, and may be taught in a very few words.

"The world is now nearly six thousand years old. Adam was the first man, and his children multiplied and peopled the whole earth in about one thousand six hundred years; but, during that time, they became so corrupt, that God sent a flood of water to destroy all flesh, excepting eight persons, viz. Noah and his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, with their wives: these were saved in an ark, which floated upon the water during the flood.

"After the flood, the earth was again peopled by the descendants of Noah; who, in the course of some centuries, spread themselves out into all the countries of the world; made themselves cities, and chose unto themselves kings and rulers; and most of them also made unto them-

selves gods of wood and of stone, and placed these images in temples, offering up to them prayers and sacrifice, and burnt incense.

"Now, among these nations and rulers of the earth," continued Mr. Dalben, "four were appointed to rule successively over the rest, and the power and eminence of these kingdoms were foretold in prophecy. The first of these kingdoms was the Babylonian, or Assyrian; the second, the Persian; the third, the Grecian; and the fourth, the Roman: and all these were to reign and flourish awhile, and, finally, to pass away; and in their place was to arise a fifth kingdom, which was to destroy all these, and to obtain the dominion of the whole earth.

"This last is the kingdom of Christ; and, inasmuch as the first, second, and third kingdoms are gone, and the fourth is gradually losing its power, we may now begin to look for the fifth great monarchy, or kingdom of Christ upon earth; and we ought to endeavour to fit ourselves for this kingdom, by leaving the fashions, and forsaking the modes of thinking, and the ways and customs which have hitherto prevailed among the great nations of the earth, which are now passing away.

"In England, it is true, we have learnt the folly and sin of worshipping idols: we do not now bow down to stocks and stones, nor address our prayers to vile images, which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk; but we retain many customs and ways of thinking which were prevalent among the wicked nations of the earth; and we love many things which the Lord abhors.

"You have no acquaintance among other

little boys, Henry; but, if I were obliged to send you to school, you would find that your companions would try to persuade you that many things are good, and right, and honourable, which the Bible teaches us we are not to do; and you would soon find out that these little boys must be entirely changed before they would be fit to play on the high hills of the millennium."

"But, uncle, what would these little boys teach me?"

"Why, my dear Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "they would tell you that it is better to be rich than to be holy; and that it is better to be clever than to be good. They will also show you in their books, that those kings and generals who have loved fighting and cruelty, are called glorious and great; and that those persons are much admired and esteemed in the world, who have lived in gaudy palaces and worn rich garments. These little boys also make it their pleasure and sport to hurt little animals; and are anxious to grow up, in order that they may carry a gun, or pursue a poor hare or fox on horseback. Among these boys also there is much envy and ambition; every one is desirous to be greater, wiser, richer, and handsomer than his neighbour; and they speak boastingly of what they will do when they become men, and how many of the good things of this world they will enjoy."

"But, uncle," said Henry, "if people were to talk to these little boys, and tell them that the kingdom of our Lord is coming; and that, if we wish to belong to that kingdom, we must have other thoughts, perhaps they would be different."

" I hope," said Mr. Dalben, " that the time will soon come, my dear Henry, when parents and tutors will give their little boys more simple and holy instruction than they now do; but I only tell you these things in order that you may not be surprised, when you go from me, to find that very few people are aware how soon the fashions of this world will pass away, and how soon the time will come when those things which men have hitherto called great, and fine, and noble, and grand, will be quite despised and forgotten."

By this time, Henry and Mr. Dalben were arrived at a rabbit-warren, which, at that time, extended itself at the foot of the hills: and they saw many rabbits running across their way.

" Oh, uncle! uncle!" said Henry, " there is a rabbit, and there is another, and another! see how they run! what numbers there are!"

" Of what class of animals are rabbits, Henry?" said Mr. Dalben; " are they of the class amphibia?"

" Oh! uncle, do not talk of amphibia," said Henry; " I do not love those creatures; I never much admired them; but I have liked them less since I fell into the brook, as I was coming from Mrs. Green's."

" But, if you were silly then, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, " the poor amphibia were not to blame."

" No, uncle," said Henry, " but rabbits are not amphibia."

" How do you know?" asked Mr. Dalben.

" Because they live in dry places," said Henry, " and they have not naked bodies, but are covered with soft fur."

"Then, perhaps," said Mr. Dalben, "they are of the same class with caterpillars, because some caterpillars are covered with hair."

"Oh, uncle," said Henry, "why, they are quite different sorts of creatures."

"Well, then, what are they, Henry?"

"I do not know whether they feed their young ones with milk; but I think they are of the first class," returned the little boy.

"You are at length right," said Mr. Dalben; "rabbits are of the first class of animals. It is said that they originally came from Spain, although there are now such numbers in England. These little creatures live far beneath the ground, in holes which they make with great care; making beds for their young ones, which they cover with soft fur, plucked from their own breasts: they multiply so very fast, that if they were not sometimes killed, they would become quite a nuisance, and destroy all the green herbs of the field; but surely, Henry, we should rather lament the necessity of hurting them than take a pleasure in it; and I think that a humane and pious man would rather leave these unpleasant offices to those whose business it is, and who are obliged to do this, or something perhaps to the same purpose, to get their bread, than make it his pleasure to perform these offices. I hope, my dear boy, when you become a man, you will never seek amusement in any thing by which the smallest creature may be pained. And now let us again return to a view of Christ's kingdom upon earth. We are told that when that happy period shall come to pass, even the ravenous beasts will lose their fierceness; and neither man nor beast shall hurt

or destroy in all the holy mountain of the Lord."

While Mr. Dalben was still speaking, they heard a gun go off, and saw a gentleman walking across a remote part of the warren.

"There, uncle," said Henry, reddening with indignation, "do you hear that? I don't love that man, whoever he is."

"Do not speak in that way, my boy," returned Mr. Dalben; "I have brought you up in a dislike to these cruel sports, and I have given you my reasons why they ought to be avoided; but let us beware of condemning others who are not of our way of thinking; let us leave it to God to judge his creatures, Henry."

Mr. Dalben then walked on to a little cottage, which was in the centre of the waren, where he had some business; and, as they were returning, they saw a young white rabbit lying at the mouth of a hole. Henry went up to it; it attempted to rise, in order to run away, but fell again, its leg having been broken; perhaps by a shot from the same gun which they had heard a little time before; though how it had escaped the observation of the sportsman could not easily be ascertained.

"Oh, uncle," said Henry, "its leg is broken, and it will die of hunger! Let me take it home, and nurse it, and feed it; pray do, uncle,—I am very sorry for it;—pray do." And the little boy burst into tears.

After looking a moment at the rabbit, and seeing that it was not so much injured, but that it might be recovered, Mr. Dalben gave his consent; and Henry, full of joy, ran back to the cottage, to borrow a basket.

Henry soon returned with a basket, at the bottom of which the cottager had laid a little straw; and Mr. Dalben took up the poor little frightened creature, and laid it gently in the basket; and thus it was carried to Mr. Dalben's house. When arrived there, Thomas bound up its leg, and assisted Henry to establish it in an empty chicken-pen which stood in the yard. After which he directed Henry what food to bring it; for the rabbit was to be Henry's, and he was to have the sole charge of it.

And now, having settled the little white rabbit in his new abode, where it was secure from dogs and guns, I shall finish my chapter; which, I hope, has afforded you as much pleasure as those which have gone before.

## CHAPTER XV.

*Containing several Particulars which have not been before related; with a serious Conversation between Mr. Dalben and Henry.*

For some days after Henry had brought his little white rabbit home, he took the greatest pleasure in attending upon it, and had the satisfaction of seeing its wound get better, and its spirits recovered; it no longer expressed terror when the little boy came to feed it; but, on the contrary, would eat out of his hand, and seem almost inclined to play with him.

Henry thought he should never be tired of his rabbit, and should never forget it; but Mr. Dalben knew Henry better than the little boy did himself; and therefore he made it his frequent custom to say to him, when he came in to his meals, "Henry, have you remembered your rabbit?" He also gave a private order to Thomas to look to the poor creature, and see that it did not want any thing necessary to its comfort. It happened that, one day, Henry having seen a boy on Malvern Hill playing with a paper kite, he conceived a very strong desire to possess one; and having made known his wish to his uncle, Mr. Dalben was so kind as to send for some paper and string, and other arti-

cles necessary for making a kite; and Thomas, who was very handy in these matters, was allowed to help the little boy to make it.

When Henry got his kite he was so very much pleased with it, that I believe, had he had his own way, he would have played with it from morning till night; but as it was, he went to it at every moment which he could snatch from his lessons, for several days successively; and I have no doubt but that, as he thought of it all day, he, in like manner, dreamt of it at night.

Mr. Dalben, more than once, reasoned with him on the subject, speaking to him to this effect: "Henry," he said, "I wish I could see more moderation in you. There is no harm in having a kite, and causing it to fly in the air over all our heads at proper times of the day, and when other duties are performed; but paper kites and balls of string are foolish things to think of from morning till night, and from night to morning.. Beware, Henry, lest this silly fancy does not bring you to sin, by throwing you off your guard, and leading you from your God. It is always dangerous, my boy, to allow ourselves to be led away by any kind of pursuit which has not the glory of God for its end and object."

Henry heard Mr. Dalben, and understood the tendency of what he said; but I am sorry to say, that when he got out again to his paper kite, the remembrance of his uncle's words flew away like the kite in the air, and there was no string to draw them back by.

It happened one morning, when this rage for flying kites was at its highest, Mr. Dalben said,

as they were sitting down to breakfast, " Henry, have you remembered the rabbit this morning?"

" Oh, no, uncle!" said Henry, blushing; " I have quite forgotten it."

" Well," said Mr. Dalben, " go immediately after breakfast; do not neglect it, I charge you."

At dinner, when Henry appeared again, Mr. Dalben made the same inquiry. Henry blushed, and hung down his head.

" You are greatly to blame, Henry," said Mr. Dalben. " You would have done better to have destroyed the little creature at once, when you found it in the warren, than to keep it to perish with hunger in this place. Go, careless boy, feed your poor rabbit now; and, in order that you may be able to feel for the poor little animal another time, I shall deprive you, this day, of your own dinner."

The tears came into Henry's eyes, but he walked out of the room without speaking.

I have no doubt but that Mr. Dalben felt very uneasy as he sat at dinner without his young companion; but he thought it better to use a little self-denial than to allow his adopted son to commit sin.

Henry did not return to his uncle till tea-time. When he had fed his rabbit he went into the garden, and walked about in the most retired parts of it, crying very bitterly, and thinking how cruel he had been to his poor little lame rabbit. I am also happy to say, that he humbled himself before God for this sin, and prayed earnestly for a better heart; neither did he touch his kite during the whole evening.

At tea-time Mr. Dalben sent for him. Mr. Dalben's tea-table was set in the bow-window, where the old gentleman used to love to sit in an evening to contemplate the beautiful hills which were seen towering above the trees of his garden.

Henry instantly obeyed his uncle's summons; and, as soon as he entered the parlour, ran up to him and begged his forgiveness. Mr. Dalben saw with pleasure that he had been crying; and hoping that he would not easily again fall into a fault of the same kind, invited him to partake the refreshment of tea and bread and butter, of which the poor little boy stood much in need. When Henry was somewhat recruited, and had finished his meal, Mr. Dalben, putting out his hand to him, and drawing him up to his knees, said, "My dear little boy, I have corrected you to-day with some severity, but it was for your good. I wish you, my boy, to be not only a holy man, but also a holy child. If we are to be partakers of the glories of Christ's kingdom on earth, we must be fitted for it now: we must, in this present state of being, be converted to our God; we must be now in kind, though perhaps not in degree, what we shall be then. If, therefore, we are wise, we ought to study the characters of those who will form the subjects of our Lord's kingdom at that time; and we can best ascertain what these will be by studying the character of our Lord when on earth, and setting this before us as a pattern of life.

"I am sorry to say, that in the ordinary places of education appointed for little boys, other patterns are too often set before them, and

books are placed in their hands in which those are praised who not only delighted in those foolish sports by which they tormented little animals, but frequently spent their whole lives in disturbing the peace of their fellow-creatures, and spreading war and bloodshed in every direction. But these characters, Henry, have had their day, and their glory is passing away; and I hope the time is coming when little children will be taught that it is better to be holy, harmless, and undefiled, like the Son of God when on earth, than to be great, and rich, and daring, and powerful. It is this consideration, my dear Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "which induces me to take such pains (with the divine help) to render you tender and compassionate towards other creatures, and ready to give up your own pleasures and satisfactions for their sakes; and it was for this reason that I felt sorry to see you indulging yourself with so little moderation in the pleasure of flying your kite, and at the same time neglecting your little rabbit. I wish you to acquire that very rare quality of being steady and persevering when you do an act of kindness; and when you have begun to serve any poor creature, to carry on your kindness as long as that creature requires it, though it be to your own cost and damage. Ah, Henry, my boy! if our heavenly Father were as fickle and changeable in his works of love as we are with respect to our fellow-creatures, what would be our case? How could we be supported? Or how should we ever enjoy one moment's peace or confidence?"

Mr. Dalben then spoke to Henry, in lan-

guage as plain as he could devise, of the unchangeable nature of God. "The Almighty God, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "is incapable of changing or altering his opinions as we are. For it is written, 'As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.' Isaiah lv. 9.

"I remember the time, my dear boy, when you loved to play all day with little bits of deal brought from the carpenter's shop, and you knew no greater pleasure at that period. After that your chief delight was to drag a little wooden cart about the garden full of stones and earth. You then became fond of snail-shells, as Mrs. Kitty can witness, and filled every corner of the house with them. Afterwards the poor rabbit had his turn, and then the paper kite; and in measure, as you took up one favourite, you dropped and forgot the others. But now think, my dear Henry, if the Almighty God were like you, how could the worlds and all the creatures which are therein be supported? and how could poor, sinful, silly, little children, be kept from sin, and brought on step by step, from grace to grace, till they are fit for glory? It is a great comfort, my dear boy, for us poor creatures to know that we have a friend who never changes."

Mr. Dalben then repeated this beautiful verse:

"Hark, my soul," &c.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Containing an Account of the little Community called Bees; with a serious Lesson, which Mr. Dalben drew from their Example.*

It happened one day, that Mr. Dalben having some business at the mill above mentioned, he breakfasted early, and allowing Henry to accompany him, walked down to the river. It was a cool morning for the time of year, which was the heat of summer, the sun being, for the most part, under clouds, and a late shower having settled the dust and refreshed the trees and herbs. When they arrived at the mill, Mr. Dalben having speedily finished his business, and wishing to proceed a little way up the river, in order to administer some relief to an old man, who was lying sick in a cottage situated about a mile and a half, or two miles above, in a wood which is thereabouts, asked Henry if he could promise him to sit quite still if he took him with him in a boat, as the miller was so kind as to offer him one for the occasion, and a man to manage it. Henry promised very fairly, and accordingly followed his uncle and the man across a field at the back of the mill, where they found a little boat moored under the deep shade of certain lofty willow trees, whose roots were bathed by the stream. The man presently unfastened this

boat, and getting in himself, directed Mr. Dalben and Henry to step in after him. Mr. Dalben accordingly was going to lift Henry into the boat; but the little boy, hearing the roar of an adjacent weir, and that of the mill-wheel not far off, began to utter loud shrieks, and to draw back, saying, "O! uncle, uncle, I shall be drowned, I am sure that I shall be drowned."

Mr. Dalben was angry, and said, "Henry, cannot you trust in me? Have I ever brought you into danger yet? If it was a little boy like yourself, who wished to tempt you into a boat, you would do well to draw back and be afraid; but when it is your friend and father who is leading and directing you, you are proving want of confidence and respect, by seeming to be afraid." Henry was ashamed, and ceasing to cry, he allowed Mr. Dalben to lift him into the boat, where placing him on a seat right before him, and directing him to sit quite still, and not to move if the boat rocked a little, Mr. Dalben placed himself at the helm, and the boatman began to shove off from the shore. In a few minutes they were come out from under the shade of the trees, and were crossing into the main stream at the head of the weir, whose noise had terrified Henry so greatly: over this weir the water was rushing with considerable violence, foaming, and dashing down beneath them into the lower part of the river. Henry began again to evidence fear, and to move about; on which Mr. Dalben spoke to him with some harshness: whereupon the little boy settled himself again on his seat, and remained trembling, till the boat entered into smooth water,

between two shores, scattered over with beautiful trees, and bushy underwood. The roar of the weir, as also the rush of the mill-wheel, were now heard less distinctly, and the water resembled a polished mirror.

Henry recovering himself, began to try to laugh off his late fears. "Uncle," he said, "this is very pleasant. I am not the least afraid now; indeed, I was not much afraid before, only that weir made such a noise. I could not hear any thing that was said."

"You were not desired to hear what was said," returned Mr. Dalben; "you were only required to sit still; but we want no excuses, Henry: you have behaved like a very silly boy; and it is better for you to be sensible of your folly than to pretend to make excuses which nobody believes."

Henry blushed, and held down his head. "And now, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "I am going to speak to you upon a subject which every little boy should understand; the subject on which I am speaking is courage: do you know what courage is, Henry?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"Yes, uncle; courage is not being afraid."

"I do not think that explanation will quite do," said Mr. Dalben; "because then a poor idiot, whom I once knew, who never could be taught that fire would burn, or water drown, and who laughed heartily at a violent storm of thunder and lightning, might be called the most courageous person in the world; because he would take a lighted stick and dance about his

mother's house with it in his hand, and would jump about on the brink of a deep well; do you think this person deserved to be called courageous?"

"No, uncle," said Henry.

"Well, then," said Mr. Dalben, "we must have some other explanation of true courage than that of not being afraid: there are occasions, Henry, when the bravest man is, and ought to be, afraid. But true courage consists in two things; the first of which is, not being afraid where no danger is; and the second is, the having such self-command as shall enable a person to do what is right and proper in cases of real difficulty and distress."

"But, uncle," said Henry, "little boys don't always know when there is real danger, and when there is no danger. You know, uncle, that children are very ignorant, and have not tried so many things as grown people."

"And therefore," returned Mr. Dalben, "because children are ignorant, kind parents have been given to them, and they are early taught to trust these parents, and they may be sure, that, unless they are very odd sort of parents, they will not lead them into danger; therefore it is a mark of want of confidence, and of a blameable degree of cowardice, when a child refuses to follow a kind father who calls him to attend him, whatsoever he may suppose the danger be which he is required to encounter: the fault you were guilty of to-day, was want of confidence in me; which, after all you know of me, indicated a blameable degree of timidity."

"Uncle," said Henry, "I am very sorry; and if I might get up, I would come and beg your pardon."

"Well, my dear boy," said Mr. Dalben, "we have said enough on this subject for the present, and all is made up; and now let us enjoy the prospect. Observe how gently the boat glides along the stream, while the scene changes every moment; what a variety of beautiful trees and bushes present themselves one after another to our view, and how quiet and retired these scenes are."

"Oh! uncle," said Henry, "the river is wider just before us, it looks like a large pool or lake, and what a deep shade the trees cast upon it!"

"Of what do these beautiful prospects lead you to think, my dear boy?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"Of the times of the millennium, uncle," said Henry, "when streams shall break forth in the deserts. And now, uncle, I see between those trees a high bank at a little distance, nearly covered with woods, excepting just at the very top, and there is a green field at the very top, and a white horse feeding in that field: how beautiful that horse looks! how quietly it seems to feed! it reminds me of the picture you used to show me when I was a little boy, the picture of the horse feeding, while the lion lay by his side. Why, uncle, every thing I see here reminds me of some pleasant thing you have taught me about Christ's kingdom upon earth."

"How pleasant it is," said Mr. Dalben, "to have such a happy time as that to look forward to, my boy. Some little boys are so unfortunate

as never to have heard of the glory of Christ's kingdom on earth, and such have not half the pleasure of looking upon beautiful scenes as you have."

By this time they were come in sight of a large hollow oak-tree growing upon the edge of the water. "Oh! uncle," said Henry, "what a curious tree! I should like to go on shore and see that tree."

"Well, sir," said the man who rowed the boat, "if your uncle has no objection, we will draw up to the bank, and you shall get out and see that tree."

Accordingly the boat was turned to the shore, and they all got out. The tree was quite hollow, and the inside of the trunk decayed, although the branches were flourishing, and looked green and fresh. "Oh! uncle," said Henry, putting his head through a hole in the side of the trunk, "what a large place there is in the inside! I should like to get in."

"No, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "you must not get in, because you would probably be covered with dust and mould; but you may, if you please, put your head through the hole on the side of the tree, and look in."

Henry availed himself of his uncle's permission, and looking up towards the head of the tree he suddenly drew back, exclaiming, "Oh! uncle, I see some frightful black things hanging by their claws upon the sides and tops of the hollow."

Mr. Dalben smiled, and said, "I suppose you are now glad, Henry, that you followed my advice, and did not get your whole body into

the tree. But do you know what those creatures are which have caused you so much fear?"

"I reckon," said the miller's man, "that what little master has seen, are the bats, which often hide themselves in the trunks of hollow trees. About dusk I have seen many of these creatures flying about this place."

"Bats!" repeated Henry, peeping again into the tree; "I never saw a bat very near, though I have seen them in the dusk flying about, and flapping their wings against every thing which came in their way, as if they could not see before them."

"Don't disturb them, master," said the man, "otherwise they will, perhaps, come out of their hole now, and flap themselves in your face; and I am thinking that you would be running into the water to get free of them."

"You have not much opinion of Henry's courage, my friend," said Mr. Dalben.

The man smiled, and Henry looked a little ashamed; however, Mr. Dalben bade the little boy leave the tree; and taking him by the hand, he put him again into the boat, as they had not yet reached the spot to which they were bound.

"Uncle," said Henry, "what are bats? Are they birds or beasts?"

"They are something between both," replied Mr. Dalben; "but they are of the first class; there are twenty-five different sorts of these animals in various parts of the world; four of which are found in England.

"In the East Indies," continued Mr. Dalben,

"and the west of Africa, there is a kind of this creature named the Vampire Bat, so called, because it is said to suck blood; it is a very ugly creature; the length of its body is about eight inches, the extent of the wings about three feet, and each wing is provided with a strong claw, by which it hangs to the branches of trees. Some of these creatures grow to an enormous size. In the East Indies bats are found living in the roofs of inhabited houses in immense numbers; and at dusk these creatures issue out from their holes; and being dazzled by the lamps and chandeliers, which are commonly lighted at that time, render themselves extremely annoying to every person in the house. I knew a lady once," proceeded Mr. Dalben, "who, being ill, and confined to her bed, saw one of the largest of these creatures, whose long ears resembled horns, sitting on the head of her bed."

"Oh!" said Henry;—"How frightened she must have been!"

"No;" said Mr. Dalben; "she was not frightened, though she took measures, you may be sure, to get rid of this dismal-looking visitor. But," continued Mr. Dalben, "the bats in England are not so sociable as they are in India. They generally reside in hollow trees, barns, and towers of churches, and old ruins and castles; and indeed, in most other countries, such are their chief abodes; and this will help us to understand the words of the prophet, who foretells a time when 'the idolaters of the earth shall cast their idols of silver, and their idols of gold, which they made each for himself to wor-

ship, to the moles and to the bats.'" Isaiah ii. 20.

"Oh!" said Henry; "no doubt that will be when the Lord is King over all the earth. How curious it is, uncle! Every thing we see reminds us of that happy period."

By this time the boat had made a little turn, and they were come in sight of a very old cottage, standing in a garden about a hundred paces from the river, and shaded on the back ground by a number of high trees. At the same moment that they saw the cottage their ears were saluted with a tinkling sound, like that of a bunch of keys rattling against a brass pan.

"As sure as I am here," said the miller's man, "Betty Hodges's bees are playing. Come, Sir, let us make haste; mayhap master never saw bees hived; and it's a wonderful curious sight." So the man pushed towards the bank, and they all got out of the boat.

"Bees playing, uncle!" said Henry, as he walked towards the cottage;—"What is that? —What does it mean?"

"You shall see, Henry;" said Mr. Dalben; "make haste, and I will explain it all to you by and by."

Mr. Dalben, and Henry, and the miller, made the best of their way towards the cottage, being regaled as they went along by the merry tinkling of the keys against the frying-pan.

When they approached the cottage, which, as I before observed, was not far from the river, they perceived that every individual of the family, consisting of an old grandmother, a

daughter, and five or six young children, were collected in the garden, where there were several bee-hives. The garden was full of bees, who were, as the miller said, playing about in all directions, and filling the air with their murmurs, which, added to the tinkling of the keys, rendered it difficult to hear a word that was said.

When Mr. Dalben approached the little garden-wicket, he made Henry stand still, directing him to observe what was passing, and not to be alarmed if the bees approached him and buzzed in his ears.

The miller, in the mean time, had advanced into the garden, having offered his services to hive the bees as soon as they settled.

In a short time, Mr. Dalben pointed out to Henry, that the bees, which had but just now been scattered all over the garden, were settling on a bough of an apple-tree, on which they presently were so thickly collected, that they formed a cluster nearly as large as a man's head, but more in the shape of a cone. Henry and Mr. Dalben now entered the garden, where, near to where the bees were collected, the old woman had placed a little round table, on which she had spread a large white cloth. She now produced a new hive which had been rubbed within with the leaves of the nut-tree, and placed upon the white cloth two cross sticks.

"What is all that for!" said Henry.

"You will soon see," said Mr. Dalben.

The miller then took the new hive, and putting it under the cluster of bees, he shook the bees into it, and placing it on the table,

nearly covered it with the cloth, leaving the little entrance to the hive only open.

"There," said the man, when he had performed this exploit, "now for a bunch of stinging-hettles, and all will be right."

"Hettles!" said Henry, "what are those?"

"What! don't you know what hettles are, master?" said the man laughing; "where have you lived till now?"

"*We* call them nettles," said Mr. Dalben, smiling, "but one word is as good as another for our purpose; and now, take notice, Henry, what is to be done with these nettles."

Henry looked, and he observed, that the miller, when the nettles were brought to him, placed them on the bough where the bees had settled, and where some of them were collecting again.

"What is that for?" said Henry.

"To prevent the bees from leaving the hive, and returning again to the tree," said Mr. Dalben.

By this time the cottager had given the miller a cup of cider; and Mr. Dalben having wished her good luck with her bees, they returned to their boat, having a little farther to go; and as they went along, Mr. Dalben entered into some explanation of what they had seen; and first he began by asking Henry to tell him the class to which bees belong. Henry replied, "The fifth class, uncle, because they are insects."

"There are several kinds of bees," said Mr. Dalben; "viz. the common bee, the wood bee, the mason bee, and the ground bee: the common bee is the kind of bee of which I shall espe-

cially speak in this place. These are the bees which we see in hives, and in every hive there are three sorts of bees. The first of these are the labouring bee, of which the greater part of the family is composed; their chief employment consists in supplying the young ones with food: these are the bees which you see gathering honey among the wild flowers of the fields, and in the gaudy parterres of our gardens. The second sort are termed drones, because they are idle and useless; and the third sort, which are the largest, are the queens: there is a queen in every hive, and she is the mother of the hive. The common working bee has a trunk, which serves to extract the honey from the flowers: it is likewise furnished with teeth for the purpose of making wax, which is also gathered from flowers. The bees in their hives are governed by laws which are exceedingly curious, and which you will have great delight in studying when you are a little older. When a hive becomes overstocked with inhabitants, which happens every year, a part of the young brood choose themselves a queen, and take flight to find another habitation, as you saw them to-day. Wherever their new queen settles, they follow her, and there fix themselves; and the country people always suppose that the queen will settle sooner when she hears any tinkling sound. And now, my dear Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "now that I have given you this short history of bees, tell me, my boy, if there is any essential lesson we may learn from them?"

Henry hesitated.

"Have I not told you," said Mr. Dalben

"how attached they are to their head or queen? how they follow her every where? how they fight for her, and protect her? and when deprived of her, how they scatter themselves abroad, and become as sheep without a shepherd?

"From these little creatures we may learn what our conduct should be with regard to our spiritual head; how closely should we adhere to him; how perpetually should we rally round his standard; how continually should we pursue his steps, and watch the leadings of his Holy Spirit.

"The book of nature, my dear Henry, is full of holy lessons, ever new and ever varied; and to learn to discover these lessons should be the work of a good education; for there are many persons who are exceedingly wise and clever in worldly matters, and yet, with respect to spiritual things, are wholly blind and dark, and are as unable to look on divine light as the bats and moles to contemplate the glory of the sun's rays at mid-day."

By this time the boat was arrived in the neighbourhood of the little cottage, whither Mr. Dalben wished to go; and as nothing particular happened from that time till their return home, I shall in this place finish my chapter, hoping in a short time to commence another, which, I trust, may be as pleasing to you as this last.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*The Arrival of Mr. Nash, and a Visit to Southstones Rock.*

A few days after the little voyage up the Teme, an old clergyman of the name of Nash, came to see Mr. Dalben; and as he had been born in the Vale of Teme, though he had passed the greater part of his life at a small living which he held in Staffordshire, Mr. Dalben felt desirous that he should pay a visit to his native place, while he remained in the country.

Mr. Nash was a specimen of one of those old-fashioned clergymen whom we now seldom see. He wore a large white bushy wig, a clerical hat fastened up at the two sides, and a flap down before, a complete black suit of clothes, large worsted stockings pulled over his knees when he was taking a journey, and a plaited cambric stock, to which, when exposed to the air, he added a dark blue silk handkerchief. He was a truly pious Christian; but because he used very obsolete language when preaching, and had a provincial dialect, his sermons, though excellent with regard to doctrine, were little understood and little thought of in the world, though his poor parishioners were very fond of him; for he might truly be called the poor

man's friend. He travelled in an old-fashioned one-horse chaise, which he had possessed for many years; and having lately sent it to be repaired to a common wheelwright's, it had been painted a bright blue, which added not a little to the singularity of its appearance.

Now, though Mr. Dalben was in himself an exceedingly polite and elegantly mannered man, yet he loved and respected Mr. Nash, and would have been glad to see him had he come in a wheelbarrow. And Henry Milner, who had not been taught to value people by their appearance, but to inquire whether they loved God or not, was not a little delighted when he saw Mr. Nash's blue one-horse chaise drive up to the door.

"As soon as your horse is rested from his journey, my old friend," said Mr. Dalben to Mr. Nash, as they were sitting at dinner the day after his arrival, "we will go to see your native place, and the house in which you were born, which is, I imagine, about eight miles from hence."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Nash; "and if not unpleasant to you, let us go forward to see Southstones Hermitage, which is a few miles further on."

"And may I go, uncle?" said Henry Milner.

"If Mr. Nash's chaise will hold us all, my boy, you certainly shall," said Mr. Dalben.

"To be sure it will," added Mr. Nash, "and two or three more such. And as Shandy is quite recovered to-day, let us take him by the forelock and set out to-morrow; that is, if all is well."

Now how shall I describe the joy of little Henry Milner when he heard of this pleasant scheme? As soon as dinner was over, he ran out to tell Mrs. Kitty and Sally, and even walked into the stable to see whether Shandy was in perfect health and spirits. At length the happy morning came, and the good old gentlemen set out in the one-horse chaise with Henry seated between them on a stool which Mrs. Kitty had provided.

Mr. Dalben and Mr. Nash were engaged in very serious conversation till they had passed a bridge over the Teme, in their near neighbourhood, and were come into that part of the country on the other side of the river, which had been well known to Mr. Nash.

"Why, now," said the old gentleman, "now I see all these trees, and little hills, and fields, and hedges, I feel myself almost young again. Look at that clump of firs, Master Henry; many is the time that I have seen that clump when my poor father used to bring me with him to Worcester. And I remember once walking as far as this place one frosty morning with the dear old gentleman, in our way to a farm-house on the other side of the hill."

"Where is the farm-house, Sir?" said Henry.

"You may just see the top of the chimney peeping over the hill," said Mr. Nash. "Ah! there it is. I see the old bricks; the very same that were in my time, no doubt."

Presently they came in view of a house at the end of an avenue, which appeared to have been built within the last forty years.

"There," said Mr. Nash, pointing down the avenue, "I remember that house being built; and I remember still better the house that was there before it. It was a very old brick house; and was built, they say, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and was burnt down to the very ground when I was a boy. I can tell you a curious story which happened at the time it was burnt. The house was in possession of a widow lady, who had one son, a lad about my age. This boy was one day playing by a pond in the garden, and he fell in, and would surely have been drowned, had not a fine Newfoundland dog, which was in possession of his mother, jumped into the water, and brought him safe to shore. You may be sure this dog was a great favourite in the family ever after.

"It happened when I was about eleven years old, that this house was set on fire by the carelessness of a servant; and the building being full of timber, which was old and dry, the flames raged so violently, that it was impossible to stop their progress. At the sight of the flames the country people came from miles distant; and among the rest I followed my father, who was anxious to give what assistance lay in his power. But by the time we had reached the place the roof of the house had fallen in, and a spectacle of extreme distress presented itself to our view. The fire, notwithstanding the pains which had been taken to prevent it, had communicated to the stable, in which the poor dog had been fastened by a chain, and in the confusion and uproar had been forgotten, till it was impossible to go to his relief, excepting at

the extreme hazard of life. When I and my father came up, the crowd was gathered opposite the stable; from the upper rooms of which the flames and smoke were bounding forth with inexpressible fury. The poor dog, who was confined in a room below, and who was fully sensible of his danger, filled the air with his cries, making every effort in his power to break his chain, but in vain. In the mean time the servants of the farm-house were using absolute force to detain Edward, the farmer's son, who had made several efforts to go to the assistance of his dog, although at the hazard of his life; his agonies and cries were, however, not less pathetic than those of the poor animal. And the old lady herself seemed more touched with the situation of the dog than with all her other misfortunes.

"In the mean time the fire mounted even to the heavens, and the sparks seemed to mingle themselves with the very clouds, while the crackling of the beams, the waving flames, and falling tiles, resounded to a great distance. At length the flames reached the very room in which the poor dog was confined; and the agonies of Edward were wrought up to the highest pitch. 'Oh, my dog! My Cæsar!' cried the poor boy; 'Oh, my Cæsar!'

"For a moment the cries of the dog were more dreadful than ever; a terrible crash ensued; the floor of the loft above the room where he had been confined, had fallen in; and those who loved Cæsar were indulging the last sad hope, that his death might be speedy, and his sufferings short, when suddenly the dog appear-

ed, making his way through the flames, which burst from the open door; and though singed and scorched, no otherwise hurt; but springing towards his master, exhibited the wildest testimonies of delight. The chain by which he had been held had been broken some days before, as it was afterwards remembered, and the links united by a piece of rope, the knots of which had remained firm until the flames had reached the poor dog, and by burning the cord had set him free. And now," said Mr. Nash, "how shall I describe the joy of Edward? It was quite affecting to witness it. I should never forget it were I to live a thousand years. He hugged his dog in his arms, he kissed him, he congratulated him, as if he could have understood every word he said; and the poor animal, in return, testified his delight by every expression of joy of which a dumb creature is capable."

"Oh!" said Henry Milner, "I am so glad that Cæsar was saved. I really expected that he would never escape. Did he live many years after that time?"

"Yes;" said Mr. Nash. "He lived, I think, ten years after that; and I am told that Edward would never suffer him to sleep out of his own room, or to be chained up again."

By this time they had left the farm-house far behind them, and were descending into a lovely part of the valley of the Teme, where they soon stopped at the door of an old house, in which Mr. Nash had been born. There they were kindly received, and regaled with beans and bacon, and fruit-pie; after which they pro-

ceeded to a curious place in the neighbourhood called Southstones Rock, where a venerable couple, formerly known to Mr. Nash, resided in a little cottage on the top of the rock.

Southstones Rock is situated in a narrow valley not very distant from the Teme. This valley, on either side, is enriched with orchards; beyond which, to the right and left, the heights are crowned with coppices and forest trees; the rock closes the valley, standing forth in a manner so bold and so abrupt, and forming such a contrast with the green and flourishing sides of the valley, as could not fail to excite the wonder and admiration of every stranger. On the summit of this rock stood the old cottage of John and Mary Garmeson, and their fertile and flowery garden was situated on its irregular heights.

A clear and exceedingly cold spring, which had the power of petrifying every thing which lay in its channel, ran from the heights above the rock; and passing by the door of the cottage, came tumbling down into the vale beneath.

In elder days it is said that a hermit dwelt in this rock, and Mr. Dalben showed Henry the remains of this hermitage scooped out of the rock; also a little apartment, supposed to have been his chapel, and a winding way cut in the rock, by which the old man could ascend to its summit, where was probably his garden.

Henry was much pleased with this hermitage, and asked many questions about the hermit, which neither Mr. Dalben nor Mr. Nash could answer.

"Was he an old man, uncle?" said Henry; "and did he worship idols? And what was his name?"

"Indeed, my dear boy, I cannot answer these questions, from knowledge;" said Mr. Dalben; "but you may picture the old gentleman to yourself, in a gray suit of clothes, with a long white beard and a bald head; and we will suppose that he was a Roman Catholic, which was most probable; and fancy that he had a large crucifix in his grotto, and a cross suspended from his neck, and a string of beads hanging from his girdle. But now, come, my boy, let us hasten up to the good old people at the top of the rock."

It was a lovely little cottage in which Mr. Nash's old friend resided; and the good couple were delighted to see their visitors. Mrs. Garmeson, though dressed in the humblest manner, had such manners as showed that she had seen better days, and uttered such sentiments as proved her to be a Christian. She insisted that the gentlemen should sit down and have some tea; and Henry was very much delighted to see the preparations she made for this repast. He followed her to the brook, whither she went to fill her kettle, and to her dairy to skim her cream, for she kept two cows; and when she put her little white loaf and pat of butter on the table, he thought he had never seen any thing before that looked so good.

"Pray, Ma'am," said he, while thus following her about, "do you remember the hermit?"

"What hermit, master?" said Mrs. Garmeson.

"The hermit, Ma'am," said Henry, "who lived in this rock."

"I am very old, to be sure, master," said Mrs. Garmeson, "but not quite so old as that neither; but if you will follow me, I will show you a chair which was said to be his."

"Oh! pray do, Ma'am;" said Henry.

The old lady then took him up a narrow staircase into a very neat little bed-room, where stood a worm-eaten oak chair, much larger and higher than those in common use; it was carved and adorned with many old-fashioned figures, among which was still discernible the figure of a bishop with his mitre and pastoral staff leading a procession, and being followed by a number of monks in their gowns and hoods.

"I cannot pretend to say," said Mrs. Garmeson, "that this was really the hermit's chair; but, at any rate, it is a very old chair; and many strangers have come here to see it."

"What a great man the hermit must have been!" said Henry, seating himself in the chair: "I did not think he was so large."

"Now, come, my little master," said Mrs. Garmeson; "the water boils by this time; and I dare say you are ready for your tea."

"Indeed I am;" said Henry; "I never was so hungry in my life, I think."

The little party then sat down to tea, and Mr. Nash asked the old people many questions about such of the neighbouring families as he remembered.

"When I was a little boy," said Mr. Nash, "my father and mother used often to bring me

and my brother to drink tea in this place. Your father, you know, then lived here, John Garmeson; and it was the greatest treat we could have to visit Southstones Rock."

"Ah, Sir," said John, "I remember those times well!—But what has become of the dear young gentleman, your brother?"

"He has been long dead, John," returned Mr. Nash: "after my poor parents' death, he entered into the army, and went to the East Indies, where he died almost as soon as he landed, having been very ill at sea. I had one letter from him from on board ship, and in that letter he said, 'I have been long ill; I have had a violent fever; and, when confined in my cabin, I thought of the green fields and fragrant woods and gardens of the happy island which gave me birth. The bleating of the poor sheep confined in the vessel suggested to me many ideas of thymy pastures and breezy downs, which added to my anguish; inasmuch as I felt myself for ever separated from these lovely scenes. And when parched with an unquenchable thirst, I felt that one draught of the water of Southstones Rock would have restored me to health. But I now thank God,' he added," continued Mr. Nash, "'that these longings after my native plains, and this thirst for the water which perishes, have now subsided, other desires having, by the divine blessing, been suggested; and I now am brought earnestly to seek for the water only which he that drinks shall never thirst again; and, with the Patriarch Abraham, to desire a better country, even an heavenly one.'"

"Very sweet and affecting indeed," said Mrs. Garmeson, wiping her eyes; "and I hope and trust that that dear young gentleman has long since found that better country which he so eagerly sought."

In such discourse as this, did the little party pass the remainder of their time, till it was necessary for them to take leave; when Mr. Nash having presented the good old couple with a handsome Bible, which he had brought expressly for them, they departed. Henry and the old gentlemen having walked to a little public house, where they had left their carriage, they seated themselves once again in the blue one-horse chaise, and arrived safely at home about nine o'clock in the evening.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### *The Grotto, Grasses, and Mosses.*

Mr. Nash did not remain long at Mr. Dalben's after this visit to Southstones Rock; and as soon as he was gone, Henry began to consult his uncle about a plan which had occupied him ever since his visit to the old hermitage.

"Uncle," said Henry, "I want to make a grotto, and a hermitage, and a hermit, and an old chair."

"An old chair!" said Mr. Dalben; "you will find some difficulty in making an old chair."

"Yes, uncle," said Henry, "I think it will be difficult; but I was thinking of asking the carpenter to help me. If he would make the chair, you know I could draw the picture of the bishop upon it, and that will do as well as if the people were cut in wood."

"As to making an old chair, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "there is not a workman in England could do it."

"Dear uncle, why?" said Henry.

"Because," said Mr. Dalben, "in whatever fashion a man were to make a chair, it would be a new chair when it came out of his hands, and not an old one."

"Oh! uncle," said Henry, "I understand

you; now you are joking with me. But I don't mean that I want to make an old chair, but a chair that looks like an old one."

"But what size do you mean to make your hermitage, and your hermit, and your old chair?"

"Oh! very little," said Henry; "so little, that I may put them on my shelf when they are done."

"Well;" said Mr. Dalben; "then I will tell you what you must do. You must first get a small flat board, and some strong cement, such as glue or gum; and I will give you some of the petrifactions which I brought from Southstones Rock; and you must fix them at one end of your board, in the shape you like best, but in such a manner as to form a hollow, or cave, for your hermit; and these must be strongly fixed in their places; and you may then get some pretty shells and bits of coloured glass, if you please, to adorn your rock and your hermitage."

"But what must I do for grass, uncle, and trees? I could put little branches of trees, to be sure; but they would so soon die."

"You must get some moss for this purpose, Henry," said Mr. Dalben; "and I will go out with you this evening to look for moss; and we will at the same time take a walk to the carpenter's, to get you a board, and to speak about your chair. You know that it must be a very little chair to be in proportion to your hermitage; and we must ask Kitty if she could not make you a hermit."

In the evening of this same day Mr. Dalben and Henry set out on their walk. There was

in the village, near their house, a common wheelwright and carpenter of a coarse kind; but as this man did not quite suit their purpose, Mr. Dalben proposed that they should extend their walk to a more distant village, where there was a kind of cabinet-maker, who had a son, a very ingenious boy, who Mr. Dalben thought would be the very person to make Henry's chair.

Their way lay through the very wood where were the ruins of Jenny Crawley's cottage, though in another direction from these interesting ruins.

" In this wood," said Mr. Dalben, " we may hope to find some mosses. Do you recollect, my dear boy, when we went to visit Mr. Baring the gardener, that we had a good deal of conversation on the nature of plants, and that I then told you that all plants are arranged into twenty-four classes, the names of which I have not yet taught you? Mosses are of the twentieth class; which may be distinguished from every other by their seed-vessels, and the parts which produce fruit, being so small, as to be almost invisible.

" The month of February is the time when the various species of mosses are in their full bloom, bearing their flowers and fruit at the same time. These little vegetables are infinitely beautiful and various, some of them growing in moist meadows and bogs; some on hills, some among copses and woods, and in dark and shadowy situations; some by the channels of brooks, or on the trunks of trees; or on rocks of granite, or sides of ponds; and, inasmuch

as the situations of these mosses are various, so also are their shapes and appearances; some of them being extremely minute and delicate, others branched like little trees; some being brown and unseemly, others of a bright and rich green; some yellow, and others almost of a peach colour. But small, and overlooked, as this species of plants frequently are, the Almighty has so ordered all things, that their uses are by no means inconsiderable. They protect the roots of the most tender plants when they begin to expand in spring. Hence we often see the wood-anemone, the snow-drop, wood-vetch, and other lovely flowers of the forest, springing up among beds of moss, and rising up above their more lowly neighbours, as the palm-tree of the south towers high above the humbler trees of the encircling forest.

"In the spring," continued Mr. Dalben, "when the sun has much power by day, and the frost by night, the roots of young trees would be liable to be thrown out of the ground and killed, if it were not for this warm covering supplied to them by the moss which grows over their roots. These mosses also provide a place of habitation for innumerable little worms and insects, some of which are so inconceivably minute, as not to be seen without the finest magnifying glasses; but all these creatures are wonderfully formed, and fitted for their various situations in life; and not one of them perishes without the knowledge of its Creator."

Mr. Dalben took this occasion to speak to Henry on the omniscience of God. "We are so formed, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "that we

can only attend to one thing at a time, and ill-taught people often find it very difficult to pay attention even to any one object in a regular steady manner for the shortest possible period; but the Almighty God possesses the quality, or, as it is generally called, the attribute of omniscience; whereby he knows and sees, at one and the same moment, every thing which has been done, which will be done, and which is now doing, by every creature which ever was, is, or will be, from the beginning to the end of time, and through all the endless circles of eternity. Thus the Almighty is as intimately acquainted with the smallest insect which inhabits these woods, as with the motions of the largest star in the firmament, and knows as well the secret thoughts of your heart as the revolutions of empires and the downfall of worlds."

Henry was silent for a moment, and then said, "Uncle, how wonderful! I cannot understand it; the more I think about God, the more I am surprised; and I cannot help reflecting what poor creatures we are when compared to him."

"And when we think, Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "what this great God has condescended to do for such poor insignificant and sinful creatures as we are, it raises our wonder still higher. When we consider, that, in order to save us from eternal death, God came down from heaven, took our nature upon him, and endured a disgraceful and painful death, in order to save us from everlasting misery; we ought to put no bounds to our gratitude, but

to be continually lifting up our hearts in prayer and praise to him."

"But, uncle," said Henry, "there is something about me, I do not know what it is, which makes me, at times, forget all the kindness of God towards me. I often think of your goodness to me, and Mrs. Kitty's; and I was thankful to Mr. Nash for his kindness in taking me to see Southstones Rock; but I have very seldom the same feeling of thankfulness towards God; and I often am tired of my Bible and my prayers, and almost hate to think of religion."

"This shows, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "the power of sin over your heart. Sin works in the mind of little children, by inducing them to love idleness, rather than any kind of employment, and to prefer the smallest self-indulgence to the service of their God."

Mr. Dalben then told Henry to stop; and, having pointed out to him where he might get some very beautiful mosses of different kinds, they began to busy themselves in filling a little basket which they had brought for the purpose. After having supplied themselves with as much as Mr. Dalben thought necessary for their purpose, they proceeded in their walk; and having come to the end of the wood, they found themselves at the entrance of a neat village; through which they made their way to a carpenter's shop, which Mr. Dalben knew where to find. Mr. Dalben soon procured a board about two feet square, which he selected for Henry, and gave to the little boy to carry home. After which he made known to the carpenter's son, a lad

about thirteen years of age, Henry's wishes respecting the chair; and as the boy undertook to execute his orders, and to make him not only a chair, but a table for his hermit, Henry prepared to follow his uncle home again with the utmost glee. The sun was setting while they were talking to the carpenter, and had dipped his golden disk behind the western horizon, before the affair of the chair was completely settled.

"We are late, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, on perceiving this; "we must make the best of our way home; so come, my boy, take up your board and follow me."

Accordingly Mr. Dalben and Henry made haste from the village; but when they entered into the wood, they found the path more obscure than they had expected, and every moment it became darker.

"Never fear, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, in reply to some little expression of dread uttered by his companion, at the increasing darkness; "the way is straight as an arrow. I am perfectly well acquainted with it; and though we were to remain here all night, there is no fear of wolves or other wild beasts in this happy country. So take my hand, and make yourself quite easy."

Mr. Dalben and Henry walked on for some minutes in silence; and in the mean time they were regaled by many of those rural sounds which are heard only in situations of deep retirement. Among these we may count the rustling of the evening breeze among the leaves of the surrounding trees, the murmur of a distant

water-fall, the hooting of an owl from some old tree, and the chirping of the crickets among the dry leaves.

"Uncle," said Henry, "I am thinking of the hermit: these are the kind of sounds which he used to hear when he sat in the mouth of his grotto in a summer evening. I think I should like to be a hermit when I am an old man, and to live in a wood."

"It would be very well," said Mr. Dalben, "if you could always be sure of such nights as this, which is neither hot nor cold, but precisely of such a temperature as one would wish; but what, Henry, would you think of a hermitage in the midst of January, when the snow is on the ground, and the cold north wind blowing through the leafless trees?"

"Oh! I did not think of that, uncle," said Henry; "to be sure, in winter, it would be no very pleasant thing to live in a hermitage, and be exposed to severe cold. But tell me, uncle, what did people make themselves hermits for?"

"My dear little boy," said Mr. Dalben, "it is not very easy to make you understand the reasons which people have had, from time to time, for endeavouring to make out their own righteousness, rather than to obtain the righteousness of Christ. You have often read, in your Bible, the account of the fall of man; had our first parents and their offspring never committed sin, they would never have known sorrow, and would have been spared all the difficulties with which we are now surrounded. But as soon as man had committed sin, God revealed his will to him, and pointed out, at first darkly,

but afterwards more and more fully, that blessed Redeemer, and that holy way, by following which we shall be made everlastingly happy. The Bible is that book, my dear boy, which shows the whole will of God,and all wisdom consists in holding fast that Bible. The Bible teaches every one his duty. It points out to little children that they must obey their parents and instructors, and look up to their Saviour for direction: it teaches grown people their duty; wives and husbands, and parents and masters, and servants, and kings, and poor people, all may learn their duty from the Bible; and they may learn more; they may there find out where strength will be given to them, in order to help them to behave well. But to return to the hermit: there are, and have been, in every time, a number of persons who think themselves wiser than God; and, instead of following closely the commands given by Scripture, are for making out ways and schemes of their own for getting to heaven. With this view, some have shut themselves up in hermitages and monasteries, renouncing that state of life in which it pleased God to place them, and the duties attendant on that situation, in order to work out their own salvation in their own way. Others have maintained, that the Bible should not be too closely followed, and that the simplicity of the christian life is not what is really required of God. But, my dear boy, I earnestly pray," continued Mr. Dalben, "that you may be persuaded to take your Bible for your guide, and that you will have grace given you to follow the Lamb whithersoever he may ead you."

In this manner Mr. Dalben and Henry conversed as they walked through the wood, where it became darker every minute; but at length coming to the end of the wood, and entering on an open field, the light of the moon and stars seemed almost to shed upon them, who had been for some time in almost total darkness, a glory equal to the perfect day.

"Oh!" said Henry, "how sweet and pleasant is light after darkness!"

"It is indeed, my boy," said Mr. Dalben. "Darkness is not agreeable to man; and when involved in it, he never ceases to desire the light. Hence darkness is compared to that state in which man is by nature, and in which he must ever remain, unless his mind is enlightened by the power of the Holy Spirit of God.

"When you were in the wood, my dear little boy, you could not see the path before you; you could not distinguish the trunk of a tree from a projection of a bank; you could not avoid a stone or clod of earth which happened to be in your way. So it is with the natural man, the man in his state of darkness; he knows not good from evil, right from wrong, or the way in which he ought to go; and, if left in this state, he must unavoidably perish: but when light shines on him from above, then he becomes, as it were, a new creature, his eyes are opened, and he is enabled to discern what dangers to avoid, and what benefits to pursue."

"Uncle," said Henry, as he drew near their house, "we have had a very pleasant walk."

"And I trust that we shall have many more such, my dear boy," said Mr. Dalben, "if the Lord prolong our lives."

So saying, they entered the house; and I conclude my chapter, hoping, at a future time, to give some farther account of Mr. Dalben and his adopted son.

THE END OF PART I.

# PART SECOND.

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## CHAPTER I.

*Showing the Improvement made by Henry before his eleventh Year.*

It is now more than three years since the learned community of little readers in this happy island first became acquainted with Henry Milner, that highly-favoured child, who, during all the years of early youth, was never taught any thing of the fashions and ways of this world; but was led straight on in the paths of holiness, without being allowed to turn either to the right or the left.

I am about to give my young friends some farther accounts of this little boy; but they must not now expect to find him such a baby as he was when he had that notable quarrel with Mrs. Kitty respecting his green bag, of which I have given so full and true an account in my last book.

Henry Milner was not nine years old when we finished our last accounts of him; and more than a year passed after his visit to Southstones Rock, without any thing very particular taking

place: he was therefore full ten years old, or perhaps near eleven, at the time which I have fixed upon for beginning the second part of my memoirs.

And, first, I presume that you would wish to know what improvements he made during the year and half which was spent by him, from the time of his visit to Southstones Rock, to the period which I have fixed upon for the beginning of my second history.

In the first place, he was very much grown, and become much stouter, so that he could run almost as fast as Lion, and could walk much further than Mr. Dalben himself, without being tired. He had a very pleasant countenance, particularly when speaking, and his manners were such as a Christian child's ought to be. When any person spoke to him, he did not stop to consider, as some proud boys do, whether it was a rich or a poor person who was addressing him; but always answered with the same civility, and if the speakers were grown up persons he always used the words Sir or Ma'am, when he answered them, which is what I am sorry to say is very seldom done in these days by children of any age; for boys cannot be made to understand that whilst they are boys, they are of no consequence in the world, and of no use to any one; and that grown up people only bear with them because they hope that in time they may become useful and good men, and because they pity them and love them; and because they remember the time when they were also little children, and were very troublesome to their parents, and rude and silly.

However, as boys are so silly and so trouble-

some, the least thing that they can do is to pay respect to their elders, and not be talking in company and giving their opinions before wiser people, though they may speak no doubt to their fathers and mothers, and friends at home, and say what is in their minds on those occasions, and then they may ask any questions they please, and I dare say may often be allowed to joke and play, and make themselves innocently cheerful.

But as I said before, Henry Milner was always respectful to his elders, and this made every one love him, so that the old people all about Mr. Dalben's would have done any thing for little Henry Milner; and whenever he happened to meet with any of them, they would stroke his head, and pray that he might be blessed.

And now, with respect to the things which Henry Milner had learnt, I will endeavour to give you an exact account, in order that any of you, my readers, who may be of the same age of which he then was, may be enabled to discern whether your own improvements have kept pace with his.

And first, he could read English very well, and when he came to a hard word he always asked the meaning of it, in order that he might know it again when he saw it, and that it might not be a hard word to him any longer.

Till people can read their own language well, and until they know the hard words and their meanings, they cannot have enjoyment in reading, and then indeed they do lose a very great pleasure, and a very great means of improvement; and therefore, the very first thing which

a little boy should learn is, to read his own lan guage with propriety.

Mr. Dalben had taught Henry to cypher ever since he was seven years old, and the little boy in consequence was in long division when he was ten years of age.

With respect to the Bible, I was going to say, Henry was very well acquainted with it; but if I had said so it would have been a mistake, for no man can be said to understand the Bible thoroughly; the Bible is like a deep mine, into which the lower you dig the more precious things you find; and no man ever yet came to the bottom of the mine. However, Henry had been made to search therein, and he had already found many precious things therein, besides learning many portions of scripture by heart. Mr. Dalben had caused him to make a stream of time, which contained all the most important events related in the Bible; and he had adorned this stream of time with many little pictures which reminded him of the events which he had read in the Bible, and with the help of this stream he could make out the whole outline of scripture from beginning to end, in a way which would have surprised any one who was unacquainted with the means which Mr. Dalben had taken to impress these things on his mind.

As to the doctrines of religion I fear he did not yet understand much of them, indeed not so much as he ought to have done considering the advantages which he had enjoyed, although he could answer many questions relative to them; but although these things were as it were on his lips, they were not yet in his heart,

and Mr. Dalben knew very well, that he must wait God's time and pleasure before he could expect to see his dear boy so impressed with holy things as he wished him to be.

Whilst Henry was a little boy, Mr. Dalben had taken great pains to make him acquainted with the general nature and purport of grammar, and when he was nine years old he began to learn the Latin grammar, and he was very glad then that he was so well acquainted with the different parts of speech, and other things relative to grammar, which Mr. Dalben had taught him, because this knowledge made the Latin grammar so much more easy to him.

About this time his good tutor began to teach him Hebrew, and then he found many things which were most delightful to him, for there are *no books* in Hebrew but the books of Scripture; and not a day passed but he learnt to understand a little portion of the Bible better and better; and he found such lovely things relative to the Bible in the Lexicon which he turned over to look for his words, that Mr. Dalben compared him to one of the people of Israel, who was fed every day with manna from heaven, as he was travelling through the wilderness to Mount Zion. Little Henry was not like those poor little boys, who not being blessed with pious parents and careful teachers are obliged to seek instruction in dictionaries, where, instead of meeting with holy lessons, they often fall upon such pieces of information as Christian children ought never to know, and thus, instead of being nourished with manna, they learn to desire the leeks and garlic, and flesh pots of Egypt. Henry had not learnt much indeed of

Hebrew at ten years old; but he could read and write the characters very well, and could with a little direction make out almost the whole of the first chapter of Genesis: he wrote also a tolerably good hand, and when Mrs. Kitty was out he sent her two very pretty letters; but Henry's favourite study was history, and perhaps he knew more of that and of ancient geography than most little boys are acquainted with; but I shall not say much of this at the present time, as I shall take occasion to speak on this subject by and by.

Mr. Dalben had not yet begun to make Henry construe Latin, but he had prepared him to read and understand Virgil's Æneid, by making him thoroughly acquainted with the ancient history of Troy, and the wanderings of Æneas, together with the account of the different countries which that hero visited, so that the little boy would have nothing to do but to study the language itself when he began to read Latin.

With respect to reading for his amusement, Mr. Dalben allowed him this pleasure every day, but he only gave him one book at a time, and required him when he returned it to give some little account of what he had read, and was very particular in pointing out to him the difference between books of instruction and those of mere amusement, telling him that those volumes, such as the Fairy Tales, or the History of Sinbad the Sailor, which contained wonders and prodigies contrary to nature, were not to be believed, neither was any book to be credited or trusted which upheld any thing contrary to the Bible, and no character in history or common

life to be admired which did not act according to the rules laid down in Scripture; and thus he, by degrees, taught the little boy to judge for himself, and to choose the good and eschew the evil.

Henry had a turn for drawing, and Mr. Dalben encouraged this turn, as being particularly useful to boys, who having no needlework like girls to employ them, often find pleasure in drawing on a rainy day, or in a long winter evening; and though it cannot be supposed that every boy should obtain any degree of eminence in drawing, yet even a little drawing helps a person to many amusements, and renders him more handy in making maps, forming plans, and many other little matters of the same description; and, indeed, Henry found a great advantage already in his drawing, for without it how could he have made his stream of time for the Bible, and he had had very great delight in making that stream, and drawing the pictures, and consulting the Bible about it, and painting it, and pasting a bit of cloth to the back of it: and now, I believe, that I am come nearly to the end of Henry's acquirements, when he was ten years old, and shall now proceed to other matters.

No change had taken place in Mr. Dalben's family from the time in which I finished my last account of it, excepting that every individual belonging to it was got older. Muff had had a kitten; Lion was become fat and idle; the old horse began to have some grey hairs in his tail. Mrs. Kitty was become somewhat lame with the rheumatism; Sally was grown

more steady, and Thomas the gardener a little deaf. However, upon the whole, every thing was going on very well; and as Mr. Dalben used to say, they had all reason to be thankful for the share of peace and comfort which had fallen to them in their journey through life; for, as you well know, my youthful readers, this world is not our home. We are all travelling onwards to another, and none of us can stop the progress of time; and no matter, after all, how swift the wheel of time runs on, so that our feet are set in the right way, and we are able to sing the Pilgrim's song—

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling thro' Emanuel's land,
To lovelier worlds on high."

## CHAPTER II.

*Giving an account of the visit of Master Wellings to Henry Milner.*

I SHALL begin my second part of the history of Henry Milner, by giving an account of a visit which was paid him by Master Wellings, a young gentleman whose father was an acquaintance of Mr. Dalben.

Henry Milner had just finished his lessons one Friday afternoon, and was engaged in his garden, when he saw three horsemen ride up to the house door, and a few minutes afterwards he was told that Mr. Dalben wanted him.

Henry immediately threw down his spade, and was in the study the next minute; there he saw Mr. Wellings, a grave elderly gentleman, sitting at the table with his uncle, and a boy somewhat older than himself, standing in the bow-window; this boy, though only a few inches taller than Henry, looked exactly like a little man; he wore high boots, and spurs, a short riding jacket, with a very large neckcloth, having his hair brushed up very sprucely from his forehead.

"Here is Henry Milner, Mr. Wellings," said Mr. Dalben, "and I am sure he will have great pleasure in amusing Master Wellings;" adding,

"go my boy, give your hand to the young gentleman, and show him your garden, and what else you think might amuse him."

"Shall I show him my hermitage, sir?" replied Henry with glee; "and might I take him to Catharine Crawley's cottage, and then I can show him my stream of time, and my carpenter's shop; and perhaps he would like to help me with my wheelbarrow."

"Well, well," replied Mr. Dalben; "it seems that you have store of amusement provided, and now, my boy, take the young gentleman with you, for Mr. Wellings and I have some business."

Whilst all this was passing, Master Wellings was looking out of the window, and when it became almost impossible that he should not seem to know that Henry was in the room, he thrust half his body out into the garden, and tried to whistle Lion to him, who stood without, looking upon him with no hospitable eye. However, when Henry came up to him in the bow, he condescended to draw himself in, and raising his body to its utmost height, he nodded at Henry, and placing one finger in his offered hand, measured him from head to foot with his eye; letting it fall at length on his shoes, which were somewhat dusty, and had a large patch roughly sown over each toe. Henry however did not regard, or perhaps did not observe, the contemptuous manner of the boy, and asked him very politely if he would choose to come and see his garden. Master Wellings nodded assent, and motioning to Henry to lead the way, followed him across the study, eyeing

him all the time in such a manner that there can be little doubt but that he knew every article of clothes which he wore, from his patched shoes to the black ribbon which tied up the collar of his shirt.

Master Wellings did not say one word to Henry till they were got into that corner of the garden which Henry was allowed to call his own; it was a triangular piece of ground, shaded to the north by a thick cluster of trees, and, on the other sides, bordered by the espalier belonging to his uncle's garden. There Henry had with the help of Thomas built a little root-house under the trees, and planted some woodbines and honey-suckles to grow over it; the rest of his plot of ground was laid out in small squares, circles, and quincunxes; some of which were appropriated to flowers, and others to vegetables, and the little narrow walks between these were carefully weeded, and proved that Henry was neither an idle nor a slovenly gardener. In the midst of the plot appropriated to his peas and beans, Henry had with a great deal of trouble set up a man of straw, dressed in an old hat of his own, a piece of green baize for his coat, a pair of old boots of Mr. Dalben's, which had first descended to Thomas, and a piece of scarlet cotton for his trowsers. In the long arm of this man of straw, Henry had placed a flapper to frighten the birds; and it happened, when the boys came into the garden, that this flapper had just been set to work by a gale which blew freshly up the valley.

"Look! look! Master Wellings," exclaimed

Henry; "see how my man fights with those little thieves who come out of the wood to steal my peas. I assure you that, although I made him myself, there is not a more active or valiant man of straw in all the country."

"You made him yourself, did you?" said Master Wellings; "in truth, I think you might have spared yourself the trouble."

"And why?" asked Henry, in some amazement.

"Because," replied the other, without moving a muscle of his face, "I don't see what you could have done better than stood on yonder stump, and sported mawkin yourself:" and the young gentleman's eye again measured Henry; but instead of settling on the patched shoes, now found a resting-place on his hat.

Henry, on hearing this, at first looked gravely, or rather with some wonder at his companion, but his eye presently kindling, and his features relaxing into a smile; "Your servant, sir," he said, "I understand you, but as I am sure you are too polite a gentleman to recommend to others what you would not like to do yourself, give me leave to pull down my man of straw, and you shall have the pleasure of taking his place, and playing scare-crow for an hour or two, for the benefit of my peas."

Master Wellings pretended not to hear this; but lounging on to the root-house, he laid himself at full length on the bench which had been placed therein, not leaving a single corner for Henry, and then said, "Don't I see a cherry-tree there, and the cherries full ripe? Come, sir, let's have a handful of them."

"They are my uncle's," replied Henry; "I must not touch them."

"Humph," said Master Wellings, "indeed then I must help myself, I suppose; but do tell me, Henry Milner, do you pretend to say that you work all day in this garden, and yet resist the temptation of those cherries? tell me now, have you never tasted them?"

"I taste them every day after dinner," replied Henry.

"But have you never tasted them unknown to Mr. Dalben?"

"Not unknown to him," replied Henry, "because I always tell him when I have been tempted, and he has advised me to keep from that side of the garden; and in that way I find I am enabled to resist the temptation best."

"What an old curmudgeon this uncle of yours must be," said Master Wellings.

"Curmudgeon," replied Henry.

"Yes, curmudgeon; that is to say, miser, close fist, hold fast."

"I am sure Mr. Dalben is no curmudgeon, or cur any thing," replied Henry, colouring; "he does not keep the cherries from me because he wants to save them, but because they make me ill; and he says that it is really wicked to eat any thing when we know that it makes us ill."

"Indeed," returned Master Wellings, "I never knew that before; but why don't you sit down, Master Milner."

"Oh, I will sit down with all my heart," replied Henry, "as you are so polite as to ask me;" and down he plumped with nearly his whole weight on Master Wellings' legs.

"Is that your sort," exclaimed the young gentleman, shaking Henry off, and rising in high displeasure. "I'll tell you what, Master Henry Milner, I don't understand these liberties."

"I have not hurt you," replied Henry; "I took care of that."

"Did you so," returned the other, "and pray who is the best judge whether my legs have been hurt; *you*, you little whipper snapper, or I to whom the legs belong? I tell you, you did hurt me?"

"Did you ever read Esop's Fables," said Henry; "if you have, do you remember the tale of the Fox and the Stork, the moral of which is—he that cannot take a joke should never make one."

"I never read morals," replied Master Wellings; "none but girls, and boys who are like girls, read morals; who ever heard of morals at boys' schools; but you have never been at school, Master Henry Milner; you have been educated at home like the Misses; and now I have found it out, that pretty little gentleman with the flapper in his hand is your doll, and I dare say you have more in the house. Well, I shall have a nice tale to tell when I go back to Clent Green, how that in the holidays I went with my father to see a certain young gentleman, and the first thing he showed me was his doll."

"I'll tell you what, Master Wellings, or Master Illings, or what you please," said Henry, swelling with passion, "you had best let my name alone, or I will let you see that I am

not quite such a Miss Molly as you take me for."

"Strip then," replied Master Wellings, "and we will fight it out." So saying, he pulled off his upper coat, and Henry had got hold of the flaps of his jacket to strip also, when he suddenly stopped, stood quite still, and seemed lost in thought.

"Well, sir," said Master Wellings, "I wait your pleasure; do you please to prepare yourself?"

"No," said Henry, "no; I will not fight!"

"You will not fight indeed?" replied the other; "then you are content to be called a coward?"

"No," replied Henry, "I am not content to be called a coward, for I don't like it, but I won't fight.

"Oh you are afraid," returned Master Wellings.

"If I were afraid, I should fight," replied Henry, "for your ridicule is ten thousand times worse to me than the hardest blow you could give me; but it is wrong to fight in private malice, and to give blow for blow, and therefore I will not fight; and so God help me to keep my resolution." So saying, he walked out of his own garden into his uncle's, and it was plain from the expression of his countenance, that there was a great struggle within his breast, between his natural feelings and those better principles with which Mr. Dalben had endeavoured to inspire him.

In the mean time Master Wellings had quitted the root-house, and having made a

spring over the espalier which was set in his way, soon found himself at the foot of the cherry-tree, where, finding a ladder lying on the grass, he mounted the tree, and was shouting the next moment from the midst of the boughs, at the same time stuffing his mouth with fruit as fast as he could convey it to his lips. At length he called to Henry, who had walked on to the other end of the garden, and was leaning over a gate which opened into a field on the other side.

"Master Henry Milner, or Miss Molly Milner," said Master Wellings, calling from the centre of the tree, "stop a bit, my gentleman, or my lady, and I will be with you presently: or, had you not better come and help me? I can eat as fast as two can gather: here goes, one, two, three, four, at a mouthful; come, I say, and help me, and then you can tell your uncle of the temptation you have fallen into; it will be a pretty tale for you to-night before you say your prayers."

Henry made no answer to all this, but seeing Thomas on the other side of the hedge, called to him, and asked him some questions about the mowers, who were at the other end of the field.

"I say, Henry Milner!" said Master Wellings from the tree; "I say, Henry, come and help me to eat cherries."

"How many mowers have you got there, Thomas?" asked Henry.

"Master Henry Milner!" cried the boy from the tree; "don't you hear me; I say these cherries are capital."

"When do you mean to begin hay-making, Thomas?" said Henry.

"I say, Henry Milner!" exclaimed Master Wellings, "I say, cut me a crook stick in the hedge, to pull the boughs nearer to me; come, do, there's a good lad."

"I hope we shall have fine weather for the hay, Thomas," said Henry; "I am to have two half holidays, and every evening after tea for hay-making."

"Leave off talking with that fellow," cried Master Wellings, "and bring me the stick, or I'll let you see that I have not eaten so many cherries as that I have not some appetite left for fighting."

"What's that he says?" asked Thomas; "I reckon young master has no great notion of good manners."

"Never mind, Thomas," returned Henry; "you know that he is our visiter now; and if he forgets his manners, we must not forget ours, or we shall be even with him; and that's what I have no mind for; and so, Thomas, let us talk of the hay: will there be a good crop, do you think?"

"What is that you are talking of there?" said Master Wellings, who having filled himself with cherries, now appeared just behind Henry.

"I was talking of the hay," returned Henry.

"No such thing," replied the other; "I heard you say, I will be even with him; and you meant me—you said you would be even with me."

"I did not say so," replied Henry; "you

are quite mistaken. I was talking to Thomas about the hay."

"And about me too."

"Yes," said Henry, "I did mention you; and I said as you were a visitor, I would treat you civilly, though I must needs say, you have not been over civil to me: and now its all out, and you may make of it what you please."

"Why, I am sure I have not been rude to you," replied Master Wellings, colouring; "at least I did not mean to be so."

"Then if you did not mean it, there is no harm done; and so let us think no more of it," said Henry; "and if you please, as I have shown you my garden, you shall see my grotto, if you like, or my carpenter's shop—it is in that shed there, near the stable; and I have got a great many tools. I have a nail passer, and an awl, and a gimlet, and a saw, and a hammer, and pincers, and a chisel, and a plane: and I am now making a wheel-barrow, all but the wheel; but I am to have that from the wheel-wright."

"Indeed! surprising! wonderful!" said Master Wellings, drily; "why, what a clever body you are; but it's a pity you can't make wheels."

"And why," said Henry.

"Because," replied the other, "you might set the world upon wheels; and then how finely we should all ride."

"Pray, Master Wellings," replied Henry, "did you ever read Quarle's emblems? for there is a picture there of one who has set the world on wheels, and is cantering down hill

with it at a noble pace. I have a kind of idea that you would not be sorry to see me travelling the same road, and at the same rate?"

"What do you mean, Milner?" asked the other; "you are wonderful witty."

"That's lucky," said Henry; "for if I must not fight, I ought to have something to defend myself with; and if I had neither wit or courage, what would become of me in such company as yours?"

"What, do you own that you are a coward?" asked Master Wellings.

"No," returned Henry; "I never owned or thought any such thing; I don't say that I dislike cherries, but I do not wish to have an appetite for them when they are forbidden; and in like manner, I don't say that I dislike fighting, yet I can't say I have much appetite for dealing blows without a cause."

Master Wellings whistled on, hearing this, and asked Henry what tune he would have his fine speech set to.

"Any tune you please," said Henry, coolly; "do but have the goodness to set it, and I will join in the chorus; but do you wish to see my carpenter's shop or my grotto?"

"What size is your grotto?" replied the other.

"It is made on a board about a yard square," replied Henry; "I made it a year and a half ago; and there is a hermit and a waterfall; and the trees are all made of moss."

"Pshaw!" said Master Wellings; a grotto in a board a yard square! why, it can't be worth any thing: if you would but come to my father's

I would show you a grotto big enough to hold ten men, and all adorned with coral and shells, and living, not dry moss."

"I should like to see it," said Henry, "and I dare say it is very beautiful; but I have had great pleasure in making my little hermitage; and if a thing gives one pleasure that is enough."

"You have never been at school, Henry," replied Master Wellings; "one year at Clent Green would, I am sure, cure you of taking pleasure in all these little nonsenses; it would make you more manly and less like a girl. I can't think what pleasure you can have in hermitages, and wheelbarrows, and mawkins made of straw, and such follies. We have no such silly amusements at Clent Green."

"Then you don't wish to see the hermitage, or my carpenter's shop?" replied Henry. Master Wellings nodded, and drew his mouth into the form most appropriate for uttering the word *no;* though he uttered no sound.

"Then get over the gate," said Henry; "and we will walk to the cottage in the wood."

"What of that?" asked Master Wellings, climbing over the gate.

"It is the ruined cottage where Jenny Crawley lived," replied Henry.

"Jenny Crawley — Jane Crawley — Joan Crawley," repeated Master Wellings, beginning to whistle.

"What do you think of setting that to music, Master Wellings?" said Henry, "though if we are to set all our wise speeches to music, I fear we shall find the day too short."

"I feel a great inclination to give you a dressing, Henry Milner," returned Master Wellings.

"I beg then that you would indulge your inclination, Master Wellings," answered Henry; "here I am, ready for a drubbing."

Master Wellings took no notice of this reply of Henry's, and the two boys walked on till they came into a second field, and from that into a third; Master Wellings whistling all the time, till arriving at a stile which led to a pasture full of cattle. Henry stopped a moment, and said, "If you please, Wellings, we will turn down the lane to the left, for there is a bull in that field, and one I should not altogether wish to face."

"A bull!" said Master Wellings; "who's afraid of a bull?"

"Who's afraid of a lion?" replied Henry; "why, every man of common sense, who is not able to kill him as Samson did; and who should be afraid of a bull, but little boys like ourselves, who have not strength to keep him off should he be rude."

Whilst Henry spoke, Master Wellings had mounted to the top of the stile, and there he stood brandishing a stick, and boasting how he would serve the bull, if he dared to meddle with him.

"You had better let him alone," said Henry, "he will be more than your match, I can tell you; so, come down, and we will go along the lane; it is but a little round."

Master Wellings still stood on the stile, waving his stick in the air, and at length he jumped

into the field, perceiving that the back of the bull was towards him, and advanced boldly on, whilst Henry stood calling on him from the stile.

The field was but a narrow one, and Master Wellings had got nearly into the middle of it, when the bull turned and looked at him, on which he started and ran back, but stumbled in the very path of the fierce creature. Now, the animal was advancing on the boy, with fiery eyes and smoking nostrils, and had just put his head to the ground, with dreadful purpose no doubt, when Henry Milner, springing over the stile, and rushing forwards, gave him such a blow over the nose, that he turned instantly from young Wellings on the noble boy who had come to his defence.

Little Henry Milner was at that moment in the most imminent danger, and what might have been the end of this we know not, had not a dray laden with hay, at that instant entered the lane, and an Irish haymaker, who stood at the top of it, sprung like lightning over the hedge, and attacked the bull in the rear with his fork, on which the startled bull turned round, and all the haymakers at once setting up a shout, the wild creature fled to the further end of the field, leaving the boys to make their escape.

Henry was so much agitated, that he could hardly express his thanks to the good man who had preserved him; but giving him his hand, he begged him to come the next day to his uncle's house, where he hoped, he said, to express his thanks in a better way. After which,

he turned to go after Master Wellings, who had slunk away.

When the two boys arrived at Mr. Dalben's, they found that dinner was ready, and Henry was not sorry to hear that the horses were ordered immediately after dinner, as he thereby hoped to be soon delivered from the company of his troublesome visiter.

## CHAPTER III.

*Containing a Conversation between Henry and Mr. Dalben.*

When Mr. Wellings with his son and man servant rode away from the door, they left Mr. Dalben standing with Henry on the steps, whilst Thomas remained at a little distance.

"Fetch your hat, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "and we will have a walk;" and the good man sighed, as if to disburthen his heart from some trouble; for the truth was, that he was quite cast down with the worldly conversation of his visiter.

As soon as Henry was out of hearing, Thomas, drawing a little nearer to his master, said, "Well, I can't say but I am as well pleased to see the back of that young spark there, that Master Wellings, as if I had found forty pounds."

"And why so, Thomas?" asked Mr. Dalben.

Thomas then told his master all he had heard and seen in the garden, finishing with the story of the bull, which he had heard from one of the haymakers.

"Oh, my poor Henry!" exclaimed Mr. Dalben, shuddering at the danger his child had incurred through the rashness of his companion.

"But this bull, Thomas," he added, "ought not to be suffered to go at large in a field through which there is a thoroughfare. I will go this moment to farmer Harris, and speak to him about it; and I sincerely rejoice with you, Thomas, that our guests have taken themselves off so speedily;" and so saying, he walked out of the garden with Henry, who now appeared with his hat.

Mr. Dalben and Henry had walked a considerable way together, before either of them spoke; at length Henry uttered a kind of sigh, which he finished off with something like a whistle; after which he gave a bound, and tumbling head over heels, stood up erect at some little distance.

"What now, my boy," said Mr. Dalben.

"Because," replied Henry, "I am so glad."

"And what has made you so glad?" asked Mr. Dalben, wishing to ascertain whether the little boy would of his own accord mention the affair of the bull.

"I don't know why," he replied; "but I am very glad; and I feel as if some heavy weight was taken off my heart."

"And what was that weight?" said Mr. Dalben.

"I can't quite tell," replied Henry; "and now it is over, I would rather not talk of it—if you please, uncle."

"You do right, Henry," replied Mr. Dalben; "and we will not enter on the subject; at the same time, I think it right to say that Thomas has told me of many things which happened to-day; and I am now going to Mr.

Harris to speak about the bull; for that fierce animal should not be left at large. And now, my dear Henry, although I will not ask you to repeat to me any thing which passed between you and Master Wellings, I shall take this occasion to point out to you some things which the events of this day have suggested to my mind, which may be useful to you in after life.

" What, I ask, was there in our visiters to-day, which left that feeling of depression on our minds?—for I will tell you, that when I came out into this lane, I felt so sad, that I could hardly bring myself to speak."

" Indeed," said Henry, " I don't know what it was, but I felt it all the while Master Wellings was with me; and though I tried to rouse myself sometimes, and indeed felt myself now and then very high, and very ready to say rude things to him, yet I was unhappy all the morning, and thought the time very long while he was with me."

" Shall I tell you then," said Mr. Dalben, " what it was which made us both unhappy? —it was the spirit of the world, which our visiters brought with them, whereby for a time they spoiled all our peace, and threw a dark shade over our happiness. Look now, my boy, up towards the hills—see you not a little cottage with a garden on the left, and close without the garden-wicket a small patch of very green grass, on which a white horse or cow is feeding?"

" I do," said Henry; " for the sun is shining brightly upon that little portion of the hill."

"And how would that little point of land look," said Mr. Dalben, "if a dark cloud were to pass over it?"

"It would look black, and all its bright colours would fade away."

"In this manner, then," said Mr. Dalben, "the spirit of the world was cast over us this morning, and all our pleasant things thrown into the shade. Mr. Wellings found fault with my house, and said it was too retired; and my books were too old; and my ways too old-fashioned; and my pursuits inglorious. He did not indeed say all this in so many words, but he contrived to convey these ideas every instant to my mind, and his young son poured contempt on all your little innocent amusements, and would have rejoiced to make you dissatisfied with them; and this, my dear boy, is the constant effect of worldly company; and it is grace alone which can enable either a man or a boy to live in the world without being made wicked or miserable, or both, by its corrupting and destroying spirit. I have hitherto, my dear boy, kept you out of the world, and with the divine blessing, secured many years of happiness to you; but the time will come, and must come, when you will go into the world, and mix with unholy persons; and it is therefore desirable that you should know what the spirit of the world is, in order that you may not be taken by surprise, or be betrayed by ignorance into a sinful conformity with the ways of ungodly persons. The world, my child, is made up of all those persons who have not yet received new hearts. When the heart is changed, and the

sinner born again, he is no longer of or belonging to the world, but is a stranger and pilgrim on earth, as Abraham was in the land of Canaan. Thus you see, my child, that the whole human race may be classed under two heads; viz. those who are of the world, and those who are of the family of Christ: and it is of the greatest importance that you should have very accurate ideas respecting the characters and modes of thinking of these two orders of men; only remembering this, that as the old nature still remains in the regenerate person, though there is another nature implanted within him, so his old bad inclinations often lead him astray, and make him appear to the eye of his fellow-creatures little better than those in whom the seed of life hath not been planted."

"Uncle," said Henry, "I do not understand the last thing which you said about the old and new nature of man."

"Why, my boy," replied Mr. Dalben, "we are taught by Scripture that the type of man is a tree; now let us compare the world to an orchard filled with crabs, and wild plums, and other trees of the like description; and let us suppose that some skilful gardener should visit this orchard, and select a certain number of these wild trees for grafting, what, I ask, would he first do?"

"He would cut off all the branches from the trees he desired to graft," replied Henry, "till he had reduced them to tall stumps."

"And what next?" said Mr. Dalben.

"Then," said Henry, "he would put in some fruitful branches into the old stocks, and

lay the place well over with clay, and so leave them."

"And, if his grafts succeed," returned Mr. Dalben, "and become united to the old stump, how many natures will subsist on each grafted tree?"

"Two," answered Henry; the new and the old—the good and the bad."

"True," said Mr. Dalben; "but will the old nature and the new one produce the same leaves and fruit?"

"No," said Henry, "certainly not; they will be quite different."

"But will they both shoot out in spring? that is, will the part under the graft shoot out as well as that which is above?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"Yes to be sure, sir," returned Henry; "for the trees that were grafted in our garden last year, shot out so thickly under the graft from the old stock, that I could hardly distinguish the little buds which were coming out from the graft, and Thomas, you know, was obliged to cut them away."

"So it would be in the orchard of which we were speaking just now, if the gardener did not watch his grafted trees, but left them for a while; when he came back, he would probably find all the old stocks flourishing away with their evil leaves and fruit, and the new branches ready to perish. So regenerate persons, when mixed in the world, speedily yield to the suggestions of their former corrupt natures, and become little different from those who are about them; nevertheless, the spirit of life is in them,

and will appear sooner or later, for what God has done in them cannot perish."

"But then, how can we distinguish the children of God from other people?" asked Henry.

"We cannot distinguish them always," replied Mr. Dalben; "nor is it necessary that we should: if God knows his own, that is enough. We can only judge of men by their actions, as you would judge of a tree by its fruit."

"Oh!" said Henry, "I think I begin to understand a little of all this now; but uncle, there is one thing which I don't understand; why does the company of worldly people make us unhappy?"

"Because, my dear child," replied Mr. Dalben, "it is the tendency of those passions and feelings which worldly persons experience in themselves and excite in others, to render human creatures miserable; and if you consider the Scripture account of those things which proceed naturally from the heart of man, you will find that they can only produce misery, and hence worldly persons are incapable of rest, but like those in fevers, must ever be moving about and seeking something which they hope may abate that mental thirst they ever feel.

"It is a part of the character of a worldly-minded man, to be discontented with what he has, and to desire something more; whilst it is the property of converted persons to be content with what they have; to make the best of the innocent comforts and pleasures of life as they offer themselves, and to wait patiently for better things in the world to come; for they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly. Where-

fore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city: not, indeed such a city, my Henry, as this present world may supply. Such a city as we may suppose Rome to have been in the acme of its glory; or such as Balbec and Palmyra were, though built and embellished by Solomon himself—but, such a city as we find described in the latter part of the Revelation, whose walls are sapphires, and whose towers are adamant—whose light is brighter than the sun, and whose glory is everlasting.

"But worldly persons," continued Mr. Dalben, "have no prospects of glories like these; for the glories of creation these persons have no eyes. The language of the heavens is a dead letter to such persons as these; and all the beauties of nature and the wonders of art, carry with them to their blinded judgment nothing but gross and carnal notions, in so much so, that they have eyes and see not—ears and hear not—neither do they comprehend much more than the beasts which perish; and if so, my boy, how can we wonder if their presence should shed a sickening and depressing influence on all with whom they associate?"

"Uncle," said Henry Milner, "I do not quite understand the last words which you have said. What do you mean by people not being able to read the language of the heavens, or to understand the beauties of nature? Are there not some people who are not religious, who understand a great deal about birds and beasts, and those sorts of things; and who can admire hills, and fountains, and woods, and describe them too?"

"True, my dear boy," replied Mr. Dalben; "there are many irreligious pessons who have a taste of this kind, and can see the outward beauties of a flower, or a waterfall; and yet are totally in the dark with respect to all those secret and beautiful truths and lessons which are written on every page of nature, yea, and also upon the wonderful things of art, and therefore they never can be pleasant, cheerful, and interesting companions to such as live by reading the promises of future things in those which are present. Know you not, my dear boy, that the promises of future things, and of the great mystery of redemption, have from the beginning of time been revealed to man under the types and symbols of created things. These types are wholly hidden from the unconverted man, and in part only revealed to some of those who are converted; to such, for example, as are naturally of slow conceptions, and are otherwise unlettered; but to persons of intellect, who have looked on life with a Christian eye, and have been in the habit of comparing things spiritual with those which are natural; every little event of life, and every flower and tree; every wild or tame animal, every gushing fountain, shady coppice, or rugged rock, seem to speak of God, and to pronounce unutterable things—and though you, my boy, are not perhaps aware of it, the tendency of your education has always been to lead you to these modes of thinking, and to make such reflections on all passing events, as may induce you to acquiesce in the will of the Almighty—to rejoice in the present evidences of his goodness,

and expect farther proofs of his paternal love, from the consideration of all God has done and is doing for you at the present time.

"Hence you have derived a contented and sometimes a joyous spirit, and every little possession and comfort has been delightful to you; and in consequence, when you happen to fall into company with a cold, worldly, discontented person, who is not thankful for what he has, but desires more, and still more, and envies his brother his peace; then you become unhappy, and all your little pleasures are rendered tasteless and insipid to you."

"I have been very happy indeed," replied Henry Milner, "ever since I can remember, and is it, uncle, because you have tried to make me think like a religious person? I believe it is, and when I am older I shall thank you in a way I cannot now do."

"By being a holy young man, I trust, my Henry," replied Mr. Dalben, but, "remember, my son, that you cannot do well, now or hereafter, by your own strength." Henry put his little hand within that of his uncle, but made no answer.

By this time Mr. Dalben and Henry were come to the brow of a hill from whence they looked down upon a wood to the left, on many meadows covered with flocks, through which the Teme wound away towards the valley of Shelsley and Stanford, which lovely regions were however far away beyond their sight.

"Tell me, my boy," said Mr. Dalben, coming to a stand, "what do you see."

"Woods, and fields, and flocks, and high blue hills far away."

"Look again," said Mr. Dalben, "and tell me what more you see."

"A brook," replied Henry, "and the towers of Worcester at a distance."

"And are these things all dumb? Do they utter no voice?"—asked Mr. Dalben.

"No voice or sound indeed," replied Henry smiling, as he took in his uncle's meaning; "no voice or sound indeed, and yet they speak."

"And is their language such as a worldly boy would understand?"

"I think not, uncle," replied Henry.

"What do these things whisper in your ear, Henry?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"They speak of the goodness and power of God," replied Henry.

"That is their general language," said Mr. Dalben. "You may call that the chorus, in which all the lively works of nature unite, but has not each feature in the scene you now behold something particular to tell, some passage of Scripture to elucidate or explain in bright and living colours. Speak to that wood, and ask it of what it is the type, and whether the discerner of spiritual things may not acquire some clearer views by considering its nature, and the various parts of which it is composed."

Henry looked at the wood for a moment, and then said, "Uncle, I have not forgotten that trees are the emblems of mankind; and that good and evil trees are in consequence the types of good and bad men."

"And," said Mr. Dalben, "do you not believe, that if you were to take your Bible in your hand, and walk into that wood, and there

sit down and study the emblem supplied by trees in all its branches; that you would not there discover many things by comparing the type and antitype, which would be at once delightful and profitable to your soul, and perhaps fill you with the wish of becoming yourself such a tree as shall be thought worthy to flourish in the spicy groves of the millennial state. But look again, and tell me what yon winding river whispers to your ear."

Henry looked awhile, and tried to trace the Teme as its devious course was marked by the pale green sallow which fringed its borders; but the little boy looked in vain, the fresh flowing stream brought nothing to his mind but the idea of swimming, rowing in a boat, catching fish, and grinding corn; and he at length said—

"Uncle, I fear that I have not so many heavenly thoughts as you would wish; for the river says nothing particular to me, though it joins loudly in the chorus of which you spoke but now."

"Well, so far," replied Mr. Dalben, "it is not so silent as too many of us are; but, my boy, it whispers many wonderful things to me, if not to you; that sparkling element which fills its oozy bed, is in all its forms, and under every appearance, the type of life, or of a living principle; and in the case of fresh and flowing springs and fertilizing rivers, such as that we now behold, it is a lively emblem of the reviving and invigorating influences of the Holy Spirit, which is as fresh water poured on the barren and thirsty land. Thus, my dear Henry, when I look on that pure and lovely stream, I

feel myself reminded of that spirit of life, which, being imparted to the believer, makes him to flourish like the willows of the brook."

Mr. Dalben was about to pursue this subject somewhat further, when he was interrupted by farmer Harris, who at that moment came stumping along the lane, driving a few pigs before him, and making more noise than the whole grunting herd which preceded him.

Mr. Dalben took this occasion to request that the bull might be removed from the place in which it then was.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *The Irish Haymaker and Farmer Smith.*

" I WONDER the poor Irish haymaker does not come," said Henry Milner, one morning to his uncle; " it is now five days since Master Wellings was here, and the poor Irish haymaker is never come."

" What Irish haymaker?" asked Mr. Dalben.

" The poor Irish haymaker who saved me from the bull; the bull would have surely killed me, uncle, if it had not been for the Irish haymaker and his fork, and I begged him to come here, for I thought that you would like to give him something."

" To be sure," returned Mr. Dalben; " but why did you not tell me this before, Henry? why did you allow five days to pass without mentioning this poor man; I hope he has not left the country? but how did you know he was an Irishman?"

" Because, when he had driven away the bull," replied Henry, " and we were got out of the field, he turned to me, and called me his jewel, and asked if I was killed, though I was standing upright and looking full in his face."

" He did not mean to ask you whether you

were dead, but whether you were hurt. Did he not say kilt, and not killed?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"I don't remember, uncle," replied Henry, smiling; "but I should like to see his poor ragged jacket again, I must say."

"But Henry, my dear, you should not have let five days pass without inquiring after this poor man. Whose dray was he following?"

"Farmer Smith's," replied Henry.

"And what do you intend to give him, for he has done you no common service; he has probably saved you from a cruel death?" said Mr. Dalben. I shall certainly give him a present, but that is nothing to you; you ought to give him something from yourself; he is probably a very poor man, who is come from Ireland to pick up a little in harvest time, and perhaps has a miserable ragged family at home."

"I have only one shilling and four-pence," said Henry, sorrowfully.

"It is too little," said Mr. Dalben; "but last week I promised you a new hat,—will you wear your old one another half year, and in that case I will give you the value of half a hat, for you know that you are allowed a new hat every year? Don't answer me now," continued Mr. Dalben, interrupting Henry, who was going to speak; "think of my proposal for a short time, and this evening you shall tell me your determination, and we will walk over to farmer Smith's to inquire after the poor Irishman."

Mr. Dalben then dismissed Henry, who went

up to his closet, where his best hat hung upon a peg, and by it his old hat, which was indeed but a shabby concern, and yet must necessarily be worn on all common occasions, till the place of the other was supplied by a new one. Henry's worst hat had been a brown beaver, with a green lining, but the fur was quite gone, and the edge of the crown so worn away, that the part into which the head usually went, looked very like Sally's cream-bowl. More than that, Master Wellings had cast an eye of scorn on this hat, and there is no part in which the honour of a boy of eleven years old is more sensitive than in the crown of his hat. Henry had, therefore, observed the glances of scorn which had been cast on his hat, though those which had fallen on his patched shoes had been wholly disregarded.

Now, had Henry been asking whether he cared for Master Wellings, he would certainly have said no; and he would not have intended to have told an untruth; and yet, when he thought of doing without a new hat for the sake of the poor Irishman, the first person who occurred to his mind was Master Wellings, and the first question he asked himself, was this—"Should Master Wellings come again, what would he think of my old hat! perhaps he would say—why, Henry, have not you laid aside the old milk-bowl yet?"

However, after a little while, Henry's better feelings prevailed, and when he met his uncle at tea-time, which was the time fixed for giving his answer, he said, "I have made up my mind, sir, I will do without the hat for a year

to come, not half a year as you said, and if you please, you shall carry the money for me to the Irishman."

"You have decided properly," replied Mr. Dalben, "and we will go immediately after tea to look for Patrick O'Grady, for Thomas has made me acquainted with his name," added Mr. Dalben; "and has also told me that he has been more than one season in this country, and has always behaved himself in an inoffensive manner."

Farmer Smith lived at some distance from Mr. Dalben's house; and though he tenanted some pieces of ground on his side of the country, yet his house lay in another parish.

The way to this farm-house lay over several wide fields and a breezy down, from which the road dropped into a hollow, wherein stood the farm-house, encircled with its hay and corn-stacks, its cow-houses, stables, and barns, with its fertile kitchen-garden, the whole being backed by a small wood, through an opening of which appeared the parish church, whose ancient tower spoke of times long past.

"Let us wind round this eminence," said Mr. Dalben, "and look into the churchyard, and so come down to the house on the other side; it is good, my child, sometimes to visit the abodes of the dead, and thus to be led to think of that period when, as far as we are concerned, time shall be no more."

Mr. Dalben then turned his steps towards the south, and winding round the hollow, presently found himself with Henry at the gate of the little churchyard.

"What a sad thing death must be," said Henry, "to those people who know nothing about the next world; but you are not afraid of it; are you, uncle?"

"Every man is naturally afraid of death, my dear boy," replied Mr. Dalben; "the poor body always shrinks from it, just as you would shrink from having a tooth drawn, although you were assured that the moment your tooth was out, you would be set free from a dreadful tooth-ache, nevertheless, you would be somewhat alarmed when you saw the operator preparing his instruments to put into your mouth."

"Indeed I should," replied Henry.

"In like manner," returned Mr. Dalben, "the frail body shrinks at death, and the more so, as death, even in its mildest form, is the punishment of sin; nevertheless, nothing renders the thoughts of death so easy as confidence in the Saviour; and hence, my dear boy, it is necessary that we should know whom we trust, for we cannot well trust any one whom we do not assuredly know.

"And now, my child, let me ask you, who is the Saviour, in hope of whom many who now lie here rest in peace and perfect safety?"

"Christ," replied Henry, "is the second person of the Trinity, the Father is the first, and the Holy Ghost is the third; and they are all equal, and no one is greater or less than another, or before or after another, though they are called first, second, and third, and all three are one.

"Why then," asked Mr. Dalben, "have all true Christians agreed to call them first, second, and third?"

"Because of their work," said Henry, "and what they have undertaken to do for us; that is, if we are to be saved, God the Father first chose us, and appointed his Son to die for us! God the Son then died for us, and God the Holy Ghost gives us clean hearts, and teaches us the right way."

"And when all this is done, what follows?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"Glory! glory! glory after death!" replied Henry; "glory on earth, whilst the reign of Christ shall endure, and glory in heaven for ever and ever!"

By this time Henry and his uncle had entered the churchyard, and were proceeding with awe and reverence to examine the grave-stones, when suddenly a low moaning sound reached their ears, and looking to the side from whence it came, they saw a little ragged figure sitting by a fresh grave.

"Stand still," said Mr. Dalben; "draw a little behind the yew-tree, and observe what is passing."

"It is a little ragged boy," whispered Henry, "and now he is wiping his eyes with his pinafore." A short silence followed, and Henry heard the cawing of certain jackdaws which were flying about the church tower. Again the little boy broke out into fresh cries, and Henry and Mr. Dalben heard these words, in wild and foreign accents: "Ah! why would you die, father dear? why would you die and leave your little Maurice? Ah! why would you die?" And again fresh bursts of grief prevented his utterance.

"He has lost his father," whispered Henry, as he looked up with tears in his eyes in his uncle's face.

Mr. Dalben made no answer, for the boy began to moan again; and they heard these words: "And granny is dead, and mother is dead too, and Maurice is left alone, and far away across the sea;" and as the little mourner spoke, he laid his head on the grave, and extended his ragged arms quite across it; at that moment another voice was heard, loud and harsh, calling the boy, and bidding him come away.

The child instantly lifted up his head and looked up, but expressed alarm; for it was farmer Smith himself who was come into the churchyard, and was addressing the boy.

"Come away, I say," said the farmer; "what's the use of staying here, your father's dead and buried, and there's an end on't? come away, and see how you are to earn your porridge; am I to keep you here for nothing? come away, I say, and hie thee back to the yard; come away willingly, or I'll see if I can't make you come against your will."

So saying, the farmer was about to drag the child by force from the grave, when Mr. Dalben stepped from behind the yew-tree, followed by Henry, and accosting the farmer civilly, asked the cause of the poor child's deep affliction.

"Why, sir," replied the farmer, changing his tone from rough to civil, "the lad is sure and certain to be pitied, but howsomdever there can be no use in fretting now, his father is dead and gone, that's sure, and it can't be denied, and no power on earth can bring him back; and

then it can't be expected that I am to keep him here, idling and doing nothing, and harvest time too, till the parish officers has settled what's to be done with him, for keep him I can't, nor won't, for he is fit for no work worth talking of; and if his father did die in my service, it was through no fault of mine, and to have him lying there in my barn dead and alive for five days was desperate inconvenient, just now above all times; and so, as I said before, I cannot, nor will not keep the child on no account, and so I telled the officers, and they are to have a vestry about it on Monday, for they can't have it to-morrow, because of Worcester market, and then we shall see what is to be done; but as my dame says—says she—she would not, on no account, have me think of keeping the child, to be a burthen upon us as long as we live."

"Take care," replied Mr. Dalben, who was by no means pleased with the farmer's speech; "take care, Mr. Smith, lest by putting off this burthen during life, you may find yourself forced to carry it on your death-bed. I don't understand the case of this child, but I imagine that he is an orphan, and friendless, and I advise you as a friend, a christian friend, not to thrust him out of your house till you have provided some other home for him."

"No, to be sure, sir," replied the farmer, qualifying his former harshness out of respect to Mr. Dalben; "no, to be sure, I would not do no such thing upon any account; but how is a man like me, who am but a hard working man, and only have what I get; how am I, sir, to be keeping other people's children."

"There is something particular in this boy's case, I see," said Mr. Dalben; "and I am convinced that you, in your own heart, feel that you are doing wrong in casting him off. Every word you have uttered has convinced me of this, and let me advise you, as you would wish to be a thriving man, keep the child in your house, and do well by him till his friends can take him, and be sure you will never miss his bit of bread and sup of skim milk."

"His friends," said the farmer, laughing; "and who be they, sir?"

"How should I know," replied Mr. Dalben, "I know nothing about the poor boy; who is he?"

"Why, who should he be," returned the farmer, "but the son of him who was laid in yon grave but an hour ago, poor Patrick O'Grady, who fell from the top of the wagon last Saturday night, and was so crushed by the wheel which went over him that he survived only three days, though I had the doctor to him immediately."

"Patrick O'Grady!" exclaimed Henry; "O uncle! uncle! how careless I have been;" and the little boy in the agony of his feelings ran to the grave, and falling upon it, put his hands to the side of his face, and sobbed with a vehemence which quite confounded the farmer.

"Poor Patrick O'Grady!" said Mr. Dalben; "and is that brave fellow no more, and is this his orphan and friendless child?" And the good old gentleman was so much affected, that he walked to a short distance, and did not return till he had subdued all strong expression of

feeling; then taking the farmer aside, he questioned him respecting the Irishman, and heard that he was a simple, quiet, honest fellow, though extremely poor; that he had come into the country several years at harvest time, and that this year he had brought his little son, alleging that his wife was lately dead, and that therefore he was obliged to bring him, not having a friend upon earth to leave him with; and the poor man, though a papist, had some good thoughts, and died with his Saviour's name in his mouth: and, continued the farmer, "Even my wife said it was piteous to see the little lad when his father lay in the barn; he never left him one moment, night or day; nor would he eat or drink, but sat moaning by his head. It would have touched your heart, Mr. Dalben, to have heard him."

"But," said Mr. Dalben, "what is to be done with the child?"

"To be sure he must be forwarded to his own country by the officers," returned the farmer.

"And when arrived there, what is to become of him?" asked Mr. Dalben; "you say he has not a friend on earth."

The farmer replied, "Why, that's no business of mine; surely them Irish ought to take care of their own poor."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Dalben, "to be plain with you, farmer Smith, I do not think you judge rightly in this case, or rather I should say, I don't think you act rightly, for I know that your judgment and your deeds don't go together in this instance; however, let that pass, you will have no objection to let the little boy

come with me, and then there will be no further trouble either to you or the vestry."

"With you, sir! with you, Mr. Dalben?" said farmer Smith.

"Yes," returned Mr. Dalben, gravely; "poor Patrick O'Grady saved my boy from farmer Harris's bull, and I therefore owe him a good turn; you will have no objection to give up the orphan to me."

"No, to be sure, sir," replied the farmer, reddening; "no, to be sure; but you don't think, surely, sir, of burthening yourself with him."

"I shall not find him a burthen," replied Mr. Dalben; "a duty performed, farmer, is seldom so great a burthen as one neglected; you will excuse my plain dealing; this child is thrown on our mercy, and it appears to me that we are bound to take care of him. However, as you don't see the matter in the light which I do, we will say no more about it; had you thought of keeping him with you, it was my intention to have proposed supplying him with clothes; but as you have other thoughts respecting him, he shall, if you please, go with me; are there any things belonging to his father at your house?"

"Nothing," returned the farmer, "but a little wallet and a few rags; but such as the things are I will send them by my plough-boy, who is going your way to-morrow, for belike you would choose to take away the lad to night."

"Yes," returned Mr. Dalben, "the boy shall follow us to where I hope he will find a

home, poor child! he seems now to think a resting-place is only to be found at his father's grave." Mr. Dalben sighed as he spoke.

"You ba'nt displeased, sir?" asked the farmer.

"Displeased," replied Mr. Dalben; "what right have I to be displeased with you, Mr. Smith? you are not accountable to me for what you do, surely."

"Ah! that's certain, sir," returned the farmer, trying to shake off the shame he could not but feel: "I am an independent man, to be sure, and well to do; and though I can't say that I should choose to burthen myself with another man's child, and that a friendless, ragged wretch, and none of the strongest too; yet I would not be shabby neither, and so, sir, if you please, I will put a few shillings in your hand for the boy's use; and, indeed, there will be a little matter coming for the father's wages."

"I have no objection," replied Mr. Dalben, "to receive what may be due to the father; but as to any thing more, Mr. Smith, I will not trouble you."

The farmer then paid Mr. Dalben about fifteen shillings, and as he was preparing to leave the churchyard, he called to the little Irish boy, and bid him come to him.

The boy, however, still sat by the grave, Henry standing by him.

"He won't come to us," said the farmer, "so we must, I suppose, go to him;" and he accordingly led the way amongst the tombstones up to the grave, being followed by Mr. Dalben.

"Maurice!" said the farmer, when come up close to the grave, "this good gentleman here says he will take you to his house, and be a friend to you; get up and make your bow to him."

"I canna go; I canna go; I canna leave father;" replied the child.

"Come with me, my little lad," said Mr. Dalben, "and I will give you some flowers to shed over the grave, and we will come again very soon, and bring them with us; but you must go with me to-night, indeed you must."

"And will *he* go too?" replied the boy, pointing to Henry, "will *he* go too—that there little lad, who loves my poor father?"

"Yes," said Henry, tenderly; "yes, little boy, I shall be there too, and I will give you some flowers out of my garden to cover the grave:" and then looking up at Mr. Dalben, "and will you take care of him, uncle; will you, indeed?" he asked; "will you, dear uncle! oh, I shall be so glad;" and to show his joy, he burst into a fresh flood of tears, which, however, he tried to conceal.

"I'll go with you, that I will," said the little Irish boy, starting up; "little Master, don't cry, I will go with you, and I will serve you hand and foot, that I will, as long as I live—that I will."

"Well, then," said Mr. Dalben, "come away: Farmer Smith, we will wish you a good evening;" and Mr. Dalben turned out of the churchyard, being accompanied by Henry, whilst the little Irish boy went padding after them without shoes, stockings, or hat; his thin body

and spare limbs being only half covered by an old suit of coarse cloth, which had once been green, and looked very much as if its former destination had been that of covering a table in some gentleman's house.

The farmer stood looking after Mr. Dalben and the boys, till they were hid by the trees from his view, and then heaving a deep sigh, which he tried to finish off with a whistle, hastened to his house to tell his dame what had happened.

## CHAPTER V.

*Showing how little Maurice was brought home by Mr. Dalben, and well washed under the careful eye of Mrs. Kitty.*

"Oh, uncle," said Henry, "how very glad I am that you have taken that poor little boy. Is he to sleep with me?"

"No, my boy," replied Mr. Dalben, "certainly not. We must be prudent as well as kind. We do not know what company that little boy has kept, but we are sure that it has not been very good, and that he cannot be a fit companion for you. Besides, my dear boy, in doing good we ought to follow our Saviour's golden rule, 'Do unto others as thou wouldst they should do unto you;' a rule which can only be kept in any degree by prudent, moderate, and wise purposes."

"I don't quite understand what you mean, uncle."

"Why," said Mr. Dalben, "let us suppose that you were suddenly left quite destitute, without money and without friends, and suppose that your distant relation, Lord V——, whom you have heard me speak of, should come and take pity upon you, and say he would take care of you; what, I say, is the utmost he would think

it right to do for you, if he were a just, prudent, and good man?"

"Why," said Henry, "that he should bring me up in future as I have been brought up till now."

"And supposing you to be a boy of sense, and moderate in your desires, what is the utmost you could possibly expect of him?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"Why," returned Henry, "that he would not let me fall lower than I now am."

"Then," returned Mr. Dalben, "the golden rule would be observed between you, and he would do to you exactly what he would wish might be done by another to his own son in like circumstances. Now we will suppose that poor Patrick O'Grady could rise up and say what he would wish to be done for his child, would he not say it was his wish that he might be brought up piously in that condition of life in which he was born. Poor Patrick was by all accounts one who wished to do well. He was honest and upright, and had some dark views of religion by which he was guided through life. He was probably a papist, but, as farmer Smith told me, he had some notion of his Saviour, and the last words he uttered were to commit himself to his mercy, and if his prayer was heard, and his spirit was received into glory at the moment of its departure from his body, (and we cannot doubt it, for whom did Christ ever reject who had been led by the Holy Spirit to call upon him?) what a flood of light—of divine illumination—of wisdom and knowledge must have already burst on the

mind of this poor creature, and what counsel could he give us were he permitted to speak to us. But we know the purport of what he would say as well as if it were uttered in the thunders of heaven—he would say, bring up my boy in the fear of God, keep him in humility, raise him not above his station; teach him to do well and to hate sin; and may the blessings of the new covenant attend your labours."

"Then you mean, sir," said Henry, "to bring up little Maurice in his own condition."

"Yes, my dear boy," returned Mr. Dalben, "and I have thought of asking the poor widow Dawes to take him to board; and as her house is not a hundred yards from our gate, he may come to us every day, and you shall teach him in my presence."

"And you will tell me what to teach him," said Henry, "and perhaps he can help to work in our garden. And, uncle, can't he have my old clothes."

"We shall see about these things," said Mr. Dalben; "I shall speak on these subjects to Kitty." In the mean time the little party were getting near home, for it was cool, and they had walked rapidly, whilst the little boy padded after them something in the fashion of a short legged dog who was to keep up with his master.

"Come on, my little fellow," said Mr. Dalben, looking kindly back at him from time to time. "Don't be afraid, we will take care of you."

"Which way be you going," answered the

little boy at one time, "father lies a long, long way behind."

"That is a mistake of yours, my little man," said Mr. Dalben, "your father is not in that cold grave; he is with his God and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

"Who took him there?" said the child, "they put him in the ground."

"That was his body, his dead body, little boy," said Henry, "but his soul is with God."

"His shoul," replied the boy, "Ay, then he is with mammy; but may we not take the flowers to his grave?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dalben, "I promised you I should, and I never tell lies. I always endeavour to speak the truth."

The little boy then again fell behind, and soon afterwards the party were arrived at Hannah Dawes' cottage, where they found the old woman sitting at her wheel.

Mr. Dalben soon explained to her the cause of his visit, and asked her if she was willing to take charge of the boy. The old woman made no objection, and expressed some pleasure in this opportunity thus afforded her by Providence for doing some little good to a fatherless child; and Mr. Dalben having made an agreement respecting the payment, the next question was concerning the washing of the child and the supply of clean clothes. Mr. Dalben then engaged to hasten to his house, and send Sally down with a tub and soap, and some old clothes and linen of Henry's. However, on his attempting to walk away with Henry, having directed the little Irish boy to remain behind, he set up

such a howl as might have been heard to the end of the lane; on which Henry begged leave to stay with him a little while, being secretly anxious to witness the change which soap and water would make upon him. And, how any one would have been pleased to have heard the kind manner in which Henry tried to reconcile Maurice to staying with the old woman.

"There," said he, "little Maurice, there you may see our house just between those trees, and as soon as you are up in the morning you may come to that gate and go in, and you will see the servant milking the cows by six o'clock, and you must ask for Henry Milner."

"For Master Henry Milner, if you please," said Hannah.

"And then I will come and show you my garden," continued Henry kindly, "and my mawkin, and my grotto; and you shall help to weed my flower beds. And don't be afraid of Lion, he will bark perhaps, but he never bites; you must just tap him on the head, he is a good-natured dog, and will not hurt you." In this manner Henry proceeded to console Maurice till the old woman placed before the little boy a trencher of potatoes and a little salt, and as it happened she could not have chosen a finer meal for the little Irishman, who had tasted nothing all the day.

Whilst Henry and Mrs. Dawes were busy within the house seeing the little boy eat his supper, a murmur as of several tongues ran along the lane and became louder and louder, till at length the voice of Mrs. Kitty was distinctly heard, uttering these words in dire re-

sentment. "Come on, Sally, what are you dawdling about there? What a fad is this! Who'd have thought of master bringing home this beggar boy? One boy is quite enough in a house—and I am sure I have trouble enough with Master Milner; for it was but yesterday I was as much as an hour getting the shoemaker's wax off the parlour table which he had daubed it all over with." Thus speaking, the housekeeper appeared in the door-way of the cottage with sundry articles of old clothes of Henry's over her arm, being followed by Sally, bearing a large tub, at the bottom of which were deposited combs, soap, and a large pair of scissors, which all together, in the eyes of Henry, (who too well understood the use of these various articles,) looked not unlike so many instruments of torture to be exercised by the inflamed Mrs. Kitty and her coadjutrix on the person of the unfortunate Maurice, who stood convicted of the crime of being as dirty as Irish habits, united with extreme poverty, and long neglect, could possibly render him.

The angry eye of Mrs. Kitty, as she stepped across the threshold, no sooner however lighted on the meagre figure of the orphan eating his cold potatoes, than two kindly tears were propelled from that fountain of real kindness which ever sprung within her breast, and instantly extinguished the fire of her eyes—although in order to let herself down easily and gracefully from the angry height to which she had mounted, she turned sharply on Henry, and at the same time giving him a shove! "Stand off, Master Milner," she said, "and don't be get-

ting so near that boy's hair, or I shall have fine work with your head too, and you know you have lost your small comb ever since last Saturday, and we can't have another till to-morrow night."

On hearing the word comb from Mrs. Kitty's mouth, Henry started back with alarm, and endeavoured to justify himself in such a way as might allay her terrors and suspicions in the best manner he could.

"Well then," said she, "keep your head out of harm's way." At the same time directing Sally to seize the little Irish boy and the sheers, and carry him under the hedge in order to rob his head of its bushy honours.

It was with some difficulty that Henry could persuade Maurice to submit to all which Mrs. Kitty required of him; but at length all being done as she desired, and the little boy put to bed in a clean shirt in a corner of the old woman's sleeping room, where a mattress and sheets had been laid down for the purpose, the orphan stranger soon fell asleep, having first knelt down and repeated a prayer, which showed that his father had used some means of teaching him that which is right. When Henry found that all which was necessary was done for the little boy, he returned to his uncle's house, and soon on his pillow forgot all the agitating scenes of the evening.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Including the walk to Patrick O'Grady's grave, and a conversation respecting History.*

Henry had asked Mr. Dalben's permission to show little Maurice his garden in the morning, and in order that he might be up very early, he had recourse to an expedient of his own invention, which he had used with some success on several former occasions; and first he had procured a ball of strong twine, one end of which he tied to a stone just under his window, and so passing the cord through the window, he tied the other end to his arm as he lay in bed, and Thomas was requested, when he got up, to pull this string till he awakened him.

Once indeed he had been called up at three o'clock in the morning by the means of this string, and I will tell you how it was. Muff had had a kitten about five months before, and it was grown up into something between a cat and a kitten, being precisely at that age or period of life in which all living things are most troublesome, whether boys, girls, cats, dogs, colts, or calves. This creature being, as I before said, half a kitten and half a steady, full grown cat, having lately become altogether intolerable to Mrs. Kitty, who always declared

her detestation of yellow and white cats, with green eyes, had lately been banished to the garden and stables; and on the morning we speak of, being about three o'clock, he chose to amuse himself by playing with the stone at the end of Henry's string, and rolling it as far as the cord would let it go and back again, and thus he continued to lug at the string till Henry waking from a deep sleep, called out Thomas—yes, Thomas, and jumping up, dressed himself, and having said his prayers, went down rubbing his eyes, and wondering that it was not quite light.

His first misfortune was to tumble half way down stairs, and his next a vain attempt to open the door of the house. He was however too sleepy to use much exertion, but supposing that the doors would all be opened in a few minutes he went into the study, stretched himself on the couch, and was found there when Mrs. Kitty came to dust the room, which was never very long before Mr. Dalben came down. And this was for a long time a good joke against Henry; for, whenever he got up earlier than usual, Mrs. Kitty used to say, "I suppose Billy pulled your string, Master Milner, this morning; perhaps he wanted your help in catching rats."

However after this, Henry's plan of being pulled by Thomas out of his bed succeeded very well; and on the morning after the arrival of little Maurice, he was up at the very first pull; and going out at the gate of the yard, he saw the little boy waiting in the lane, being afraid to enter the yard because of Lion, who

sate at the door of his kennel, ready to bark on the first alarm.

There is no species of creature more hateful to a dog than a poor little boy; and, therefore, Maurice, though in a pair of old trowsers, a shirt and pinafore of Henry's, did prudently in keeping his distance from Lion, till assured by the presence of his little master.

Maurice had been much refreshed by washing, clean linen, and a sweet sleep, and he now came forward with great glee to Henry, stopping, however, to make a low bow before he came close up to him. Henry spoke kindly to him, and led him to his garden, where he directed him to help in picking up the weeds, promising him a draught of butter-milk, as soon as Sally had done churning.

His uncle, the night before, had advised Henry not to make too free with this little boy; but to be kind to him without passing over those lines of distinction which must ever subsist between the different degrees of society: and Mr. Dalben had not given this injunction to Henry in order to inspire him with proud notions, for he held every species of pride in abhorrence; but rather to prevent the exercise of pride on any future occasion. "For," said this good old gentleman, "should you, my dear boy, now at this time allow this little orphan to be free and familiar with you, you might hereafter, when you become a man and associate with other young men of your own rank, find it difficult to keep poor Maurice in his place; and he would then feel any reserve on your part much more deeply than he now does. Be

always kind to those below you, dear boy; provide for their comforts; speak civilly to them; enter into their feelings, and deny yourself for their sakes; but do not descend to familiarity, any more than you would presume to be free with the son of a king who might show you any favour."

Henry observed Mr. Dalben's injunctions in this respect, and he found it the more easy so to do because Maurice was at least three years younger than himself. After they had worked for some time in the garden, as the sun began to dart its beams with considerable force, they withdrew into the shade of the root-house, where Henry, seating himself on the bench, caused the little boy to place himself at his feet, on a small log of wood. There they entered into a discourse, in which Henry tried to make Maurice understand something of the nature of death; and, if possible, to comprehend that it was only the body of his father which he had seen the day before laid in the grave.

"It is not that part of your father which loves you, Maurice, which lies in the cold earth," said Henry; "no, there was something in him which made him love and fear, and think and hope, and that part is gone out of his body, and still loves and thinks, and will always do so, and that is his soul; and at the resurrection his soul will come back into his body, and then his body will be raised up, and you will see him again, and never more be parted from him." Then Henry talked to Maurice about God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit; but he could not

make out whether the child understood him: he was, however, very attentive, and when the bell rang for prayers, and he was told what it was for, he asked if he might follow his young master into the house.

Maurice was not sent back that morning to breakfast with Hannah Dawes, but was regaled with a large bowl of butter milk and a crust of bread; after which he was sent into the hay field, for the hay making was begun at Mr. Dalben's, whilst Henry attended to his lessons.

After dinner, Mr. Dalben informed Maurice that it was his intention to carry the flowers to poor Patrick's grave in the cool of the evening, and accordingly the little boy was ready at the hall door, with a large basket of flowers on his arm, when Mr. Dalben and Henry came out prepared for their walk.

Mrs. Kitty had produced, from some deep depository of her own (a kind of store, of all sorts of things, such as is commonly possessed by persons in her dignified situation) a suit of Henry's old clothes, which she had carefully patched and brushed, together with a hat, with a respectable crown, which was however unfortunately too small for Master Milner; thus arrayed, and triumphing in his basket of flowers, it might have been found difficult to have described the feelings of the poor little orphan in any other way than to say, that they were strongly excited, and that he scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry.

The moment Mr. Dalben appeared, Maurice, who was sitting on the step, jumped up, and padding forwards, for he could be neither said

to run or walk, said, " Here, Sir, this way; I will show you the way."

" I know the way very well, my little man," said Mr. Dalben; " go on and we will follow, although we might, perhaps, be able to make our way through our own gates, without your pilotship; however, lead on."

Maurice had the garden gate open before Mr Dalben and Henry were come up to it, and then went trotting on; from time to time turning back, and saying, " This way, if you please, Sir; this way, if you please: young Master, this be the way."

" Ah! poor little fellow," said Henry, on one of these occasions, " how glad I am, uncle, that you have taken him; what would have become of him if you had not taken him?"

" I was just thinking of this very thing," said Mr. Dalben, " and following up in my own mind that remarkable work of Providence, by which we were led to know and pity this poor child. Do you know, my boy, what is meant by Providence?"

" Yes, uncle," replied Henry, " Providence is the care which God takes of us; it is something like the care you have always taken of me: that is, I mean a kind of fatherly care."

" True, my Henry," said Mr. Dalben, " and the fatherly care of the Almighty, thus called Providence, is exercised over all his works, in such a way as to promote the utmost good and happiness which the nature of things can permit, throughout all creation. It is probably necessary," continued Mr. Dalben, " for the good of the myriads of created souls which inhabit the

universe, that some examples of the direful effects of disobedience should remain for ever; and that the misery inflicted by the absence of God should be felt by some, in order that such may be held up as a warning to others, a flaming beacon which must burn through all eternity. Nevertheless, of this we are well assured, that the Providence of God is ever busy in promoting the good of those myriads of created beings who are to enjoy everlasting glory in the world to come; in restraining the evil influence of sin; bringing good out of evil, and counteracting the purposes of the wicked; and it is a delightful exercise, to those who love God, to trace these works of Providence in their own affairs, and those of their fellow creatures.

"Do you not recollect, Henry, how much you and I were disconcerted by the visit of Mr. Wellings and his son, so that we were almost out of humour whilst they were with us, and I had some difficulty in parting civilly from them."

"I remember it," replied Henry,; and I know that it was as much as I could do to keep myself from being really quite rude to Master Wellings, particularly when he played that fool's prank about the bull."

"Fool's prank, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "I think that is one of Thomas's expressions."

"Yes, uncle," replied Henry, "these are the very words Thomas used, when he spoke about Master Wellings's visit to the field; however, I will not use them again."

"It is always better," said Mr. Dalben, "instead of speaking harshly upon things as they

pass, to try to extract good from them. Let us suppose that Master Wellings had not come that day, how would matters have now stood with regard to little Maurice?"

"Why," replied Henry, "I should most likely have staid all the time in the garden, or perhaps have gone down to the mowers; for, as to paying my compliments to the bull, I should have had no particular inclination, and then I should not have been in any danger, and poor Patrick O'Grady could not have helped me, and when he died we should not have thought of his little boy, and poor Maurice might have been packed up in a cart on Monday next, and sent to live or die in his own country, just as it might have happened."

"Here then, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "you have in one instance an opportunity of tracing the means used by Providence for bringing good out of evil and counteracting the purposes of unprincipled people, so as to produce the greatest benefits; and when we have once acquired an insight into these things, then it is, that history becomes a delightful and even a religious study.

"By comparing the recorded histories of nations with the Bible," continued Mr. Dalben, "we are led to find that all the various families of mankind may be traced up to their great progenitors the sons and grandsons of Noah; and that notwithstanding all the wars and fightings of mankind, from the time of the battle of kings to the present day, there is not one single family which has been able to keep possession of a country belonging to his brother;

'for,' as St. Paul says, 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitations.'

"Thus, my dear boy, are all things regulated by the Almighty: the bounds and habitations of the nations were signified in the days of Peleg, but in what manner we know not; and the three leading families, viz. Japhet, Shem, and Ham, were no doubt then made to understand the directions in which they were appointed to migrate. The portion of Japhet being towards the north, that of Shem towards the east and south, and that of Ham towards the south west; calculating from the original seat of mankind after the flood; and though some of the children of Ham attempted to take possession of their brother's portion, and even kept it for many ages, yet they were finally expelled, and driven to the very country which was no doubt originally appointed them: inasmuch as they are there surrounded by the other members of their own peculiar branch. And thus, my Henry, have things worked together, according to the will of Providence, in such a manner, that we now find all the descendants of Japhet residing in the temperate northern regions of the earth; the sons of Shem, in the centre of Asia; and those of the swarthy Ham, in the burning regions of the south; each family being marked by his external appearance, and all mixtures between them seeming to be interdicted by laws which cannot be effectually counteracted.

"And it is not only the three great and leading families that we are now enabled to trace," continued Mr. Dalben, "but also the inferior members of these families may be found, with their more minute branches, from their being frequently mentioned in the prophetic books by the original names of their fathers. By the study of history according to this plan, and that of types and emblems, the darkest prophecies unfold themselves in a manner of which a mere worldly reader can have no notion; but of which I hope to give you some further idea, my beloved boy, during the next winter, as I now think you of an age to enter into these things with delight."

"You have often shown me the tenth chapter of Genesis, uncle," said Henry, "and taught me that it contained an outline of all history, and you know that I can show you on the globe where each man's children are now living; that is, each man mentioned in that chapter."

"And I hope, in another year, to teach you the outline of each family, down as far as our Saviour's time," replied Mr. Dalben; "and this will enable you to read modern history with advantage when you are no longer a child, and to trace the history of every country upwards and downwards, from the flood to the present day; but those who begin history by studying the modern times first, must always be in confusion, and can never have such an idea of history as should give them a clear view of prophecy; neither can they clearly understand those leadings of Providence, by which the

children of one man are fixed in one spot, led through various revolutions, and gradually brought from a savage to a civilized state, and from darkness to light, till at length the glory of the latter days shall break in upon them, and the partition wall of separation shall be broken down, between all the kingdoms of the earth."

"That will be in the millennium," said Henry."

"Yes, returned Mr. Dalben, "that glorious period of the millennium, of which I have so often spoken to you, my dear Henry. That blessed time when all nations shall be gathered under one shepherd, and the Gentiles shall come to his light, and kings to the brightness of his rising. I would have you, my dear boy, in all your studies of history and of the histories of single persons amongst your fellow creatures, consider that to which the Almighty would lead all his creatures, namely, to a participation in the first instance to the glories of the latter days, and in the second, to that of the eternal happiness which is prepared for all believers. By fixing your eyes on real glory," continued Mr. Dalben, "and meditating on the views which are given of it in scripture—all that poor and low ambition and desire of celebrity and of human praise which we naturally feel in the present state of things passes away, and our views of what is excellent become quite different. We are thus made to desire only those things which are really good, and inasmuch as in the kingdom of Christ there will be room for all, we are led to desire the same happiness for others

which we ourselves hope for, and so charity increases, and brotherly love becomes more sincere."

"But uncle," said Henry, "it is not likely that I should live to the millennium, and there are many holy persons who died long ago, much more holy than I shall ever be—how can such people enjoy the millennium unless there is a resurrection before that time?"

"I have myself no doubt but that there will be a resurrection before the millennium," answered Mr. Dalben; "and I take my opinion from Revelation, 'And I saw thrones and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them, and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus and the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished, this is the first resurrection.' Rev. xx. 4, 5. I think also," continued Mr. Dalben, "that we may find the emblem of the resurrection of the just under that of a tree cut down to the root which springs up again when well watered, and visited by the reviving beams of the sun. Men in scripture are compared to trees, as you well know, and though a tree may be cut down to the stump, as death may dissolve the mortal body, yet if the root be left in the ground there is hope for the tree; and if the soul be right with God there is hope also for the body; and in the latter day the earth will

give up her dead, and then the root will bloom again ; and thus the glorious prophecy of Isaiah be fulfilled, Isai. lv. 12, 13. ‘ For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace : the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree : and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.’ ”

“ Then,” said Henry Milner, “ you think, uncle, that all the holy people who lie now buried in the ground like the roots of trees will rise again before the millennium, and will flourish in those happy days like the trees in the garden of God.”

“ I do think so,” replied Mr. Dalben, “ and I do hope I am right : but I do not condemn those who do not think with me. But before we leave this subject, let me recommend to you a lovely passage in Job xiv. 7—12. ‘ For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground ; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away ; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up : so man lieth down, and riseth not : till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.’ ”

By the time that Mr. Dalben had finished

this quotation, they were come within the precincts of a little wood, where the ground, rising towards the south, was clothed with a thick shade, and passing the mouth of a little dell, Mr. Dalben bade Henry look up to observe a waterfall which came rushing from the higher grounds, being surrounded by a variety of trees, on the more lofty branches of which the rays of the setting sun cast a golden lustre, which was beautifully contrasted with the shades below.

There the silver-rinded birch and mountain ash, the oak and sycamore, were grouped together so as to produce the most beautiful effect, whilst the rocky precincts of the waterfall were richly decorated with ivy, and intertangled creepers hanging in wild festoons from the tallest shrubs.

"Behold a page of nature well worthy of our attention," said Mr. Dalben; "tell me, my boy, if you can read that page."

"I think I can," replied Henry, smiling.

"Come then," said Mr. Dalben, "construe it, my son."

"The water," replied Henry, "that sparkling and clear stream which supplied its nourishment to the roots of all those trees and plants that grow around, it is a type of the Holy Spirit, and those trees of the redeemed ones, who being thus fed, are enabled to flourish and produce their leaves and fruit in due season. And so we have altogether a very lovely picture of the millennium, and a much better one than any painter in the world could give us."

"And that sun which shines so brightly on the highest branches," asked Mr. Dalben, "is that to be left out of your picture?"

"No," said Henry, "it ought not to be."

"But you do not know what to make of it," said Mr. Dalben. "What, I ask you, what is the sun?"

Henry hesitated, on which Mr. Dalben said, "The sun is light embodied, and hence is the type of the God incarnate, and it is the presence of the Saviour which completes the glorious pictures which the prophets give us of millennial blessedness, as it is his presence felt, though not seen in this present life, which gilds the pilgrimage of the believer through the wilderness of the world."

Mr. Dalben and Henry then turned from the waterfall, and pursued their walk to the church-yard, where the little boys having shed the flowers over the poor Irishman's grave, they all returned towards their own abode.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Showing how Henry was drawn into a quarrel which he might have avoided.*

As Mr. Dalben turned out of the churchyard, followed by his young companions, they met two boys dressed in smock frocks. One of whom, as they passed, said, "Why, I declare, if that b'an't O'Grady's son, as fine as a lord— times be strangely altered since this time yesterday."

An angry look which Mr. Dalben gave to the speaker, prevented more being added, and as it happened that Maurice had not understood what his old companion had said, for the boys were both in the service of Farmer Smith, he passed him with a nod, into which motion, without being aware of it, the little man had inserted a certain something which seemed to say, I am not too proud to know you, though I have got a new coat.

This little air, which, by the bye, was the more out of place, as Maurice was not a hundred feet from his poor father's grave, was not however lost upon Tom Bliss, for such was the name of the boy who had made the impertinent speech above-mentioned, and he accordingly told his companion that he was resolved to give

Maurice's new coat such a dressing, as might suit neither the coat nor the wearer thereof. Accordingly he went forthwith to his master, and having heard him inquire for some one to carry poor O'Grady's wallet to Mr. Dalben's, he undertook to be the bearer of it; and as he was an active boy, he arrived in the lane at the back of Mr. Dalben's house in time to see the old gentleman and the boys go in.

The first care of Mrs. Kitty, on Maurice's entering the house, was to divest him of his coat and hat, telling him that he should not have either of them again till service time the next day; at the same time giving him a handful of cherries which she had saved for him, much in the same way as one should present a dog with a dish of bones. She bade him go home to bed and be sure to wash himself clean. The little man issued forth into the lane, quite unawares of the danger which awaited him in the shape of Tom Bliss, who stood out of sight indeed, but not five yards from the gate.

"Master Maurice O'Grady, your humble servant," said Tom, making a low bow. "How does your worship do? but where's your best coat? I am sorry you have it not on, for I had a great mind to give it a brushing."

"What's that you say?" asked Maurice.

"That I wanted to brush your coat, my little gentleman," said Tom. "But here, my great man, or my little man, or whatever you may please to think yourself, I have brought your father's property, his goods and chattels and household stuff, and all the estates of the O'Gradys here in this bit of a bag, and I have

the honour of presenting them to your worship, only begging that you will not be over and above set up and raised above yourself by the possession of this great and mighty inheritance." So saying, he brought the bag which he held on his back by the string which tied the mouth, with a twirl in front, and laid it dexterously at the feet of Maurice, who at the same moment jumping over it, all his Irish blood being mounted to his head, sprang at his old companion, and began to deal his blows with all the strength which passion could give him. As however he was no match at any rate for Tom, he was presently overpowered, and the great boy was just on the point of rolling him into a bed of nettles on the road-side, when he was assailed in the rear by no less a person than Master Henry Milner himself, who had observed the attack made upon Maurice from some of his usual haunts about the out-houses; for it must be observed, that there were few holes or corners about Mr. Dalben's premises which Henry did not occasionally frequent, and had just arrived in time to prevent his little protégé from suffering the torments of a Regulus.

Henry had snatched up the Irishman's bag, and was laying it on the enemy's back with repeated and heavy blows, when Lion came rushing out of his den, and throwing down Maurice, who had nearly recovered his feet, attacked Tom in the front, on which the battle became general; Maurice, Lion, Henry, and Tom, being all equally engaged, and dealing their blows upon each other as fast as mill-

wheels strike; Henry and Lion, being the only two individuals of the party who seemed to understand each other, or to have full confidence in each other's fidelity.

And now the noise in the lane became every instant more loud and appalling; even that which had been excited the evening before, during the progress of Mrs. Kitty to the Widow Dawes's, had been nothing to it, for the very birds fled from their roosting places, and Mrs. Dawes herself, though deaf to all ordinary sounds, left her wheel, and came out to her door, doubting whether to run back and shut herself in, or to investigate the cause of the uproar. It was not to be supposed that an alarm of this kind should fail to excite Mrs. Kitty, who was sitting at supper in her master's kitchen.

Her first idea was that there was a mad dog in the lane, and her next inquiry was—is Master Milner in bed? for had she been sure that the boy was safe, she would have shut all the doors, and left the uproar to subside as it might; but being told that Henry had just gone out at the gate, she called Sally, and arming herself with a broomstick, she rushed into the lane, where suddenly coming upon Tom, she gave him such a blow across the shoulders, that he made off as quick as he could, leaving his enemies in so disordered and dirty a condition, that Mrs. Kitty was almost afraid to inquire into the real state of the case. All, however, was hushed in a moment—Lion went back to his den, with his ears down, and

his tail between his legs. Henry stood quite still, and did not look over wise, and Maurice, whose passion was not quite gone down, seemed to wait some farther occasion for hostilities.'

"And are not you ashamed, Master Milner." said Mrs. Kitty, "to be fighting and dealing blows in this way, and making such a noise, and that too with such boys as these; but all this comes of this foolish whim of my master's, in taking these outlandish people in. However, get you back, Master Milner, get your ways in, and I'll be the first to tell your uncle of what you have been about."

"Indeed you sha'n't, Mrs. Kitty," replied Henry, retreating as the housekeeper approached.

"Sha'n't what, Sir?" said she; "but I will let him into the secret, I promise you, and I shall also tell him how you contradicted me—get in, Sir, I tell you, for I was never more ashamed of you in all my life."

Mrs. Kitty was not more ashamed of Henry than he was of himself; he felt that he had acted wrong, not in going to the relief of Maurice when he saw the great boy use him ill, but in striking the first blow, and not trying what a steady rebuke might have produced; he had got a bloody nose and a black eye, but these he did not regard, the pain they gave him were nothing to the shame he felt in having done wrong. He, however, formed the best resolution he could on the occasion, and went all bloody and dusty as he was to his uncle, who having been shut up in the closet within his study, had heard nothing of what had passed,

and he there gave him a full, true, and simple statement of all that had passed, taking even more than his own share of blame.

Mr. Dalben was certainly hurt and surprised to see the condition of Henry—however, he was much pleased by his penitence, and intending to converse with him on the subject of what had passed at some future time, he advised him to get Sally to wash his face with vinegar, and to supply him with clean linen and other means of ablution, previously to his going to bed.

In the mean time, Mrs. Kitty being left in the lane with little Maurice, gave him such a specimen of her talents in the art of scolding and threatening, that the boy was at length perfectly silenced, for he had jabbered a little at first, and took up his wallet, in order to carry it to the widow Dawes, Mrs. Kitty having told him that she would be sure to take such measures as should induce Mr. Dalben to send him to a great distance from Master Milner; for that she would take care he should not stay to teach him all his wild Irish tricks.

As the little boy stooped to pick up the wallet, which was not far from Mrs. Kitty's foot, she gave him a push with her hand on his shoulder, and bid him begone with his rubbish.

It was with some difficulty that he got the wallet on his back, and Mrs. Kitty stood to look at him, as he walked slowly away, at the same time giving utterance to her feelings in the following manner:

"That I will, I promise him—I will soon see him ousted from these parts, a little Irish thief! —the silver spoons will be in danger next—and

then those Irish, they are so fond of broils and bloody noses—I wish master had never set eyes on him, that I do, for Master Milner's sake; or that he had not thought of bringing him here so near, and to be always about the house. We might have taken care of him at a distance—I should not have minded mending for him, so as he did not come here—but, sure he won't slip aside into the ditch—the bag is too heavy for him, I fear; it's scarce worth the carriage neither—and yet, he has nothing else left of his father's and mother's—nothing in the wide world but that bag; and not to say one single friend but master. Well! I hope that this will be a warning to Master Milner; and that such things as these won't happen again. I hope master won't be very angry—boys will be unlucky—and I must have my eyes about me to prevent harm."

So saying, she turned back to the house, and when she brought in her master's supper, and Mr. Dalben questioned her about the affray in the lane, she found herself to her great amazement doing that which women should ever do—trying to soothe matters on all sides, and allaying Mr. Dalben's fears, by promising him to be very watchful to prevent any evil accruing to his boy by the example, or through the means of the little orphan.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Showing how Henry, who was disabled from going out, spent his solitary Sabbath in some delightful Studies, together with a conversation between him and Mr. Dalben.*

THE next morning was Sunday, and when Henry appeared at breakfast, it was very evident that he would not be able to go to church, for he had not only a black eye and a swelled face, but he had hurt his leg in the battle, and walked with pain. Mr. Dalben obliged him to lie down, and requested Mrs. Kitty to make some application to his leg, which was much bruised.

While Mrs. Kitty was preparing her plaisters or poultices, whatever they might be, little Maurice knocked at the kitchen door, and being seen by Mrs. Kitty—"Come in, you naughty boy," she said; "I wish to my heart that the black eye and broken shin had fallen to your share, instead of poor Master Milner's; for I am sure you deserved them more than he did, ten times over; for he never in all his life got into a broil or a quarrel that ever I heard till you came to us."

"What, Madam!" said little Maurice, "is

Master Henry Milner hurt?—Oh! do let me go to him—I would rather die a thousand times, than have him hurt; pray, Mrs. Kitty, pray let me go to him, and I will wait on him night and day, till he is quite well:" and the little boy cried so much, that Mrs. Kitty was quite softened, and begged Mr. Dalben to let him see Henry.

Mr. Dalben went twice to church that day, as was his custom, and Mrs. Kitty took Maurice with her: so Henry was left alone nearly all day, and unable to move; and it was on this occasion, that he first found the very great advantage of being able to amuse himself by reading. He spent a great part of this day in looking out all the passages in the Bible, which speak of trees in a typical sense; and when Mr. Dalben came home in the evening, he showed him what he had done; and then Mr. Dalben took occasion to point out to him many things respecting types, which he had not before comprehended. He made him understand that in the early ages of society, any truth delivered under a type, was more easily received, and better remembered, and less likely to be misinterpreted, than when described by words. "For instance," he said, "the appointment of animals for sacrifices, as the emblems of the great sacrifice of Christ, was ordained by God, during the life of Adam: and from that period, the faithful in all ages have understood that Cain's offering was not accepted, because he would not use the appointed type; and in this manner, rejected him of whom the type was the representation. As also did the unbelieving of

the children of Israel, who refused to look on the brazen serpent, which was the representation of Christ himself." He also told him, that in studying emblems, he must not depart from the truth or simplicity of the emblem, or mix the symbols.

"If, for instance," said Mr. Dalben, "you are looking for Christ in the character of a shepherd, you must look for his people, not under the type of trees, but under that of sheep, and in those places in which you find men compared to sheep, you must seek for their good works, not under the representation of fruits, but under that of wool; and if on the other hand you are considering men under the similitude of trees, you must not look for Christ under the character of a shepherd; but according to the representation which is often given of him as the tree of life, or chief cedar of the forest. And moreover, my dear boy," continued Mr. Dalben, "the meanings of types should never be forced. There are many types in scripture, which are still dark and inexplicable; and it is better to leave them so, than to give false interpretations to them, by which we puzzle ourselves, and render the attainment of truth more difficult to others."

Mr. Dalben then said, "My dear boy, I am daily more and more anxious to lead you to the study of scripture in every justifiable form, in order that I may be enabled to counteract in your mind the influence of those heathen writers, which, it will be found necessary for you to study hereafter; these being made by the appointments of our forefathers a kind of step, to

your attainment of those holy orders, into which you hope hereafter to enter. I am sorry that so much of this kind of reading is required; but it is what cannot be helped; and the more you know the Scriptures, and the more you love them, the less reason will there be to fear your being injured by the very corrupt sentiments which are scattered through the classic writers.

"To those who know the Bible, and are acquainted with the pure and holy sentiments which the Scriptures contain, who know that earthly glory is but as a vapour, and earthly riches but as snow in the hand, the false sentiments and vicious actions of the heathen, as displayed in their best writings, do but furnish additional proofs of the goodness of God, in affording blind man a rule of life, and supplying his weak and depraved creatures with the means of observing this rule; but when these heathen writers are put into the hands of ignorant boys, and of those whose principles have not yet been carefully formed by Scripture, they must necessarily increase beyond measure the moral darkness and depravity of the mind; and there is no question but that they do so, and that this is one cause of the excessive wickedness of our public and private schools; and the prevalence of every kind of evil sentiment amongst our fellow creatures.

"The Bible," continued Mr. Dalben, "has a peculiar and remarkable power, to cleanse the heart: sin is never spoken of lightly in Scripture; it is always held up therein with abhorrence. Wickedness is there called by its right name; earthly honours are passed over as un-

important circumstances; but in heathen writings, even the best of them, murder is held up as a subject of praise; violence is called courage; vengeance is confounded with glory; and pride and resentment are counted the first of virtues; and it is very hard for a young mind to be daily reading and studying these things without making some of these notions his own. But, I am very anxious, my dear Henry, to make you understand what true honour and courage is; and what happened yesterday, makes me the more desirous to set your opinions right on these subjects.

"It is impossible, my dear boy, to pass through life without meeting with arrogant, insolent, and sometimes, brutal persons; now, the question is, how far is a Christian to bear the insults of his fellow creatures, and how far is he to defend himself?"

"Indeed," said Henry, "I do not know, uncle."

"Injuries," replied Mr. Dalben, "may be classed under three heads: the first, are such petty insults as you met from Master Wellings; some of which might be supposed to be intended; and some of which probably proceeded from the bad manners of the boy, without any particular intention to offend you. The second are determined unkindnesses, by which our persons and estates, or those of our family, may be injured; and which, however, cannot be reached by the laws of the land: and the third are those which the laws may rectify, and which neither you nor I are likely to sustain in this happy country. And now, my dear boy, as

a Christian and a gentleman—how ought you to defend yourself against the first of these species of annoyance?—Supposing, for instance, you were at school, and found that some of the boys were inclined to insult or quiz you—I use the word quiz, for I know no other word which so well expresses that kind of vulgar buffoonery so commonly practised among boys."

"Indeed, uncle, I don't know," replied Henry; "but I fear, that if any boy should attempt to quiz me, I should be tempted to knock him down, if I could."

"But, I am supposing you to be both a Christian and a gentleman," said Mr. Dalben; "and I cannot fancy either the one or the other, encountering a bloody nose on every trifling occasion."

"You are thinking again of yesterday, uncle," said Henry.

"I did think of yesterday," said Mr. Dalben, "when I began the conversation; but not with any anger, Henry: for, have I not forgiven all that passed then? And when I say I forgive, I do forgive. We will not therefore revert to what has happened—but, let me have an answer to my question as a gentlemanly boy, and a Christian boy; how would you defend yourself from a quizzing unmannerly school-fellow?"

"I do not know," said Henry, "indeed I do not, uncle."

"There is nothing," replied Mr. Dalben, "which disarms a quizzing, insulting spirit, so much as letting it be seen, that it does not tease; and it is religion only that can enable a boy or

man, to be easy respecting what is said or thought of him. When quizzed for any real defect, or any improper peculiarity, thank the quizzer for his hint, and try to alter it, but on other occasions endeavour neither to notice or to feel it, be as little alive as possible to insulting remarks; neither let voice or countenance show that you feel them. Go on in your own way: never returning jest for jest, or using any kind of familiarity; and above all, never descend to rudeness; show that you have that respect for yourself, that the ill-breeding of others can never induce you to be ill-bred yourself; and when a trick has been fairly and good-humouredly played upon you, join in the laugh, and thereby show that you are not captious. I verily believe, that the most determined jester and quizzer must soon be disarmed by a gentlemanlike and Christian conduct, consistently pursued for any time by the object of his ridicule; for quizzing generally proceeds from a teasing temper; and a person who loves to tease, is always checked and baffled, when he finds that he cannot excite the irritation he desires to see."

"Uncle, I know you are right," said Henry; "but—"

"But what, my boy?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"I cannot bear to be teased and quizzed; you cannot think what a passion I feel myself in when I am quizzed; it was as much as I could do, a few days ago, when the miller's boy asked me to lend him my old hat to wear in the mill, because he said the dust would not spoil

it, to hinder myself from taking it off, and throwing it in his face."

"As much as you could do," said Mr. Dalben: "what do you mean?"

"Why, I felt," replied Henry, "that I could hardly hinder myself from doing it, and breaking out into a passion, uncle."

"But you did not?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"No," replied Henry, "because I knew it would be wrong, and so I restrained myself."

"Or rather your sense of religion restrained you," said Mr. Dalben; "and thus you were kept from doing a very ridiculous thing; had you done it, you would have met with some further impertinence from the boy; but as it was, I suppose you had no more."

"No," said Henry, "for I walked on, and pretended not to hear what he said, though I was very angry."

"As to the walking on, and pretending not to hear, you did exactly right," replied Mr. Dalben "and just in the manner which I should have recommended; but, whereas you were dreadfully angry, it proved that you were in a dangerous state of mind, and probably in such a one, that had the boy said another word, your anger would have boiled over: a more calm, and less sensitive state of mind, as to these things is, therefore, that which you ought to seek and this, my dear boy, can only be obtained through the divine influences of the Holy Spirit, which entering into the heart, lifts it above all those low and selfish feelings, which render us alive to the slightest offence, either

intendedly or accidentally given us; and now, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "how are we as Christians to behave ourselves under those injuries, which are of a determined and serious nature, and yet, which are not within the reach of the law, such for instance as was inflicted on you in the person of your little friend, yesterday evening."

"Uncle," replied Henry, "all I know is, that I did wrong yesterday; and yet I should find it difficult to say what would have been right."

"Why, certainly," replied Mr. Dalben, "to have tried your influence in a manly, gentlemanlike way; and if any thing like strength was necessary, to have used it only in parting the combatants: remember, my boy, that on any occasion of this kind, that which goes beyond self-defence is too much, and partakes of the nature of revenge."

This conversation was here put an end to, by Mr. Dalben, and Henry was allowed to spend the remainder of the evening in giving instructions, suitable to the day, to little Maurice, in the presence of his uncle.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *The Air Balloon.*

WHILST Mr. Dalben and Henry were employed with their books, on the following afternoon, little Maurice ran into the room out of breath, crying out, "Oh! sir, sir, master, and little master, there's a ship in the sky, sir, there's a ship in the sky, and its coming this way; indeed it is; I saw it with my own eyes, and I am all in a tremble; sure, master, the world is not coming to an end?"

"Foolish boy," said Mr. Dalben, "what can you mean; you have mistaken a cloud for a ship."

"A ship does he say, sir," said Mrs. Kitty, putting her head in at the door; it's no ship, Maurice, no ship at all, but an air balloon, as sure as can be, it's a balloon; I heard there was to be one let off from Worcester, some time soon, and to be sure it is now in sight, and I could see it without my glasses; for when Thomas called me, I was in such a hurry, I could not stop to look for them."

Henry had been very busy at his Latin; but there was an end of study with him for the present; for what little or big boy could ever study when there was a balloon visible in

the air? and, indeed, it is difficult to say what good these aerial excursions ever did, but to disturb little boys, and raise dull people's wits somewhat higher than they ever were before.

Mr. Dalben, however, used no means to bring down Henry's wits to his Latin again; on the contrary, the old gentleman looked for his hat, and the next minute the whole family were in the garden, with their eyes directed towards that part of the heavens, where Thomas had first seen the balloon.

It was a glorious afternoon, and though the sun was still high in the heavens, yet its dazzling lustre was considerably softened by many magnificent clouds, which showed themselves in the west, not unlike the showy peaks of distant mountains—their summits being enriched with hues of gold and purple, and their altitude above the horizon, being such as to conceal the whole flaming disk of that mighty orb, on which no created eye can gaze unveiled.

The lights and shades, created by the situation of the clouds and sun, added new beauty to the charming valley, which spread itself at the feet of those who stood upon the terrace, at the front of Mr. Dalben's house, and the gradual enlargement and silent approach of the balloon, which, with its car, was now very distinctly seen, added a solemnity to the scene, which every one felt, but which all would have found it difficult to describe.

The balloon itself was many degrees larger than the car, which it supported in the air, and yet the car was of such a size, that it was visible long before the spectators in the garden could

discern the heads of the persons it contained; still, however, it approached, and though its motion was not perceivable, it was evidently rapid, from the continued increase in the size of the object.

At length, Thomas exclaimed, "I see them, there be two men in yonder flying boat."

"Two men!" exclaimed Mrs. Kitty, "sailing through the air in such a fashion; well, now, I must say, that it is a downright sin to be endangering life for such frolics."

"They don't do it for pleasure," replied Thomas.

"Then they do it for money," replied the housekeeper, "and that's worse, for what good could money do them if they were to tumble down, and be dashed to pieces? It never was intended, and that I am sure of, for Christians to be sailing through the air like kites; it never was intended, and I say it is a shame, and a sin too."

"Well, but Mrs. Kitty," said Henry Milner, stepping back a little as she stood behind Mr. Dalben, "suppose balloons should come to be in fashion among the thieves, what would become of your silver spoons which you carry up to your room every night."

"Master Milner," replied the housekeeper, somewhat angrily, "whether balloons should come in fashion or not, there is no fear of the thieves visiting your room."

"And why not?" asked Henry.

"Because," she replied, "they would find nothing worth looking for, besides string and sticks, and such sort of rubbish."

The balloon was now much nearer, and the aeronauts visible to all; but when the persons in the garden expected to have seen it pass over their heads, it began to ascend, and to mount higher and higher in the heavens.

"How wonderful!" said Mr. Dalben, "how affecting to suppose, that there are now before us, two living and human beings ascending into that high and exalted region, which we have been in the habit of associating from infancy, with the idea of spiritual beings only; regions which man before the present age never expected to visit whilst in the body, and where we may expect that some of those awful scenes are to take place, which are connected with the dissolution of the earth in its present form; regions too of such fiery wonders, and such amazing prodigies, as it would be thought man would be incapable of encountering whilst in the body. There is, in my opinion, a boldness, a hardness, a daringness, in the exploits of these aeronauts which I can by no means think justifiable, unless it appeared that some great good to the human race in general was likely to accrue from their exploits; but, indeed, Henry, I am inclined to think, with Kitty, that these aerial voyages are almost sinful."

Whilst Mr. Dalben spoke a sudden flash of lightning glanced across the valley, followed by a low and distant murmur of thunder.

The balloon was still in sight, though diminished to the eye, and the less discernible, because thrown into shade by a small cloud, through which it seemed to have passed; shortly afterwards it had, however, left the cloud below it, and was more distinctly seen from a ray of

splendour which shot directly upon it, and was reflected back by the silken globe; still, however, it ascended, and became presently little more than a speck to the eye, and after a while, even the young eyes of Henry and Maurice could no longer discern it; another and a more vivid flash of lightning, followed by a louder clap of thunder then succeeded, on which Mr. Dalben returned to his study, with Henry, who could think of nothing but what he had seen, and what was still passing among the clouds, where the aeronauts were probably still pursuing their perilous course. Mr. Dalben permitted him to relieve his feelings, by asking him as many questions about balloons as suggested themselves to his mind.

"What makes the balloon rise up in the air, uncle?" said Henry, "it is nothing but a bag, uncle, is it—a bag filled with air? Could I make a bag and fill it with air, and send it up into the sky?"

"And pray Henry," answered Mr. Dalben, "how many questions have you asked me in a breath? I hardly know how, and where to begin to answer them: as you say, a balloon is nothing but a bag of silk, or some light texture, but so formed as not to let out the air which is put into it, but if you were to make such a bag, and fill it with common air, it would not rise, and therefore a balloon is something more than a bag filled with wind."

"What is it then, uncle?" said Henry.

"You know, Henry," replied Mr. Dalben, "that it is a common property of liquids or fluids, for those which are heaviest to fall to the

bottom of the vessel or space which contains them, and those which are lightest to ascend to the top ; for instance, cream, which is the lightest part of milk, floats at the top of the cream vessel, and such parts of water as are made heavy by impure mixtures of any kind always sink to the bottom of a pond."

"I understand this well," replied Henry, "for I have often observed how the thick parts of beer and other things of the same kind fall to the bottom of the glass or cup which contains them."

"So far, then, you understand this property of liquids," said Mr. Dalben, "and now, my dear boy, I must inform you, that air is a liquid, and with the exception of light, one of the finest we are acquainted with, even water, the purest and most clear water is sufficiently gross to be visible to the eye ; but air is too subtle for the human optics ; and yet we are able to comprehend, without the aid of sight, that it is a fluid, and that it rushes like all other fluids into every place where it finds a vacuum.

"And now, to explain the principles by which balloons ascend into the higher regions, I must tell you, that there are many kinds of air, and some so much finer than the common air we breathe, that a large silk bag being filled with that air is so much less weighty than the same space of common air which it would naturally occupy, that it is not only able to raise itself upwards, but to lift with it the car which you saw, containing two human beings and many other lesser matters, which they have with them in the car."

"I understand all this very well," said Henry; "the balloon is something like this. Here is a gooseberry, uncle; I will put it at the bottom of my tea-cup, and now I will fill the tea-cup with water, but the gooseberry won't stay at the bottom, it is up at the top in a moment; and there it floats on the surface of the water, just like the balloon in the clouds."

"Just so, my boy," said Mr. Dalben; "but this must be remembered, that as the lightness of the balloon depends upon its remaining filled with the proper air, if the smallest accident should happen to the silk, by which the air should be let out too rapidly, nothing but a dreadful death could possibly await those within the car; and surely it is not right to put human life into such dreadful peril, for no purpose but mere curiosity."

"Who invented balloons, uncle?" said Henry.

"The French were the first persons who brought them to any perfection," replied Mr. Dalben; "and there is a most remarkable account of a voyage made by a Monsieur Testu, who went up from Paris in 1786. His balloon was of glazed tiffany, and furnished with wings: his ascent took place on the 18th June, about four o'clock in the afternoon; it was a very hot day, though cloudy and portending rain. The balloon had only been about five-sixths filled, but it gradually swelled as it became drier and warmer; and, after a little time, began to inflate itself so much, that M. Testu had some fears that it might burst. He then endeavoured to lower the balloon, by using the wings in some particular way; he, however, at

length contrived to descend into a corn field, where he had the mortification of being taken prisoner by a farmer and his servants, who fastened a cord to his car and drew him along in triumph, a little above the ground, depriving his machine at the same time of its wings. M. Testu, after a while, contrived to cut the cord and mounted the air, the balloon being made lighter by the loss of the wings and his cloak, with other matters which he had thrown out of the car; he now rose to the region of the clouds, where he saw small frozen particles floating in the air, and heard thunder rolling beneath him. As it became cooler the force of the balloon diminished, and he again approached the ground, near the Abbey of Royaumont; there he threw out some ballast from his car, and in the space of twelve minutes rose to the height of 2,400 feet, where the thermometer stood at 66°; he now heard the blast of a horn, and could hear huntsmen below him in full chase: he then descended a little to see the sport, after which he mounted a third time and passed through a dense body of clouds, in which thunder followed flashes of lightning in quick succession: it then became very cold; however, the aeronaut remained much in the same situation till nine at night, and in that exalted region witnessed the setting of the sun, at which time he was involved in thick masses of thunder clouds; lightnings flashed on all sides, succeeded by loud claps of thunder, whilst snow and sleet fell copiously around him. This storm continued three hours, and the intrepid aeronaut was all the while in the

very centre of it. The balloon, in the mean time, being frequently affected with a trembling motion, occasioned by the electric fluid, being tossed up and down, like a ship in a raging ocean."

"Electric fluid," said Henry; "that is the same as lightning, uncle, is it not?"

"Lightning," replied Mr. Dalben, "is the discharge of electric fluid, and thunder is the report of that discharge. But to return to our history—a calm at length succeeded, when he had the pleasure of seeing the stars; and, embracing the opportunity of taking some necessary refreshments, he descended about half-past four, having previously witnessed the rising of the sun."

"Oh!" said Henry, "how wonderful! and so he spent one whole night in the clouds."

"These things show," replied Mr. Dalben, "what man is equal to, and also magnify the glory of God, who has made such a creature, so wonderful even in his ruin; and yet I have such an opinion of these aerial expeditions, that I wish they might never be attempted again. However," added he, "before we leave this subject altogether, I shall take occasion to give you, my dear boy, the result of some reflections which occurred to me some years ago, when I was present at the ascent of a balloon from the city of Worcester. I happened to witness the whole process of filling the balloon, which is a tedious one: the silken globe was firmly held in its place by many cords; and when I first obtained the situation from whence I saw it, the materials of which the balloon was formed

hung loosely, and appeared little more than an empty bag; by degrees, however, as the silk began to fill, the balloon became agitated, and seemed to make strong efforts to escape from the cords by which it was held down; and the instant that all was ready, and the cords unloosed, it arose with a gentle and graceful motion towards those lofty regions for which it had been fitted; affording, as it then occurred to me, a remarkably fine and striking type of those glorious influences of the Holy Spirit, by which the earth-born creature is lifted up above this world, and enabled, Samson-like, to break the withes and cords with which he has hitherto been held down.

"I have often spoken to you, Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "of the third person of the Trinity, and said something to you respecting his offices; but I think that this type, which I have brought before you, may help you to understand some parts of the works of the Holy Spirit in a better way than any I can at present devise. What, my boy, is a balloon when empty?"

"Only a silk bag," replied Henry; "and no ways different in its qualities or activity to other bags."

"And what is one of the chosen people of God; for instance, what were St. Paul or St. Peter before they were visited by the Spirit of God?"

"Only common men," said Henry.

"What do you mean by common men?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"Oh, men who think, and feel, and behave

like other people, and can do no good thing of their own will, but only live to please themselves, and enjoy this world."

"So far," said Mr. Dalben, "the type holds good, in such a one we find the empty bag; but when the balloon begins to be filled, what does it do?"

"Then?" said Henry, "it begins to pull and struggle against the cords that hold it down, and men are obliged to use force to keep it in the lower regions."

"And when God the Spirit begins to deal with the believer, what does he then feel, Henry?" asked Mr. Dalben.

"Why," returned Henry, "he then begins to feel the pain of being held down and tied to the world; and then, uncle, for I understand it now," added the little boy, "then, when he is thoroughly filled with the Spirit, he breaks all his cords; he mounts on high, and leaves this dirty world and all belonging to it as far below him as the house is now beneath those who are travelling in the clouds."

"And I wish," said Mr. Dalben, "that those who have been enabled thus to mount in the strength of the Spirit did not often experience what it is to sink again to the earth; that they did not often feel themselves drawn down again, and find themselves again grubbing in the dust. But whilst we are in the body, Henry, we must be constantly liable to these depressions. Nevertheless, the time will come, and may not be far off, when those who have been led to love the Lord will rise never

again to sink; and when we shall become companions of those whose triumph over the world, the flesh, and the devil, has been complete as it was glorious."

## CHAPTER X.

*The Visit of Farmer Jennings and his Wife, together with Henry's Behaviour on the Occasion.*

A FEW days after Henry had seen the air balloon, Mr. Dalben was visited by a worthy couple, who were much inferior to himself in rank, but to whom he thought it right to show hospitality, because of some family connexion, which had subsisted many years. Mr. Jennings was a small farmer, and lived at Tenbury; and his wife had not much greater pretensions to gentility than her husband. They were, at the time I am speaking of, residing with a daughter, who had married a tradesman in Worcester, and came from thence one afternoon, in a hired gig, to pay their respects to Mr. Dalben.

Henry had just finished his evening lessons, and was at work in his garden at the moment when the gig drove up to the hall door, on which he took the opportunity of placing himself behind a bush, from which he might see what persons alighted.

Henry had been in daily hopes of seeing Mr. Nash in that part of the world, and had flattered himself with the hopes of a second visit to

Southstones Rock; he was therefore much disappointed in seeing a black silk bonnet in the gig, instead of Mr. Nash's bushy wig; neither was he better pleased when his eyes fell on the bulky figure of the farmer, who was holding the horse whilst Mrs. Kitty helped his wife down the step.

"And, how's your master, Mrs. Kitty," said the farmer's wife, as she stood at the door of the hall, and shook her riding dress into some order; "how's good Mr. Dalben?—it is very long since I saw him—is he pretty hearty, Mrs. Kitty?—I hope he has not been troubled with the rheumatics lately."

"Be you safe landed, Betsy?"—was the next expression which met the ears of Henry. "I suppose then I may take the mare round to the stable; for, I suppose you'll not be for going back till you have taken a cup of tea."

Henry heard no more, for the gig was turned, and the lady went into the house with Mrs. Kitty. The young gentleman, however, had two reasons for not being pleased; the one of which was, that Mr. Dalben had promised him a walk, and the other was that which I before mentioned, namely, that he was disappointed because the gig did not belong to Mr. Nash. He accordingly withdrew from his post of observation, and going into the house, he walked directly into the kitchen, saying, "Mrs. Kitty, what quality have you got in the parlour?"

Instead of making any reply to the question, Mrs. Kitty, who had been won by the civility of the farmer's wife, asked him what he had to

do in the kitchen; and fairly bid him walk out.

"And why must I walk out?" said Henry, seating himself in Mrs. Kitty's own particular chair.

"Because the kitchen is no place for young gentlemen," she answered shortly: "so please, sir, to get out of my chair, and walk to your own side of the house."

"Mrs. Kitty," said Henry, "yours is a very comfortable chair; why don't you offer it to the lady in the parlour?"

"Because I shall want it myself as soon as I have taken in the tea things, Master Milner," replied the housekeeper.

"But you would not turn me out, surely, would you, Mrs. Kitty?" asked Henry.

"Would not I?" said the housekeeper; "and why would not I?"

"Because you could not," said Henry, "now try—only try, Mrs. Kitty;" and he seized the arms of the chair, to hold himself firmly in his seat.

Mrs. Kitty was at that moment balancing the tea-tray on her hand, and preparing to sally forth with it out of the kitchen. She therefore contented herself with looking displeasure at the young gentleman; and when she returned from the parlour, she said with much solemnity, "Master Milner, if you please, your uncle desires you will walk into the parlour."

"What for?" asked Henry, starting up; "what have you been saying, Mrs. Kitty?"

"No matter," she replied; "but you will please to go into the parlour."

"Now, Mrs. Kitty," said Henry, "you have been telling some tale about me, before these people."

'You are to go into the parlour, sir," said Kitty.

"I wish, Mrs. Kitty, you were not so fond of making mischief," returned Henry.

"And I wish you were not so fond of doing mischief," replied the housekeeper.

"Why what mischief have I done?" asked Henry.

"If you have done no harm, why, I have told none," returned the other: "so you had best obey your uncle—and be pleased to walk into the parlour."

Henry now got up, and walked slowly into the study, where he expected to be received with a grave face; but well as he understood his uncle's countenance, he could not read it when he entered the room; for Mr. Dalben, though always humane and courteous, was undergoing a sort of penance, which he found it somewhat difficult to endure with his usual equanimity. What this penance was will appear by and bye.

Had not Henry's apprehensions of his uncle's displeasure been somewhat excited by Mrs. Kitty's insinuations, he might not perhaps have noticed the slight shade which rested upon his brow; but as it was, he saw it, and took it all to himself; in consequence of which he looked more seriously than usual, and sat down displeased with himself, and in a fit mood to find fault with his uncle's visiters. The farmer himself was not come in from the stable; but Mrs.

Jennings sat on the sofa, in the bow window opposite Mr. Dalben, wiping her face with her pocket handkerchief, for being a stout woman, and dressed in a thick cloth dress, she was excessively hot.

"And that's the little boy," she said, as soon as Henry appeared; "well, he is a charming boy, indeed; and I am sure he does you a vast deal of credit, Mr. Dalben; and proves how kind you are, for I don't know another gentleman in all the world that would have done as much as you have done for one of his sort; and I am sure little Master will think so by and bye: though for him to understand your goodness now, is what can't be expected nor thought of. But, there are few like you, Mr. Dalben—so benevolent and kind to all ranks and conditions, and that's what I always say."

Henry stared, and Mr. Dalben bowed; and the latter tried to turn the discourse, by asking how the hay had turned out about Tenbury. The good woman, however, was not so to be diverted from her course. "You look uncommon well, Mr. Dalben," she said, "and I am glad to see it; for I heard you were sadly troubled with the rheumatics. But, however, you have a handy little footman now, to fetch and carry for you," she added, turning with a gracious smile to Henry: "and, I dare say, he is ready to serve you hand and foot; and so he ought, considering all he owes to your bounty and goodness." Mr. Dalben coughed, and Henry, who had drawn behind his uncle's chair, began to shake it, and drum against the back of it.

"Take a seat, Henry—do, my boy," said Mr. Dalben; "you make me nervous."

Mrs. Jennings followed Henry with her eyes, as he walked across the room to take a chair; and when Mr. Dalben told Henry to bring his chair to the table, for he had placed himself at the very farthest end of the room, she said, "Do come nearer the table, don't be bashful, little master. Whatever your good friend Mr. Dalben bids you to do, you ought to do; for I am sure, his advice will be always proper." Mr. Dalben coughed again, and Henry came to the table.

Mrs. Kitty's appearance with the hissing urn now brought some relief; and Mrs. Jennings, looking her in the face—"Shall I trouble you, Mrs. Kitty, for a jug of mixed beer for my husband—about a pint, or thereabouts?—I am sorry to give trouble, Mr. Dalben; but he don't take tea."

"I beg you will ask for what you wish, Mrs. Jennings," said Mr. Dalben.

"You are mighty good, Sir," replied the lady, "and always was. You have not got your fine character for nothing. Well! little master has fallen into a noble heritage, sure enough. Many a gentleman's son would have jumped at such an offer, but, Sir, I reckon that there is a great change in master's appearance since he came to you; he don't look at all sunburnt, or freckled, or the like."

Henry fidgetted in his chair, and Mr. Dalben's cough was troublesome. However, he got out a few words, indicating that he did not

recollect that he had ever seen any freckles on Henry.

"Surprising!" said the lady, "I thought them children were always freckled and sunburnt, and the like of that!"

Before Henry and Mr. Dalben could recover from their amazement, the farmer himself came in and paid his compliments to Mr. Dalben—if not more elegantly, yet certainly more rationally than his wife had done. He complimented Mr. Dalben on his house and garden: and on his two fine cows; and was proceeding to point out their perfections, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Kitty with the ale.

"Thank you, my lass," said the farmer, without looking up, or perceiving that the epithet was not altogether suitable to the respectable housekeeper, and the good man was hastening to pour out the liquor, when he observed that the drinking-glass had been forgotten. The farmer then looked up, and smiling, said, "Where's the glass?—they don't drink ale out of tea-cups in my country."

Mrs. Kitty uttered an exclamation, and was bustling out of the room to fetch what was wanting, when Mrs. Jennings, laying her hand on his arm, reproved her husband, saying, "You are giving a vast deal of trouble to Mrs. Kitty, Jennings—perhaps, little master there would run for the glass; you don't consider, Mrs. Kitty is not used to fetch and carry for such as we."

"Nor master either, I reckon," replied the farmer.

Mrs. Jennings's countenance was inexplicable on hearing this; and a kind of smile played on her ruddy face, which threw Henry into still greater confusion, for he certainly thought that he had never met with so rude a person in his life. What had she to do—he said to himself—to ask if I had been freckled?—I never saw such a woman.

The glass was now set before the farmer, who having taken a comfortable draught, proceeded to praise Mr. Dalben's tap, and asked how many bushels of malt he allowed to the hogshead.

"Why, John Jennings," said his wife, "how could you think of asking Mr. Dalben such a question?—to be sure, such a gentleman as he don't know any thing about those things—you must ask the housekeeper them questions;" and Mrs. Kitty appearing at that moment, the good lady made the inquiry without waiting for her husband; at the same time, extolling her skill in the brewing line.

Mrs. Kitty, who though sometimes carried away by a little warmth of temper, well understood good manners, made little answer, but said she would inquire of Thomas respecting the things which the lady wished to know.

Mrs. Jennings, nothing abashed, then turned to Mr. Dalben, and said, "How long is it since little master's father died?"

Mr. Dalben rather started at this abrupt question, and replied, "Perhaps ten years, Mrs. Jennings."

"Ten years!" exclaimed the lady; "dear me, how the folks at Worcester talk; why, it's

all about the town, that he only came over last hay-making."

"Madam—" said Mr. Dalben, sitting more erect in his chair.

"Did not grocer Bennet tell us so, Jennings," proceeded the farmer's wife, "only last Tuesday night?—and he had it from one who pretended he knew all about it. Ten years—oh! that accounts for it; for master, to be sure, does not look so like those people as I expected. Had not he red hair, Mr. Dalben, when he first came to you?"

"Of whom," said Mr. Dalben—"of whom, my good lady, are you speaking?"

"Of little master," returned the farmer's wife: "why, the folks in Worcester told me, that he was as rough as a colt when you took him, sir; and they were full of your kindness and goodness, and charity."

"Wife," said the farmer, "I wish you would hold your tongue; don't you see how little master is abashed?" And indeed, Henry was not only abashed, but very angry: he fidgeted in his chair, and screwed himself about as if he sat on thorns.

"I am sure, my pretty master," added Mrs. Jennings, "you don't need to be abashed nor ashamed neither; for, thanks to this good friend's kind care, you are fit to look the best of them in the face; and I reckon, will be by and bye as much of a gentleman as the best of them; and, indeed, sir," she added, looking and smiling at Mr. Dalben, "there is even now very little in little master by which a stranger would suppose that he is come of such a stock—but

education is a fine thing, to be sure; it's like second nature."

Mrs. Kitty happened at this crisis to be collecting the tea things, to carry them out of the room; and although she had usually much self-command in the presence of Mr. Dalben, whom she respected and honoured above all human beings, and of whose interests she was as careful as of her own; yet this was too much for her; and setting down the tea-cup, which she was about to place in the tray—"Why sure, Ma'am," she said, "you can't be lying under such a mistake, as to fancy that Master Milner, who is as good a gentleman's son as any in the land, is no other than Maurice O'Grady, the little Irish boy. I wonder, Ma'am, you could have looked at Master Milner, and thought of such a thing."

A general silence followed, which was at length broken by an unusually hearty laugh on the part of Mr. Dalben. Some loud exclamations of the farmer, and a confession of her mistake in Mrs. Jennings, who apologised by saying, that she had never in all her life heard of such a person as Master Milner; and certain expressions of mortification on the side of Henry, whose pride was thoroughly roused by the succession of petty mortifications which had taken place during the evening.

"Why wife," said farmer Jennings, "how's this?—I thought you were always mighty 'cute for distinguishing the gentry from the more ordinary sort; but you have made a sad blunder now: and you have affronted the young gentleman there as sure as you are here."

"No, I hope not," said Mrs. Jennings; "I do hope not, for I should be so sorry: and now I look at little master again, I do wonder how I could have made such a mistake, for he looks a gentleman every inch of him; and such a sweet complexion!—to be sure, I was very stupid, and very dull of comprehension. Why, Jennings, how could I have made such a blunder?"

"Never mind, Mrs. Jennings," said Mr. Dalben, "Henry need not be ashamed to be mistaken for little Maurice O'Grady; for there is much that is good and amiable in that little fellow; and had he had Henry's advantages, he might have been quite his equal. But we will not make comparisons: I hope Henry will be a friend to Maurice through life, for he owed much to his father—and Maurice has no other friend in the world."

"But——" said Henry.

"But what, my boy?"

"I wonder how Mrs. Jennings could have made the mistake." And whilst he spoke, his whole countenance was clouded with sullenness.

"Henry—" said Mr. Dalben, in surprise. Henry's face did not change.

"Go," said Mr. Dalben, "to your garden; you will find something to do there, perhaps, Henry."

Henry immediately arose, and went out, scarcely knowing whether he was under Mr. Dalben's displeasure or otherwise, though he had no doubt that he was under his own; for he had felt himself in an ill humour all the evening, and was really offended at Mrs. Jennings's mis-

take, which, at another time, he might only have laughed at. He accordingly sauntered into his garden, in no very pleasant state of mind; and had just seated himself in his root house, when little Maurice appeared before him, bringing some crooked sticks which he had been cutting in the wood.

"Here, master," said the little Irishman, "I have been cutting down crooked sticks, and I have brought you one, which I hope you will like; it's for gathering nuts, and there will be plenty of nuts in the copse by and bye."

"Put it down," said Henry, brushing a tear from his eye, which he did not wish Maurice to see.

"You be crying, Master Henry," said Maurice, "you be vexed; I hope I has not offended you."

"No, Maurice," replied Henry.

"Now, don't be unhappy, Master Henry, don't ye," said Maurice, in a pitiful voice. "Now, don't ye cry—pray don't;" and the tears trembled on the orphan's cheek. "It reminds me of father's grave; for there I seed you first, and the tear was in your eye then, that it was;" and the little boy began to sob.

"Oh, Maurice! Maurice!" said Henry, trying to command himself, "you make me more ashamed of myself than I was before. I have done a wrong thing, Maurice. No one is angry with me, but I am angry with myself, and that makes me unhappy. There is nothing, Maurice, which makes a person so miserable as doing that which is not right. But," he added, rising, "I will not persist in doing wrong—

stay here a little while, and I will go in, and make up for my fault as well as I can; and then you shall see me again, with a pleasant face."

So saying, he ran into the house, and into the parlour, and going up to Mrs. Jennings, he offered her his hand, saying, "I was in an ill humour when I left this room, Ma'am; and was offended at your mistaking me for a better boy than myself; and I fear, I was rude to you; but, I am now come to beg your pardon, Ma'am, and to say, that I am truly ashamed of my behaviour."

"Well now, if that a'ant pretty," said the goodnatured wife of the farmer, her eyes glistening, "uncommon pretty!—bless your smiling sweet face!"

"And like a true gentleman too!" said the farmer; "I am sure, Master Milner, whenever you behave in this way, no one will mistake you for any thing but a gentleman, though you were to have only a few rags to your back; but this comes, Mr. Dalben," he added, "of a good education."

"A religious one, Mr. Jennings," answered Mr. Dalben, whose eyes glistened with pleasure—"thank God! my Henry cannot persist in evil."

Henry now looked smilingly round him, and when the farmer and his wife arose to go, which they did a few minutes afterwards, they both shook his hands heartily, and the farmer said to Mr. Dalben, "I shall mind, sir, what you have been saying, and see that my Jack and Tom are better instructed in the Bible; for I believe the

Scriptures make the best gentlemen, ay, and the best poor folks, after all; though, there are not wanting some to assert the contrary."

It was with a very different feeling Henry took leave of the farmer and his wife, to that with which he received them; and his happy feelings were confirmed to him, when Mr. Dalben, laying his hand on his head, said, "Bless you, my boy, you have pleased me this evening; go, and thank God for helping you so to do."

## CHAPTER XI.

*Containing a View of a remote and very lovely Prospect seen through the Glass of Faith.*

THE following day, Mr. Dalben had a very sweet conversation with Henry, as they walked in Jenny Crawley's wood, for such was the name which they gave to the little coppice where was the ruined mansion of the poor old woman; a place which was very dear to him, because it reminded him of his father; and although he had no personal recollection of that dear parent, yet Mr. Dalben and Mrs. Kitty had so often talked to him of his father, that he almost fancied he knew him; and if ever he looked in a glass, which was not very often, and never indeed, when he had his old hat on, it was to get the best view he could of his parent; for Mrs. Kitty used often to say, that he was the very counterpart of his dear father at the same age. And here let me stop to remark, that Mrs. Kitty was one of those old-fashioned servants, who being herself without any very near connexions, had transferred all those affectionate feelings so natural to man, to the family in whose service she had resided for the last thirty or more years; and was, in consequence, as keenly alive to the welfare of Mr. Dalben and Henry, as if the one

had been her brother, and the other her own child. She was as careful of Mr. Dalben's property as of her own; and as much distressed as he could be whenever Henry did any thing which was really wrong; and as she had been the nurse and humble friend of his father, Mr. Dalben made it a point that Henry should pay her the respect due to her age and maternal character; in consequence of which, when any little dispute arose between them, Henry was always required to submit.

But, to return to the green and solitary shades in which Henry was walking with his affectionate uncle: "You pleased me last night," said Mr. Dalben, speaking to Henry; "because your conduct gave evidence, as far as man can judge, of your being in some degree under the influence of that spirit of life, whereby the fallen are raised up again, and those are revived which seem ready to perish. You had felt for a short time the power of a proud spirit, but you were unhappy under the dominion of sin; you could not rest under the yoke, and you were enabled to break it from your neck.

"Oh, my boy! son of my heart! child of my warmest affection!" continued the old gentleman; "may you ever be able to rise again after every fall; and may you finally be raised never to fall again!"

Just at this period of the conversation, Mr. Dalben and Henry had come to a part of the wood, which on one side hung over the little pathway, with a deep and impervious gloom, and on the other, opened into a glade, where,

in a narrow dell, murmured a gentle stream, which, collecting itself in one place into a small clear basin, reflected the neighbouring trees in its glassy bosom. No sound disturbed the refreshing calm of these woods, excepting the murmur of bees, the rippling of waters, and the rush of the breeze among the higher branches.

"Let us sit down on this fallen trunk," said Mr. Dalben; "and you shall tell me, Henry, what we shall talk about."

"What else can we speak of in this place," said Henry, "but the millennium?—I want to hear more about it, uncle, and woods, and trees, and rushing brooks, are so got together in my mind, with the millennium, that I believe these thoughts will never be separated."

"And why should they," returned Mr. Dalben; "what is the millennium state, but a restoration in a more glorious and assured form of the paradisaical. What is the millennium, but a state, in which all the trees of Eden will appear again with an immortal bloom, and the tree of life will be found to flourish in the centre of them: when, instead of one solitary couple, millions of redeemed ones will inhabit those charming bowers, drink of those refreshing waters, and regale themselves with the nectared fruits.

"Redeemed ones, whose salvation is secured beyond the malice of Satan, and the power of sin—holy and happy ones, who having known the pains of temporal death, and the dread of future punishment, will never cease to sing the song of praise in honour of Him, who has made

them more than conquerors; and at that blessed period, my Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "we shall be free from all unkind, or envious and ambitious feelings. No despising of our fellow-creatures because they are vulgar, or hating them because they are more excellent than ourselves, will then be known. The sound of wars and fightings will then be no more heard; but the voice of the holy dove will resound in every land, and the echoes of every valley will repeat the praises of God.

"Oh! my boy," added the old gentleman, "when we allow ourselves leisure to meditate on all which the Almighty has done for us, we must feel inspired with gratitude—it cannot be otherwise; but it is the very nature of sin to prevent man from meditating on spiritual things, and reasoning upon them as he would on the common occurrences of life. Let us now only review the operations of the blessed Trinity, from first to last, in the mighty work of man's salvation, and consider what a wonderful and regular process is carried on before even one little child can be rescued from the power and dominion of Satan.

"There is not one infant, my boy, of the myriads who have departed this life since the fall of man, who was not born the slave of sin and heir of perdition; and not one now rests in his quiet grave for whose redemption all the attributes of the Deity have not been put in full force; and first his name was recorded in the book of life, before the world was made; and before the glorious sun was set in the heavens, he was marked and sealed for eternal life, and

for an object of everlasting love; and, inasmuch as he had been sold to Satan whilst yet in the loins of his father Adam, his ransom was provided by God the Son, and his debt paid to the whole amount, and with a price above all calculation. And whereas after he had been thus chosen and ransomed there still remained against him the corruption of his nature; for this the remedy was provided by the Lord the Spirit, who called him ere yet he knew his mother's name, and infused into his breast that spirit of life which fitted him for heaven, before he had learned to converse with men, and thus his infant soul and body were prepared by a secret process, hidden to mortal eyes, for that glory which angels now enjoy,

'High in salvation and the climes of bliss.'

"By the same process, the same regular and glorious system, all who are redeemed and shall be redeemed through all future times, have been and will be rescued from the power of Satan. The work is one and the same with all, and its progress is regular, and the same with those who can tell their experience, as with those who have not the power of utterance.

"But inasmuch as sin is mingled with all we do in the body in this present state of things, the victories of redeeming love cannot now be calculated; but they will hereafter appear on the face of this earth on which we now stand; the conquering King will assuredly put all his enemies under his feet, and the mountain of the Lord's house will be lifted up above every

hill; the nations will flow unto it, and the feast of tabernacles will be held throughout the whole earth."

"The feast of tabernacles, uncle," said Henry; "has the feast of tabernacles any thing to do with the millennium?"

"Yes, my boy," replied Mr. Dalben; "I consider that all the Jewish festivals, the accounts of which we read with so little interest, are types or emblems of some future and exceeding glorious festivals, which are to take place in the latter days.

"The first of these, to wit, the Sabbath, is undoubtedly the emblem, not as is generally supposed, of that eternal state of blessedness which we call heaven, but of the triumph of Christ in the latter days, and of the rest of the earth, when sin shall be no more. This feast was to be ushered in by the blowing of trumpets: or a period of spiritual and natural awakening. For, as St. Paul says, when speaking of the resurrection of the just, 'Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of

death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.' The Sabbath has hitherto appeared with clouded majesty, but we shall behold it in all its glory in the latter days; and be it remembered, that although the sun was made on the fourth day of the creation, and first rose on the morning of the fifth, as the God incarnate appeared in the fifth thousandth year of the world; yet, that it was in the dawn of the first Sabbath that that glorious luminary first rose to the eye of man from behind the eastern gates of Paradise. In like manner, Christ will not reveal himself to the believer's view in all the splendour of divine majesty until the earth has fulfilled her week, and every cloud of sin and sorrow shall have passed away; and then will the feast of tabernacles, or of God incarnate, be observed; and when we see the saints of the Lord flourishing like branching trees around the tabernacle of David, we shall want no explanation of that lovely passage: 'And ye shall take you, on the first day, the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord seven days.' And then, my son," continued Mr. Dalben, "will the living waters flow and impart nourishment to every branch and root, and every blade of grass will be refreshed with the moisture of heaven.

"Oh! my Henry, how is all earthly pomp cut down in the prospect of these things, and how do all present objects fade from our sight in the view of these glories of the latter days!"

"Uncle," said Henry, "could I but hope that I should be a partaker of those delights, how happy I should be! Sometimes I do hope that I am a child of God; and then, when I do such things as I did last night, I seem to lose my hopes, and feel that I am as much under the power of sin as ever."

"And so you are, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "as far as depends on yourself; but you have a Friend who will uphold you to the end, and will make you more than a conqueror over all your enemies: let your dependence then be upon him, and on him only."

Mr. Dalben and Henry were then preparing to renew their walk when they observed a large frog crawling among the dry leaves, which had fallen the last autumn from the trees.

"Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "there is one of your old friends, the amphibia."

"And a frightful creature it is," said Henry.

"A creature," replied Mr. Dalben, "which is naturally loathed by man, and no doubt intended to be so, in order that he may be avoided, and left in those solitary places where he finds his security."

"But why, uncle, do we all naturally dislike these creatures?" said Henry.

"Probably on account of their being destitute of every species of clothing, of wool, of hair, of feathers, or even of scales," answered Mr. Dalben; "for man, whatever he may ac-

knowledge, is constantly influenced by certain feelings, which have reference to types or emblems; and though he may not go so far as to see the doctrine of imputed righteousness under the symbol of a spotless garment, yet he loathes a creature without a covering, as he would a human being who allowed all the depravity of his natural feelings to appear, undisguised by shame or decency.

"There is no doubt, Henry," continued Mr. Dalben, "that the coverings supplied by the Creator to animals, together with the hair of man, are typical of works. Man in Paradise required no other covering than his hair, the product of his own body, for his works were then without sin and his honour perfect: when he fell other coverings became needful for him, by which we are made to understand that it is necessary for us to be clothed with an imputed righteousness; but hair and wool are still standing types of the natural works of the creature, and hence those animals which are wholly uncovered are fit emblems of the worst of men, and are used as such in Scripture; for even the serpent, whose skin is frequently variegated with purple and azure, and enriched with spots of gold, is used as the acknowledged emblem of him in whom no good is; and all creatures who live in the waters, who have not fins and scales, were accounted as an abomination among the children of Israel."

"Uncle," said Henry, "how curious all these things are: it seems as if one might spend one's whole life in comparing things in the Bible with what may be found only in this

little wood; and really I think that there is no place more fit for studying the Bible than such a one as this. Now, uncle, cannot we fancy as we sit here, and as that lively specimen of the amphibia has hid itself, that the millennium is begun with us, and that you and I have just withdrawn from the presence of our holy brethren to talk a little together of all the great things that have been done for us?

"In the first place," continued Henry, "for any thing we now see, there might not be such a thing as a brick house or a chimney in the world, and over our heads are arches of goodly trees, through which the rays of the sun are peeping here and there, and casting a kind of dancing light on the green turf by the brook side; and there are flowers very near I am sure, uncle, for I can perceive their sweet breath though I do not see them, though yonder little glade looks somewhat variegated: then it is neither hot nor cold, though there is a sound of a rustling breeze in the higher boughs, and now and then a gentle gale just blows across my face. Neither do we want music, uncle, for I hear a blackbird down in that little hollow, and a buzz of bees, together with the rush of yonder waterfall, and now and then the bleating of a lamb. Surely, uncle, this is music fitting the millennium; and will it not be in places like this in which the saints will dwell quietly, and rest in peace through many a blessed day and night?"

"Oh! my son," said Mr. Dalben, sighing, "we have much to encounter before this glorious state can be fully realized to us; and if we

were to look forward in our own strength to the obtaining of these victories which must be first won, we should have reason to be cast down indeed. We can undoubtedly conceive, in some degree, that renewal of the natural world which is to take place during the reign of Christ, even an unsanctified imagination can picture to itself an ever cloudless sky, gentle breezes laden with perfumes, fountains gushing in every valley, the fruits of the earth yielding themselves spontaneously to the hand of man, and in a few words the return of the golden age, thus spoken of by Ovid:

'The golden age was first, when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And, with a native bent did good pursue,
Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere;
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor
mound,
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound,
Nor swords were forg'd, but, void of care and
crime,
The soft creation slept away their time;
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow,
Content with food which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnished out a feast.
The flowers unsown, in fields and meadows
reigned;
And western winds immortal spring maintained.
In following years, the bearded corn ensued

From earth unasked, nor was that earth renewed.
From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke,
And honey sweating thro' the pores of oak.'

But who is able to conceive that in which the principal glory of the millennium will consist, that is, in the entire enhancement of the whole man from all vicious passions, the restoration of the affections to their proper objects, the exercise of love to God, the personal presence of the Saviour; the removal of that veil of ignorance which now involves the darkened understanding; the unfolding of the wonders of creation, and the clear view of past events and brighter hopes of future periods, which will at that time burst upon the redeemed ones? Oh! my child, who can conceive these things, and who in not conceiving them can in any degree appreciate the glories of the millennium. Some faint views we may indeed have; but faint indeed they must be, for our eyes are not yet equal to gazing on the noon-day sun in all its splendour."

"It is strange, uncle," said Henry, "that after all you have said to me of the millennium, I have not yet a very exact idea of the manner in which it is to begin."

"Nor am I entirely justified," replied Mr. Dalben, "in endeavouring to give you that idea, lest I should, by false interpretations of Scripture, be darkening counsel without knowledge; but most enlightened interpreters of Scripture take the sabbath not (as I before said) as the type of heaven, but as that of

the millennium. The Scriptures say, that with the Lord, one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. We, therefore, presume to think, that the earth is to fulfil a week, each day of which is to consist of a thousand years; and I myself have little doubt, but that in the account of the six days of creation followed by the first sabbath, there is the shadowy outline of the chief revolutions which were appointed to take place from the beginning of time to the completion of all things temporal.

"The fifth day of this great week of seven thousand years is plainly marked by its being the day on which the sun first rose on Paradise, that luminous body having been previously prepared on the fourth day, and thus showing the precise period in which the God incarnate should be revealed; and in the sixth day we have no doubt a picture of what has been, and is, taking place in the last thousand years, or sixth of the great week, in which we are to look for great awakenings from sin, and to expect that the regenerate will begin to assert that dominion over the powers of the earth, with which the image of God renewed in them must eventually endow them.

"When the sixth day or the sixth thousandth year is accomplished, then follows the Millennial Sabbath, or reign of Christ on earth, which by many is expected to be ushered in by such mighty revolutions as our weak imaginations can now hardly conceive, but which are thus described by the apostle Peter. 'Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days

scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as *they were* from the beginning of the creation. For this they willingly are ignorant of, that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water: whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished: but the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men. But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day *is* with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

"'But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.

"'*Seeing* then *that* all these things shall be dissolved, what manner *of persons* ought ye to be in *all* holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

"And now, my dear boy," asked Mr. Dalben, "what do you suppose to be the especial use of the study of these things?"

Henry hesitated a moment, on which Mr. Dalben thus proceeded, "To shake our love and admiration of the pomps and vanities of the present scene, to teach us to acquiesce patiently and contentedly with our present lot, to display the folly of those who would make themselves names, and establish mighty cities and palaces, families, and reputations, on a foundation which must so shortly be dissolved, and to expose the vanity of unbelievers, whose big swelling words and pompous phrases are so little fitted to the condition of him, who will not be thought worthy to be admitted into the kingdom of Christ, till he is entirely changed and become a totally new creature.

"And, I am the more anxious to impress these things upon your mind," continued Mr. Dalben, "because you must speedily devote much time to the writings of those whose principles are necessarily all false; and yet, of such as possess a charm, which it is extremely difficult to resist, to this day thousands and tens of thousands are still misled by the false glare of the ancient heroic poems, and the fallacious views which are given of earthly pleasure, by some of the lighter ancient writers. When these are put into the hands of boys, whose principles are not fixed, the evil they do must be past calculation, and, certain it is, that the constant study of them produces a kind of esprit de corps in every school, and every university, the effect of which has, in few instances, been really counteracted."

"Esprit de corps, uncle," said Henry, "what is that?"

"It is a French expression," replied Mr. Dalben, "generally applied to military bodies, and means the spirit of the corps. This word may, however, be properly applied to any body of persons associating and bound together by circumstances, and is a subtile and concealed spirit which is generally participated, and rather felt than expressed: it is this which binds the evil spirits together in enmity against God: it is this which unites banditti in a forest: it is this which wins together certain sects of nominal Christians, and makes them worshippers of their leader or pastor in preference of the Almighty: it is this which unites an unprincipled household against the master; and it is this with which children in one seminary are either bound together, to promote each other's well-doing, or to carry on a secret system of opposition against their instructors.

"How often, Henry, in my school days," continued Mr. Dalben, "have I seen this spirit excited by a gloomy glance, impelled from a single sullen breast, impart its influence to every individual of a class, and carry on its baleful work, until every eye and every heart has been impenetrably closed to every avenue of improvement."

"I understand now what it is, uncle," replied Henry.

"Then you know what I mean," said Mr. Dalben, "when I say that the esprit de corps of most places of education for boys is, undoubtedly affected by the ill principled books which

are daily studied; and hence we find, that boys in general have false views of honour, ambition, worldly grandeur, the duty of forgiveness, good manners, charity and moderation; and hence, the constant fightings and brawls which exist in schools, the spirit of detraction and quizzing, the thirst for cruelty, the love of pleasure, and other more gross and offensive qualities.

"Grace we cannot give; the influences of the Holy Spirit are not at our command; but good morals and decent habits may be induced, and there can be little doubt, that a pious and truly laborious master might in time introduce something like a Christian feeling into his little corps, by which the outbreakings of sin might be checked; all improper language suppressed, and all public offences put an end to; but how is this to be done, whilst young people are studying only offensive books, I can by no means comprehend; for as we sow we must expect to reap; do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

Mr. Dalben and Henry then arose to continue their walk, but did not return till the sun had set, and they had no other guide but the moon, which rose in full-orbed majesty above the western heights.

## CHAPTER XII.

*Containing an Account of the Illness of Mr. Dalben, and certain Determinations which were the Effect thereof.*

From the period in which Henry visited the wood, and there enjoyed the delightful conversation above described, many weeks and months passed away, in which little passed worthy of our remarks.

Those are often the happiest periods of life which would afford the fewest subjects for history; these are the green and quiet solitudes which are sometimes vouchsafed to the weary pilgrim in his way to Zion, wherein he finds abundant cool and refreshing resting places, and many opportunities of communing with his God, and listening to the songs of doves and rush of secret springs of living waters, and such was the long and happy quiet enjoyed by Henry and Mr. Dalben, during which Henry entered his fourteenth year, and made considerable advances in his studies. Whilst little Maurice grew and prospered, and was enabled to acquire much knowledge of heavenly matters and things pertaining to the prosperity of his soul. Two Christmases had passed away, and two summers, springs, and autumns, and in that

time Henry had made a considerable advance in Latin, and had acquired some knowledge of Greek: he could repeat the Eton Grammar nearly from beginning to end; was able to construe forty or fifty lines of Virgil every day; could read twenty or thirty lines of Xenophon at one time: was making himself acquainted with the Greek verbs, and had got almost the whole of the outline of ancient history and geography in his head: he was also much improved in writing and ciphering; could draw prettily, and was exceedingly fond of reading. He had not had any little quarrels with Mrs. Kitty for a long time, and always treated her with the respect due to her age and situation. Maurice was often with him, but he never allowed him to be familiar; and, indeed, Maurice was exceedingly careful of what he said before Henry, because he knew that Henry did not even hide his own faults from Mr. Dalben; and he was well assured that nothing would be concealed from that gentleman respecting himself, with which he ought to be made acquainted.

In the mean time Henry was grown very tall, and though he was not a stout looking boy, he was very active and strong; but his countenance and his fine manners were what chiefly drew the attention of all strangers: for a fine manner and a beaming countenance—a countenance beaming from a renewed heart, are the most glorious ornaments of the human creature.

We do not venture to assert that Henry was a converted character at this time, we will leave our readers to judge for themselves in this

matter, and when they recollect that a tree is known by its fruits, they will be able to clear up this point without my help.

The winter of that year in which Henry Milner was fourteen years of age set in particularly severely, and in the early part of the season Mr. Dalben's usual cough became very troublesome: towards Christmas it suddenly increased, with a violent pain in the chest and other severe symptoms, which inspired Mrs. Kitty with unusual alarm; when the symptoms of inflammation appeared, she lost no time in sending for an eminent medical man from Worcester, and the poor old gentleman was abundantly bled and blistered, which reduced him to such a state that he could scarcely move.

It was at this period that Henry Milner and little Maurice showed their affection in the most decided manner; for Henry sate all day at the foot of his uncle's bed, commonly hid by the curtain, in order that his paternal friend might not be sensible of the fatigue he went through; whilst Maurice placed himself on the outside of the door, and then, as the boy himself said, he was ready to run for any thing that was wanted. Thus the good old gentleman found the benefit of not having lived for himself; for though a bachelor, he had two children who would willingly have given up their lives for him, and a servant who was as careful of his property as if it had been her own. Such services were therefore at his command as no money could purchase, and that without his care or bidding; and there was not a poor person for five miles round who did not pray for his life.

Mr. Dalben had no near relations living; but there was a certain nobleman, who had been his pupil at college, who was so greatly attached to him, that, when he heard of his illness, he came over to see him with his lady; and, taking lodgings at Malvern, this worthy couple visited him every day; and it was agreed amongst them, that, as soon as he could be moved, they should remove with him for some months to a warmer climate. The lady proposed the south of France; and, as the medical man highly approved of the plan, it was agreed that Mrs. Kitty should take charge of the house and of Maurice during his master's absence, and Henry be sent to school, as his time was precious, and Mr. Dalben in no state to attend to him. The great difficulty was to reconcile Henry to the idea of this separation; and Lady H——, in consequence, undertook to break the matter to him.

As it had been expected, Henry suffered much when he heard of the proposed plan; the tears came into his eyes, and he even asked if it could not be managed for him to go with Mr. Dalben; but when Lady H—— stated to him that it was necessary for his uncle to be kept perfectly quiet and not exposed to any anxiety, he submitted without another word; and said, "Lady H——, please to tell my uncle, that I am ready to do all he wishes. I will go to any school which he points out, and I will endeavour to obey cheerfully; so please, Madam, not to tell him that—" and he burst into an agony of tears, which he could not restrain.

"That you have shed any tears on the occasion, my dear boy?" said the lady; well, I will be sure to be careful on that head; but we shall all hope to meet again in this place within the year; and then how happy shall we be, my dear Master Milner, and you will rejoice that you have submitted so nobly to your uncle's wishes."

"A year!" repeated Henry; "and must I not see my uncle for a whole year?"

"I said within the year," said Lady H——.

"And poor Maurice?" said Henry.

"Mrs. Kitty will take care of Maurice," said Lady H——.

"Mrs. Kitty!" repeated Henry; "I hope she will be kind to him, but I don't doubt it; yet I know he will be unhappy, I am sure of it. And, Lady H——, will you please, when you return to Malvern, to buy me a dozen of small combs, and I will give you the money: they must be all the same."

"Combs!" said Lady H——, laughing; "what can they possibly have to do with our present conversation?"

"A great deal," said Henry; "much more than you think, Madam; for Mrs. Kitty never quarrels with Maurice but when he loses his comb, and I will take care there shall be no disputes on that head, for I will supply him well, and when one is lost he shall have another to produce."

"But I should much fear, that this high degree of prosperity in which you mean to leave him in the article of combs," replied Lady H——, "may make him careless: you well

know, Master Milner, that his country people are proverbially extravagant."

"Oh," said Henry, "but should he lose his comb when I am not here to help him to look for it, it would be such a pity."

"Help him to look for it," said Lady H——, "why have you often been engaged in that service?"

"Sometimes, Ma'am," said Henry, smiling; "I have done as much sometimes."

"And pray where have your researches been made?" asked Lady H——.

"Oh, every where, and any where," replied Henry. "It was in Lion's den that we found it at last. He generally carries it in his pocket, and he had taken it out to comb Lion's tail, and had left it there."

"And will Lion allow him to take such liberties?" said Lady H——.

"He now will," returned Henry, "though formerly he hated Maurice. But oh, uncle! uncle! Maurice! Lion!" added the boy, bursting afresh into tears, "must I go, and leave you all?" and he turned to the window to hide his tears.

"Dear, dear boy," said Lady H——, "in this world separations must take place; it is only in the world to come that we shall never know the pain of parting."

"What a long, long happy dream am I just awakened from," said Henry, sobbing; "but don't tell my uncle, Ma'am, how very unhappy I am, pray don't."

"But you may like school better than you expect, my dear Henry," said Lady H——.

"I dare say that I shall love my master and the boys when I know them; for why should I not, Lady H——?" asked Henry; "but then I do not know them yet: and I do love all the people here, and the places, and even the dumb creatures, so very, very much. Oh! I never, never shall love any place like this. There is not a tree that does not bring some old pleasant thought to my mind."

"Old!" said Lady H——; "why the most ancient remembrance you have cannot be ten years old."

"No," said Henry, "not really ten years; but to me the things that I did when I wore a frock seem so very far away, that perhaps they seem a thousand years removed; and then with these remembrances my uncle is united, and all the little kind things he used to do for me when I was very small, and the stories he used to tell me when I first began to know any thing: so that there is scarcely a field, or a hill, or a brook, or a tree, which does not seem to talk to me about former days and my dear uncle."

"Well, but you are only going away for a few months," said Lady H——.

"But you must remember, Lady H——," replied Henry, "that to a boy, like me, to whom ten years is so very long to look back, a few months to look forward is a long time: and yet my uncle says that time runs faster as we get older."

In this manner Lady H—— and Henry conversed till somewhat of the bitterness of the boy's feelings were passed; after which prepa-

rations were made for the intended separation, and the last day of February was at length fixed upon for the departure of Mr. Dalben and Lady H—— to London. Lord H—— having undertaken to take Henry to school, and proposing to follow Mr. Dalben and his Lady as soon as the little boy should be settled in his new situation.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### *Henry's Arrival at School.*

Unless my reader is more fond of scenes of parting than I am, he will not be sorry that I have resolved to give no account of the separation of Henry from Mr. Dalben, Mrs. Kitty, and poor little Maurice. It was a severe trial to all parties; but by the time that Henry had lost sight of all his usual haunts he was become more composed, and began to consider how he should best conceal his feelings from the persons he expected to see in a few hours.

The school which had been chosen for Henry was one kept by a Dr. Matthews, at a place called Clent Green, about fifty miles from Worcester, a seminary which was highly celebrated throughout the neighbourhood, as it was said to have produced several first-rate scholars.

It happened that Henry knew only one boy at Clent Green, namely, Master Wellings; and it was his knowledge of this boy which made him more averse to the school than he would otherwise have been.

In some little town through which the travellers passed, Lord H—— alighted, went to a shop, and bought Henry a top, a bat and ball,

a skipping rope, and some other articles of the same kind.

Whilst Henry was in the shop, he did not suspect that these articles were intended for himself: he therefore helped Lord H—— to choose the best of every kind, supposing that the things were for his Lordship's nephew, of whom he had heard him often speak; and he was therefore the more ashamed when they got again into the carriage, and Lord H——requested him to accept the whole parcel.

"I must not receive presents, my Lord," said he, blushing.

"As a general rule, my dear boy," returned Lord H——, "you cannot have a better; and though I now request you to receive these things, because I consider myself as your uncle's particular friend, yet I perfectly approve of the sentiment, as a general rule of conduct. Boys, in places of education, are too apt to look for presents from all who visit them; and they often, by carelessness and extravagance, force themselves to depend on the gifts of their friends. If therefore you would continue to be above this meanness, endeavour to be careful and economical, and remember, that no fortune is sufficient to supply the wants of an extravagant person."

Lord H——'s conversation did not indeed treat of things so deep as Mr. Dalben's; but it was all good of its kind; and Henry felt so much gratitude and affection for his kindness, that he dreaded the thoughts of parting from him.

It was about five in the afternoon, when

Lord H——'s carriage entered Clent Green, a spacious common, situated among fields; at one end of which, in a conspicuous situation, stood the school-house; and on the opposite side of the high road, which cut the green into two parts, was a small village, a respectable inn, the village church and clergyman's house, and a shop, wherein every thing was to be had necessary to country life.

The school-house had evidently known more magnificent days, for it was built round three sides of a square court, the fourth side being filled up with a wall and gateway; whilst the style of the building indicated that some attention had been paid to ornament, though those ornaments were of a somewhat rude and Gothic kind. Two gable ends of the building, the one on the right, the other on the left of the walls and gateway, faced the green; and there had originally been several windows in that direction, all of which were bricked up, giving an appearance of patch-work to those ends of the mansion. On a nearer approach, it also appeared that most of the windows in the roof had been blocked up.

As the carriage drove into the court, Henry looked for his future companions, not one of whom was visible without doors, but, on looking to certain windows which opened on his left, he saw a number of heads ranged thickly together, at the higher panes, the lower ones having been rendered impervious to any thing but light, by being painted white.

"There are your school-fellows, Henry," said Lord H——, "big and little, all eager to see

their new companion. Well! I trust you will find some amongst them whom you will like."

"I don't know," replied Henry, sorrowfully, "I hope I shall."

The carriage now stopped at the hall door, which was opened by a servant maid, who, on being asked if Dr. Matthews was at home, answered she did not know, but her mistress was, and would be glad to see them.

Lord H—— and Henry were then asked into a large, low, brick hall, lighted by two casement windows at the farther end, and hung around with coats, hats, umbrellas, clogs, horsewhips, riding cloaks, fishing rods, nets, and all manner of goods and chattels of the same description; so that it was scarcely possible to discern certain old portraits, in white painted frames, which were fixed to the wall in various parts of the wide apartment.

As there were many doors opening from the hall, it was necessary for Lord H—— and Henry to wait the direction of the maid-servant, before they could proceed any farther. But, as she had been stopped in her progress by an old woman with cakes, who had ascended the steps at the same time that Lord H——'s carriage had drawn up, it was necessary for the visiters to stand still, till the affairs of the cake woman were settled, and whilst they were thus standing, a swinging door at the right of the hall was pushed half open, and Henry saw several heads, and heard these words—"Go, and speak to him, Wellings, I say; don't be ashamed of him —is his name Mawkin, do you say?—Master Henry Mawkin!" The swinging door was

slammed to again, and the heads had disappeared the next moment; whilst distant peals of laughter, with the sounds of scuffling and running, next succeeded; after which all was still.

Lord H—— looked at Henry on seeing and hearing this; and then smiling, asked the servant if she would show him to her mistress.

"Dear me," she answered pertly, "if I had not forgotten you!—but those unlucky boys have stopped the cake woman, and taken all the best out of the basket. There is no keeping any thing for them: but, I beg your pardon, Sir, for keeping you so long. This way if you please: and she went forward to a door at another end of the hall, which she threw open with a flourish, saying at the same time, "A gentleman, Ma'am—if you please."

The violence with which the door had been thrown open seemed to have startled the company within, which consisted of an elderly lady dressed in black, and exceedingly stout, who was no other than Mrs. Matthews herself. A thin and spare person of the same age, who was sitting somewhat withdrawn from the rest of the party, having before her a huge basket of stockings, it being her special business to repair the injuries done by the young gentlemen to these very useful articles of clothing: and two young ladies, daughters of Mrs. Matthews, who seemed to make it their business to show as much indifference as they possibly could throw into their manners, to all those persons who came to their parents' house on the business of the school; whereby they wished to intimate, that their papa merely kept the school

for his own pleasure, and that they never could, nor never would, have any thing to do with it. When Lord H—— announced his name and title, which he did with as little parade as possible, they seemed, however, to recollect themselves a little, hastened to set chairs for the visiters, and asked some such questions as are always thought of when strangers first meet, whilst Mrs. Matthews asked the strangers to partake of the refreshment of tea, which would soon be ready.

Lord H—— very civilly accepted the invitation, and as he sate considering the persons whom he happened to be associated with, the following reflections presented themselves to his mind.

"These persons are evidently ordinary characters; they have neither the appearance of intellectual or artificial refinement. Was this wife of Dr. Matthews, or were his children incapable of improvement, or is the world under a mistake respecting him? And is he himself incapable of awakening the intellects of those with whom he associates? What am I to suppose? But, I should certainly like to see better specimens than these of the good doctor's skill in cultivating the mind."

In the mean time, whilst Lord H——'s thoughts were employed in one way, and his tongue in another—for he contrived to make polite and appropriate answers to all that was said to him by Mrs. Matthews and her daughters, poor Henry's eyes had wandered round the room in search of something which might divert his thoughts from his present situation,

but nothing met his eyes excepting a tarnished wainscoted wall, with a few pieces of embroidery hanging here and there against it; a second immense basket of stockings in a corner, and a table covered with slips of muslin, which the young ladies had been hemming, to add to those inexhaustible stores of hemmed muslin which ladies of the present day always possess.

At length the boy, being no longer able to restrain himself, uttered a deep sigh; on which Lord H—— said, "I fear, my little friend, you are fatigued; perhaps a dish of Mrs. Matthews's tea will refresh you."

On this hint, the tea things were ordered in haste, and during the fervour of preparation excited by the stocking-mending lady, who added to her first occupation that of tea-maker in general, Dr. Matthews himself entered the room, and, if his presence did not console Henry, it brought some relief to Lord H——.

Dr. Matthews was in his appearance not indeed a modern, but an old-fashioned gentleman. He had been a handsome man; but might now be thought somewhat too corpulent. His features were good, but his countenance wanted illumination; and, if he possessed learning, (which could not be questioned,) Lord H—— supposed that he had chiefly given his attention to such verbal niceties as may be useful in a public examination, but have little influence in opening the mind, improving the heart, or illuminating the understanding. We do not presume to dispute the usefulness of these minutiæ, but we venture to remark, that teachers whose attention is only paid to them, too often

fail in rendering their pupils reading men; for, never having presented the attractions of literature to their eyes, they rationally shrink, when left at liberty, from that which has only excited weariness and disgust.

Dr. Matthews was followed into the room by the rector of the parish, to whom we shall give the name of James; and it seems, that this worthy pair had been deeply engaged in a dispute concerning a line of Homer, on which both insisted on giving a different construction, when the appearance of Lord H—— and Henry Milner put a sudden period to the contest which had commenced immediately after the doctor's dinner, and continued to the present moment; the scene of action having first been in the area between the book-shelves of the doctor's study, and the contest having been carried on in a kind of running fight, the whole length of an extensive passage, and across the wide hall. However, as I before said, a period was put to it, at least for a time, by the appearance of Lord H——, whom Dr. Matthews acknowledged, and welcomed in such a manner as proved that he was no stranger to the courtesies of polite life.

"And how did you leave the excellent Mr. Dalben, my Lord?" asked the doctor; a question which almost threw poor Henry off his equilibrium: he however filled his mouth with tea, and nearly choked himself in endeavouring to swallow the liquor and his feelings at the same time.

During tea time the conversation was general: the young ladies asked his lordship some ques-

tions about his intended tour, which led to a discussion on the climate of the south of France, with other matters of the same kind: but the tea equipage being removed, the gentlemen fell into conversation somewhat apart from the ladies, the youngest Miss Matthews having produced a portfolio of drawings for the amusement of Henry. Though, by-the-bye, there is not a more decided proof of the dearth of all enlivening matters, than the appearance of a collection of drawings in Indian ink, and copies of rose-buds and carnations.

Henry Milner was not, however, unacquainted with good manners; he therefore turned the drawings over slowly and carefully, and seemed to be occupied by them, whilst in fact he was all attention to what he could gather of the gentlemen's conversation.

"Well grounded, you say," said Dr. Matthews, "well grounded, my Lord—that was what I did not expect from such a tutor. A clever man indeed—an ingenious man—no dunce—but singular, my Lord—acknowledged to be so."

"Singularly good, correct, and interesting, Dr. Matthews," returned Lord H——; "and if I might venture to give my opinion, a man of deep erudition."

The next few sentences were lost by Henry; at length he heard these words: "Too much fancy in all that, my Lord; I am for more rational expositions of Scripture—more sound interpretations; but all will be set right when the boy mixes with others of his age."

"Perhaps," returned Lord H——, "there

may be more danger of his acquiring some false principles, than of his amending those he already has. Where there are many together, it can't be expected but that there will be evil as well as good."

"No doubt," said Dr. Matthews; "a school is a little world; and on that account, the best preparation for the great world; and as boys are to live in the world, that must be best which fits them best for it."

"Our children are certainly to live in the world," replied Lord H——; "but not always."

"Oh! as to that, my Lord," replied the doctor, "I believe that there are as many good Christians from those who have been educated in public schools, as from such as have been educated at home."

"No doubt," said Lord H——; "for a home education does not always suppose a careful, prudent, or pious one; and no doubt, that when the system is relaxed at home, a public school is better even for a little boy; but still, I recur to my former assertion, that where many children are, there must be bad as well as good; and in such cases, there must always be danger of imbibing evil as well as good principles."

"To be sure, my Lord," returned Dr. Matthews, "but the knowledge of evil will come sooner or later, and perhaps it is less injurious when obtained in very early life, and before our worse passions are awake, than when it is received in the high day of youth and spirits."

"But, may it not be hoped," returned Lord H——, "that a boy who has been well brought

up at home to the age of our friend Henry here, may have more strength of mind in resisting evil, than a very little boy, whose taste being yet unformed, receives all food alike? At any rate, the parent or master who has kept evil communications from his child as long as he can, has done his best, and may expect the divine blessing with a better assurance than the one who has acted upon the other plan."

"All this sounds well, my Lord," replied the Doctor, "but, what says experience?—depend upon it, that the best scholars, men, and gentlemen, are from public schools."

"I don't dispute it, Sir," replied Lord H—; "for of the mass of educated persons in this country, the larger number have probably been brought up at public schools; and of those which remain, many probably have (humanly speaking) been rendered unfit both for this world and the next, by relaxed discipline at home. At the same time, my dear Sir, you must allow me to regret, that from the nature of our studies in our public places of education, and the general opinion, which prevails, that it is not a matter of serious importance to keep the minds of our boys as pure as those of our girls, much evil communication must necessarily take place at public schools; and the intellect, in consequence, becomes clouded before it attains any thing like perfection."

"Why, my dear Lord," replied Dr. Matthews, pompously, "how is it possible to keep the minds of boys, as we would those of girls?—the thing would be quite out of the question in the present state of things. Young men, when

they go into the world, must hear and see every thing."

"Young men!" replied Lord H——, "I am not speaking of young men, but of little boys."

"Little boys!" said the doctor; "Oh! that is another thing, my Lord. Certainly, little boys should be kept ignorant of evil, if possible; but I don't know how it is, or how it happens, there are few of them who have much to learn in the way of wickedness when they come to school—thanks to servants in their fathers' houses."

"The Scripture," said Lord H——, "is a great corrective of improper conversation; it has a peculiar effect in cleansing and purifying the imagination."

"To be sure, my Lord—to be sure," replied Dr. Matthews, coughing, "no one can dispute the usefulness of the Bible." And here the conversation flagged a little; Dr. Matthews drummed on the arm of his chair, and Mr. James, who had not before spoken, asked my lord if he had come from Malvern that morning.

A few unimportant questions and answers then followed, after which Lord H—— rose, begged permission to take Henry with him to the inn that night, and the favour being granted, he took his leave, and walked from the school with the little boy in his hand.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Henry's introduction to his School-fellows, with some account of his first excursion in their company.*

LORD H. and Henry walked silently together over the green, Henry seeming to be afraid of giving utterance to his feelings, till he was at some distance from Dr. Matthews's. When near the inn, Lord H. meeting with one of his servants, desired him to order beds and supper for two persons, and then turning to Henry, said, "Come, my little man, let us have one pleasant walk together before we part, and then you must console yourself with looking forward to the time when, Heaven permitting, I may hope to come again to fetch you to your happy home."

Henry could now contain himself no longer; he seized Lord H.'s hand, and held it to his lips; and the good-natured nobleman was not a little affected to feel some drops of tenderness falling on his hand.

At the same moment Lord H. turned into a narrow lane, where the trees in the hedge-row met over their heads, and presently concealed them from every eye.

"Come, cheer up, my little man," said Lord

II., "I have no doubt but the same Providence which has been with you from infancy will attend you now, and if you are enabled to do well, you cannot but be happy."

"But oh! Sir," said Henry, "how am I to do well here, every thing is so different to any thing I have been used to, and then they talk so?"

"What do you mean, Henry, by talking so?" said Lord H.

"Oh!" replied Henry, "I heard what Dr. Matthews said, and I know that all his thoughts about things are quite different to my uncle's."

"I believe that you are in the right, Henry, in your conjecture," said Lord H.; "Doctor Matthews is a man of the world, an ordinary character; but whilst your uncle is one whose views are altogether regulated by religion, the great object of the education given you by your uncle was to fit you, as much as in him lay, for an eternal state, that of Dr. Matthews in his plans of education has a view only to this world, and when two persons begin to run, each with a different object in their eye, it cannot be expected that they will take one single step together. However, my dear Henry, what is required of you in this place, is to do honour to your pious education, by a steady, upright, and calm deportment, by endeavouring to obtain all useful knowledge, and by paying the utmost respect to the commands of your master; by avoiding all improper conversation, and never returning evil for evil, or scorn for ridicule; for if I mistake not, you will be not a little tried on the score of quizzing. However,

my child, be guarded on that side, for there is no creature in the world so soon disarmed as a quizzer, whether a kind-hearted one, who ridicules through thoughtlessness, or one of another description, who does it from downright malice; the thoughtless one is instantly disarmed by a kind answer, and the other loses all delight in his sport, by finding that he fails to affect his object, either in one way or another."

Thus Lord H. conversed with Henry as they pursued their walk, and the excellent nobleman failed not to give his little friend every advice and encouragement which he thought might be useful to him. They supped and breakfasted together, after which Lord H. took leave of Henry and proceeded to London; but the boy, now for the first time left to himself in the world, did not see his last friend depart without tears, and many were the looks which he cast after the as it passed rapidly away from his sight.

At length, however, he roused himself, wiped away his tears, lifted up his heart to his heavenly Father, and being inspired with new courage, turned his steps towards the school-house.

As he entered the court he saw the servant-maid who had ushered him into the parlour the evening before, and was by her directed to the school-room, where the master and boys were then assembled.

This room was of so great length as nearly to occupy the left side of the court; it was duly furnished with forms in treble rows, and arranged so as to separate the classes, of which

there were three in the school; before each row of benches were desks, and at the upper end of the room was the master's station, where, at that very moment, he was engaged in examining the whole school in the Eton grammar, a ceremony which took place twice or three times a week. In consequence of the boys being collected at one end of the room, two ushers, who sat far apart, each in a kind of nook of his own, made conspicuous figures, and attracted the eyes of Henry as he entered; the one being a thin, sallow, middle-aged person, whose features were as entirely without expression as if they had been cut out in wax, and the other a chubby-faced, fresh-coloured young man, who seemed sadly to have mistaken his vocation, when he thought of becoming the teacher and conductor of youth.

Dr. Matthews espied Henry as soon as he entered the school-room, and desiring him to come forwards, directed him to take his place at the very bottom of the circle of boys, adding, "You shall have the pleasure of working your way up, Sir, and it is to be hoped, you will not be long where you now stand."

It was merely in the Eton grammar that Dr. Matthews was examining his boys, and on this occasion the memory was only in exercise, and no demands were made upon the head; and now it was, that Henry felt grateful for that persevering kindness of his excellent uncle, by which, through every difficulty and every discouragement, he had been compelled to make the very words of the grammar entirely his own.

It soon appeared, that there were none in the

circle, with the exception of the eight elder boys who formed the first class, who were in any degree equal to Henry in knowledge of the grammar; he accordingly mounted three or four steps every time the question went round, and at length found himself standing to the left of the tallest boy in the school, a stout, coarse-looking lad, whose complexion and hair would have well answered Mrs. Jennings's idea of little Maurice.

By the time that Henry had obtained this station, he began to feel himself more at his ease, and whereas he had hitherto never removed his eyes from the spectacled visage of Dr. Matthews, he now ventured to cast a glance around on his companions, and now, for the first time, saw Master Wellings, who stood at the head of the class, with the exception only of one young gentleman of the name of Marten, whose appearance inspired Henry with a strong desire of becoming farther acquainted with him. Between himself and Master Wellings were six boys, not one of whom held his attention for a moment, and to his left were as many as thirty more, some less, some larger than himself, some being pleasing in their appearances, others wholly the reverse, and a third set having that species of countenance which makes no impression whatever on the beholder.

The attention of Henry was presently rivetted on one little fellow who stood near the bottom of the circle, and who, at the instant that his eye fell upon him, was stammering out the portion of grammar which had just fallen to his share; the boy appeared to be about nine years of age,

and was a handsome child, though at the moment in which Henry first noticed him, he was trembling from head to foot, under the lowering aspect of his master.

"As usual," said Dr. Matthews, when the little boy came to a dead stand in his grammar, "just as usual; go to the bottom, Sir:" and then adding with a thundering voice, as he called on the usher, Mr. Simson; "there let little Berresford have bread and water till night, and see that he prepares his repetition for me, by this time to-morrow; and mind you, Sir," added the schoolmaster, again addressing the boy, "if you are not ready by this time to-morrow, that a more severe punishment shall be no longer deferred."

Henry looked with a compassionate eye on the little child; he was precisely the height of Maurice, and Henry felt his heart drawn to him; but whilst he was meditating certain acts of kindness, which he hoped to be able to perform towards this little boy, and whilst his breast still glowed with the fresh feelings which sprang within him, the questions were come round again nearly to the place where he stood, and there seemed to be some sort of demur, which made him turn to his right, he then perceived that the tall boy who stood next to him, on that side, was stammering out his grammar in such a way as made the eyes of the Doctor to flash and sparkle, and he began to mutter the word Sir, which was always considered as a bad omen.

"At your age, at your age, Mr. Clayton, not to know your grammar; there is not a boy

in the school, not a boy I say, Sir, in the school who could not set you right: take him up, Milner, take him up."

Henry did not speak, not knowing the meaning of the term.

"Take him up, Sir; do you hear, Sir?" said the Doctor.

Henry looked at the great boy, and was wondering how he was to take him up, when some one whispered, "Repeat the part he cannot say," on which Henry immediately repeated the passage without an error, and in consequence stepped into the first class.

"There, Sir," said the Doctor, "if you can keep that place till dinner time, you are a first class man; and that, let me tell you, will be more than I expected."

"Sir," said Mr. Simson, the usher, who had placed himself behind Henry, "the grammar alone does not afford sufficient opportunity for forming an opinion of Master Milner's scholarship."

"Certainly not, assuredly not," replied the Doctor pompously; "but undoubtedly a good acquaintance with grammar is a great thing, an essential thing, a very essential thing. Nothing can be done without grammar, Mr. Simson: it is the alpha and the omega of all literary success." The Doctor then coughed, took a pinch of snuff, and having finished the round of questions which he had begun, dismissed all the boys to their several places, with the exception only of those who formed the first class, in which number Henry found himself included.

Virgil was the next book that was called for: a copy of which being placed in the hands of Henry, the boys began to read and scan in regular succession: the master blamed or approved each one as he proceeded; but when Henry began to read, the Doctor on one side and Mr. Simson on the other, kept continually crying out, "Mind your prosody, Milner; you make false quantities—your quantities are wrong, Sir; mind what you are about there." And when Henry had finished the number of lines required of him, the Doctor, looking at Mr. Simson, exclaimed, "I never knew a boy, educated at home, who could read a single Latin verse with correctness."

Henry was prepared to be found fault with, and therefore he heard all this with composure; and though the idea crossed him that his master and the usher were resolved to be displeased with something about him, not from any personal dislike to himself, but from the prejudices they entertained respecting private education; yet he remained tranquil, and prepared himself to give his whole attention to construe the passage which he had scanned, and which he expected would fall to his lot. Accordingly, when his turn came, he did himself, or rather his tutor, much credit; and being asked some questions relative to the kings of Latium, some of whom were mentioned in the verses he was construing, he replied so much to the purpose, that even the Doctor's face relaxed, Mr. Simson returned to his desk, and he was without farther hesitation set down as a member of the first class; an honour to which he had not dared to

aspire, even in thought. The clock at that moment striking twelve, the school broke up, and all the boys rushed out into the court, where Henry was immediately accosted by Master Wellings; who, holding out one finger to him and nodding familiarly, said, "Well, Milner, how are you? I give you joy on your arrival at Clent Green: how did you leave old Square Toes and your friend Thomas?"

Henry had it on the very tip of his tongue to say, and why don't you inquire also after your friend the bull, Master Wellings; but he restrained himself, and giving the young gentleman a civil though very short reply, was turning from him, when young Marten approached them, and said, "Wellings, you know Milner; come play the part you are so well fitted for, of the master of the ceremonies, in all matters of politeness; introduce, I say, introduce the young gentleman to his new companions, and do not leave me to the awkward alternative of telling him who I am, and how proud I shall be of his friendship."

Whilst Marten was speaking, Wellings had drawn off; on which Henry, pleased with the lively yet polite manner of the young gentleman, extended his hand to him, shook it heartily, and said, "Sir, I shall be most happy to be honoured by your friendship."

"My name is John Marten," replied the other, "commonly called the Exquisite amongst the heroes of Clent Green, for we have all some nom de guerre in this our noble establishment; and I must expect, my dear Henry, that you will henceforward call me by my surname, and

use all familiarity with me, as with an elder brother." So saying, he proposed to accompany him to the green, "where," said he "I will point out to you our prescribed bounds, and the limits which the higher powers have appointed to our excursions."

Henry, then, being under the wing of Marten, proceeded through the gates, and presently found himself hustled in a crowd of the younger members of the school.

"Stand off, you little blackguards," said Marten, who had no small share of pride in his composition, and who certainly would not have come forward with so decided an air of kindness towards Henry, had it not been that he had detected the air of a gentlemanly education under the simple and unpresuming manner of the young stranger; "stand back, you little vagabonds, and let your betters pass."

"Vagabonds!" said a rough voice, a little behind them: "who is that who talks of vagabonds, and cries make way with so much authority?"

It was evident that young Marten heard these words, for a slight flush rose in his cheeks; but he walked quietly on with Henry, only uttering the word "Pshaw!" and adding, "what fools these great boys are!"

Henry made no remark on these words of his companion; for he had made up his mind, with the divine blessing, to make as few remarks as he possibly could on all that was passing about him; or, in other words, to keep his thoughts to himself. He therefore began to question his companion about the rules of the school, when

again the same voice was heard, close to his ear, uttering words to this effect:—"Master Henry Mawkin did you say, Wellings?" "No," replied the person spoken to; "not Master Henry Mawkin, but Miss Molly Mawkin, the pretty Miss Molly."

"Wellings," said Marten, turning sharply round, "it is very astonishing that you, a gentleman's son, as I believe you are, cannot yet discern the difference between vulgarity and wit. As to Roger Clayton, I know him to be an incorrigible blackguard; but I certainly hoped better things of you."

"What's that you call me," said Roger Clayton, whom Henry then knew to be the boy whose place he had taken in the class, "what's that you call me, Marten? let me tell you, Sir, that if you take such liberties with my name I'll make you pay for them, as sure as my name is Clayton."

"In what coin, Sir," returned Marten, with imperturbable coolness, at the same time turning round and measuring the great boy with his eye from head to foot.

Roger was going to reply, and Henry was prepared to hear some expression which would have led to farther irritation, when another first class boy stepping in, said something in a rough way towards a reconciliation; on which the two companions, who had tried each other's strength on various occasions aforetimes, turned away from each other with such glances of scorn and defiance as promised a renewal of the contest whenever circumstances might tend that way.

In the mean time the boys were all scattered over the common, or engaged in groups of five or six at different sorts of games. One alone did not mingle with the rest, and this was little George Berresford, who sate upon a stone, with his grammar on his knee, now and then looking sorrowfully at his book and again gazing vacantly round on the sports of his schoolfellows. Marten and Henry had sauntered up to the place where the little boy sate, and Marten began to tease him, by conveying away his book, when his eyes, which too often wandered, were turned from it, and then pretended to say he had not got it.

"Now don't take my book, Marten; now please don't," said little George; "here, I have all this to say before dinner, and if you take my book I sha'n't have any dinner."

"Well, then, take your book," said Marten, poking it carelessly at him, and at the same time obeying the signal of Mr. Perkins, the boyish-faced usher, of whom mention was before made, who beckoned to him to join him beyond the Rubicon, as the boys called the line by which their boundaries were encompassed.

In the mean time Henry, being left with little Berresford, sate down by him, set himself with his whole heart to make him learn his lesson, hearing him repeat it over and over again, and proving him in each passage wherein he found him to faulter. The gratitude of the little boy on the occasion was not to be expressed; his eyes became bright, his cheeks glowed, and he was ready to kiss the very ground which Henry trod upon.

When Henry thought that the lesson was learnt, he sent the boy to Mr. Simson to say it, and the dinner-bell ringing soon afterwards, the boys all rushed back into the court; and Henry feeling some one pull his coat, turned round and perceived that it was little Berresford, who had come to tell him that he had said it. "Yes, Master Milner, I have said it, and Mr. Simson said it was very well; but I have more to learn before supper."

"Come to me, then," said Henry, "after dinner, and I will help you; and I hope that you never again will fall into such disgrace as you did this morning."

The little boy gave a bound, and Henry was just passing in at the door of the great hall, which was used as the eating and play room of the boys, when he heard his name repeated by a shrill voice, and looking round, he saw the person who had made tea for him the evening before, standing on the steps of the door at the front of the house, and vociferating after him with an eagerness which filled him with apprehensions, for he could not conceive what could be the matter. "Who is that lady?" he asked, addressing the boy that stood next him.

In reply to this question, the boy repeated some very extraordinary name, which Henry did not comprehend; and as the calls upon him from the top of the steps were urged in a still sharper tone, he thought it best to obey them.

The person in question was no other than Miss Judy Meckin, who being a poor cousin of Mrs. Matthews, held the honourable situation

of stocking-mender to the whole family, to which especial duty some others were attached, to wit, that of packing and unpacking, combing the little boys on Saturday, and seeing that every one of the three lower classes was provided with a pinafore. This good lady always wore a sharp and discontented expression of countenance; and though she had experienced, perhaps, more than her due share of the contempt of her fellow-creatures, she was attached, in the last degree, to all those circumstances of pomp and pride which worldly persons commonly love, and of which her own situation was entirely divested. She was, however, faithful in her duties, and would in consequence have been respected in her situation, had she not continually betrayed the uneasiness she felt in being compelled to endure a situation so totally inglorious in the eyes of the world: to be sure her labours, (like those of Sisyphus,) to use a classic allusion, and that imagination must be cold indeed which can wander so long, as mine has already done among the Attic bowers of Dr. Matthews's school without catching something of the poetic fire with which we may suppose all its inhabitants to have been inspired,—were never finished, and were every Monday morning to be commenced again; the basket of unmended stockings being ever full, and the heads of the little boys ever requiring the assistance of the comb; nevertheless, a patient and quiet acquiescence in the divine will might have shed sweetness even over these ordinary duties, and a just knowledge of her own capabilities, might have made Miss Meckin

thankful for a situation in which she was enabled to make herself useful in her generation, and to partake of the necessaries of life, whilst awaiting the fulfilment of those sweet promises whereby the humblest individuals of the human race are assured, that all which they have endured for the sake of Jesus Christ on earth, will be made up to them in the full fruition of a higher degree of happiness than we are now able even to conceive. But what had Miss Judy Meckin to do with ideas and prospects of this kind, inasmuch as she had no manner of taste for such prospects of future happiness as Scripture is able to reveal. Never had her chariot, even for a moment, been lifted up on the fiery wheels of inspiration; on the contrary, her imagination was rather like the chariots of Pharaoh, without any wheels at all, and if ever her fancy took flight beyond her basket of stockings, it was to expatiate upon a new bonnet, cap or shawl, lately seen on a neighbour's person, or to covet some circumstance of pomp and luxury which she beheld in the possession of another.

Her present business with Henry was to tie a pinafore upon him, to take away a new hat, in which he had travelled, and give him his second best, which my reader will be glad to be informed was a decent black hat, (cream bowl having descended to Maurice, and in consequence being left behind,) and to utter a long oration on the carelessness of the person who had packed up his clothes, and sent one stocking with a ladder in it, at least three inches long.

"A ladder," said Henry, "a ladder in my stocking, Ma'am."

"Yes, Master Milner," said Miss Judy, "and at least as long as my fore-finger."

"Why, it must be the ladder I made for my hermit," said Henry.

"Then you made it on purpose, did you?" said Miss Judy, "you were to do what you pleased at home, to be sure Master Milner, for they tell me you had it all your own way there, but let me tell you, if I catch you at such work now you are at school, I'll let your master know, as sure as I am here."

Henry looked all amazement, and thought that he certainly was not very likely to spend much time at Clent-green in making ladders, notwithstanding which, should a freak of the kind take him, he could not well understand wherein the great sin would be. What puzzled him however was, how this ladder could have got into his stocking; and he was just preparing to ask Miss Judy to give it him, when a burst of shrill laughter from behind the hall door made him start, and Miss Priscilla Matthews, his master's youngest daughter, appeared the next moment, and giving him a pretty smart tap on the back, at the same time exclaimed—"Why, Henry Milner, how long have you been such a goose?"

"A goose, Ma'am," said Henry.

"Why don't you know what a ladder in a stocking is?" go along, she added, giving him a push; "go and get your dinner, and learn more wit," adding, as he descended the steps, under the impulse of her hand, and at the

hazard, if he had not been very active, of falling head-long into the court, "what simpletons those home-bred boys are; I don't think Henry Milner at this moment knows his left hand from his right."

Henry heard no more, and what he had heard made him a little angry; however he had made up his mind, with the divine blessing, to take no notice of all the little provocations he might encounter; he therefore proceeded quietly to the hall, where he found the boys seated at two immense tables, at the head of one of which was Mr. Simson, and at the other Mr. Perkins, regaling themselves with roast mutton and potatoes, whilst a man servant at one table, and a maid at another, were serving the company with more haste than ceremony; the clatter of knives and forks, spoons and cups, precluding all attempts at conversation of every kind.

To the legs of mutton succeeded four huge puddings in which were abundant lumps of suet, and a certain quantity of plums; these last, however, were scattered with so sparing a hand, that we might not unaptly apply to them the following passage in the Æneid:

"Apparent rari nantes in Gurgite vasto."

Notwithstanding the scarcity of plums every thing was good, wholesome, and abundant, and immediately after dinner, Mr. Perkins, whose duty it happened to be that day, put on his hat, and called the boys to walk.

Marten and Wellings had some engagement

at home, they were therefore not of the party, and Henry, who had not yet formed many acquaintances, was not sorry when little Berresford crept to his side, and seemed anxious to engage his attention again.

Henry had from the first found himself interested in this little boy, who, together with a sweet countenance, had gentle and pleasing manners, but was accounted one of the idlest subjects in the school; this child was the son of a military man who was abroad, and was hence deprived of those paternal encouragements by which idle children are sometimes induced to make exertions, which they would not otherwise do. Henry did not know the situation of the child, but he felt himself attracted to him, and the circumstance of his being the size of Maurice was no small recommendation.

"Come," said Henry, "bring your book, George; I think they call you George, and I will teach you as we go along."

"Will you, Master Milner," said the little boy; "oh! if you will let me be with you, I shan't be called dunce Berresford much longer, I am sure I shan't; here, Master Milner, here is my book, I have a page to say before supper; there it is."

"And it is divided into four clauses," said Henry, "now, I advise you to make yourself master of one clause at a time; come, set to work, I will hear you as you go along."

It was a new country, and a new scene of life, and Henry wanted to look about him; but he fixed his attention on the little boy's gram-

mar, and had brought him twice through it before they had crossed the common, which was of considerable extent, though in so doing he had to call upon him constantly, to attend and mind what he was about; and indeed, Henry himself had more than once found it difficult to fix his own mind upon what he was doing, for his school-fellows fluttered about him like birds, and seemed bent upon diverting him from his purpose, by every kind of antic which could be conceived.

Henry, however, had heard Roger Clayton say to a boy of the name of Smith; "I vow, I'll make him put that book away, and leave dunce Berresford to his own stupid head;" and having heard so much, he was on his guard, and though Roger shouted in his ears, Smith tumbled stones in his way to make him stumble, another whistled, a fourth cracked a whip, a fifth uttered a stave, which, by-the-bye, would not have been out of its place on an ale-house bench, a sixth produced a blast through his nose, not unlike the sound of a cracked trumpet, and a seventh, for we must have a complete number, exercised his skill on the Jew's-harp, close to the ears of Henry and his protégé; nevertheless, the former preserved an unmoved gravity, and suffered not a muscle of his face to be disconcerted, or his attention to be diverted, till he had made his little friend repeat his lesson.

"Another half hour's study will do the work George, and we will have it by-and-bye."

Then, to the utter amazement of all his late

tormentors, he, the same Henry Milner, tumbled three or four times successively, head over heels, after which he rolled on before the amazed company to a considerable distance, on his feet and hands, with the motion of a wheel with four spokes.

"Halloo! Halloo!" exclaimed the boys; "well done, Harry Milner; well done, grave airs; well done, Miss Molly! why, how is this, Roger, you told us he could do nothing but pray?"

Henry heard little of all this, but having finished his convolutions appeared at some distance standing erect, and remaining perfectly still, till his companions came up to him, when he made a few more somersets, and some other revolutions on his axis, and appeared again standing upright, still farther on.

By this time Henry had rolled himself into the good graces of many of his young companions, and in consequence they gathered round him, more in the spirit of good fellowship than any which they had evidenced before, putting various questions to him, and adding more before he had time to make any reply.

"Who taught you to do that, Milner?" said one, alluding to his flourishes. "Jack Reese taught me, but he a'an't half as clever as you are."

"Milner, I say," said another, "are you a good hand at nine pins?"

"Will you lend me your bat, Milner, I know you have one, for I saw them take a new one out of the carriage yesterday?" said a third.

"Were you ever at school before?" asked a fourth.

"How many boys were there at your last school?" said a sixth.

"Were there any fags there?" asked the seventh.

"I say, Harry Milner, I say, Milner," exclaimed Roger, drowning the voices of the lesser boys, and silencing them with his superior authority; "I say, Harry Milner, I say, will you tumble with Jack Reese for a wager, and Mr. Perkins to be umpire. Smith says he'll bet you against Jack, and Thomson and I will take Jack against you; I think the odds are fair enough, hang me if I don't; to be sure Jack's legs are longest, but then Harry's the nimblest, and, so you see it's a good match; don't you say so, Mr. Perkins?"

Whilst all this was passing, Henry was looking with wondering eyes, not only on Roger, but on Mr. Perkins; and being wholly at a loss what reply to make, he fairly stated that he did not understand one word of all that had been said to him.

Mr. Perkins then undertook to explain to him what was intended, namely, that he and Jack Reese were to try who could roll and tumble best in the shortest time, and to the greatest distance; and, that if Jack Reese proved to be the best tumbler, those who backed him were to gain the bets which were laid in his favour, and *vice versâ*.

"Oh!" said Henry, "I now understand it; then we are to be like horses at a race, and you like the jockeys."

"Ay, to be sure," said Roger, "but where could you have been reared not to have understood this before?"

"Are not there such things as donkey races?" asked Henry calmly.

"To be sure," said Roger; "there's one every year at Parson's-green, just across the common there."

"And, I suppose," said Henry, "none but donkeys are admitted to those races?"

"Surely not," returned Roger.

"The spectators then are all donkeys?" asked Henry.

"What a fool you are, Henry Milner," said Roger, "the spectators all donkeys; why we all go, that's all the big boys, excepting Marten; we were all there last summer, Mr. Perkins got leave, and we had rare fun, that we had."

"Indeed," said Henry, "and I dare say you found yourselves quite at home."

"Why, Milner," said Roger, "I take you to be the greatest fool that ever was seen or heard of."

"Softly, my Master," said Mr. Perkins, smiling, "I doubt whether, if wit could be turned into gold, Henry Milner would not turn out to be quite as rich as you are."

"Well, but about the wager and the tumbling," said Roger; "are you for the undertaking, Henry?—will you tumble against Jack Reese?"

"Who is this Jack Reese?" said Henry, "if he should turn out to be a woolsack, I should have no objection to tumble against him."

"Who is he," replied Roger, "who is he.

but our butcher's boy—you may see him any day; he is a funny lad, is not he, Mr. Perkins?"

"If he should be armed with his father's knife," replied Henry, "he would not be a very agreeable companion in a tumble; and so Mr. Clayton, if you please, I will decline having any thing to do in the affair." So saying, he walked away, and mixed with the rest of his companions.

"There's a rum concern," said Roger to Mr. Perkins, as he looked after Henry.

"He is a shrewd boy, Clayton," replied the usher; "you must mind what you are about with him."

"Mind!" said Roger, "why should I mind? —I don't care what he says of me; but, I wish he had never come here. I will be even with him, however; sure, Smith, he won't be going to talk about Jack Reese to the doctor."

"What should he have to say about Jack Reese?" said Smith; "but, I wish Clayton you had not said any thing about Reese to him: you are so fond of fancying every body you see to be a fool."

"Oh!" replied the usher, "that is because he sees his own image in every stranger's eye. I suppose his nurse taught him to look for the baby in her eye; and he cannot leave off the habit of looking for it now."

By this time the walking party had come to the brow of a little eminence, from whence they looked into a narrow valley, which was terminated by a range of small hills, most of which were wooded to their summits. One of these

hills, which was considerably forwarder than the rest, stood directly opposite to them; and its steep acclivities were richly diversified with a beautiful waterfall, which, appearing in one place, and disappearing in another, dashed in a rich and sparkling cascade of about twenty feet, into a small circular pond, at the bottom of the hill.

"Oh!" exclaimed Henry, "how beautiful, how very beautiful!"—but, though he was surrounded by his fellow-creatures, there was not one present who could enter into his feelings—no one capable of pointing out the glorious analogies to be found in Scripture between these natural charms, and the revelations of future events: nor any one indeed who had even the most ordinary discernment of the visible beauties of creation.

Henry was too observant not to see immediately that no one present had a fellow feeling with himself on these subjects. He therefore shut his mouth quite close, and walked on in silence.

Near the summit of this lovely wood, and half concealed by the trees, stood an old brick house, from the chimney of which arose a thick smoke, which curling high above the trees, added not a little to the beauty of the scene.

"Mr. Perkins," said Roger, "Tom Jones is at home, I see; I wonder whether he has got Wellings's ferret."

"That's your business, Mr. Clayton, not mine," said Mr. Perkins, giving a look towards Henry—"You know, I suppose, that Dr. Matthews does not approve of ferrets."

"Humph!" said Roger; "*tace* is Latin for a candle."

"On with you;" said Mr. Perkins, shaking a little cane he had in his hand at some of the lesser boys: and at the same time, mending his own pace, the party soon reached the bottom of the valley, and winding round the foot of the hill, began to ascend a steep and narrow lane, which in some places was entirely embowered with the branches of the neighbouring trees. Being arrived at the top of this cart-way, they came out upon a kind of common, and saw behind them other hills, and on their left a thick grove of nut trees.

The house which they had before seen now appeared to their right, facing the common; and at the door of it a man and two boys, all of whom had a wild and fierce aspect. The man was dressed in a short jacket, with a leathern cap on his head, and black gaiters on his legs. His back was however turned on the boys; but on Roger crying out, "How is it with you, Tom?" he faced about, grinned a savage smile, and answered, "Oh, Mr. Clayton, be you there? —I have just seen a monstrous rat, and I was going to loose the ferret at him."

No sooner had he uttered these words, than the usher and all his boys rushed forwards to see the sport, leaving Henry standing alone at the entrance of the nut grove.

Such sports as that which was then proposed, had been held up as not only unchristianlike, but ungentlemanlike, to Henry; and though he knew that rats and other such vermin must be killed, he was equally assured that no truly

humane or polished person could ever take delight in witnessing their sufferings. He therefore made up his mind at once not to take any part in the present entertainment, and accordingly stepped a little way into the wood, and sitting down on the brow of a rising ground, cast his eyes around on the wide horizon, which extended itself before him; there he had not sate a minute, before he heard a step behind him, and little George appeared, saying, "Master Milner, may I stay with you?"

"To be sure you may," said Henry; "come, sit by me; and you shall repeat your grammar over once again."

"How good you are," said the little boy; "I shall begin to love my lesson, if you take such pains with me." And the child began to repeat with all his might and main. Henry heard him twice over, and fagged him in one or two difficult parts; and then putting the grammar in his pocket, he said, "We will have another push at it whilst we are walking home; and now, George," he said, "can you tell me the name of those lovely hills far away?"

The little boy looked to the point to which Henry's finger directed him, and then said, "Oh! those are the Malvern hills!"

"The Malvern hills," said Henry, "the Malvern hills—Oh, dulce dulce domum!" and being unable to restrain his tears, he leaned his head upon his knees, and for a moment gave free way to his feelings.

Little George seemed affected, and asked him what grieved him.

"I am very foolish," said Henry, raising his

head and dashing away his tears; "but the sight of those hills has brought so many things to my mind. But, I shall be very happy here I hope—and particularly, little George, if you will be my companion: I think I could like you better than the other boys."

"Oh! I shall like to be your companion: I mean, your little boy, your servant—I will be your servant," replied George. "My bedfellow, who was my master, went last week, and I have no new bedfellow. So, I shall ask to sleep with you: and then I can wait on you. You won't beat me, I know; or pull my nose, to wake me in the morning."

"And then I shall make you learn your lessons, Sir, I promise you," said Henry.

"I wish you would," said the little boy; "I do wish you would force me to learn, for I do hate learning, that I do. But, hark! what's that noise? I dare say the ferret has found the rat;" and he was springing up to join his companions, when Henry, taking him by the arm, said, "Sit still, Sir; or I have done with you. I will not have a rat catcher, or a badger hunter, or a ferret keeper, for my companions; for I hate such blackguard doings: so, sit down, Sir, or else we break our agreement."

Little George immediately sate down, and said, "Is it wrong to hunt with ferrets, Master Milner?"

"Call me Henry, and not master, if you please," said the other; "and if you will not go to see the ferret, I will tell you the story of my white rabbit, and how I was taught to be kind to animals."

George drew near to Henry, and heard the whole history of the white rabbit, a history which is to be found at full length in the first part of these marvellous and interesting memoirs. How delightful would good Mr. Dalben have been, could he have witnessed the eager looks of love and gratitude with which the young boy drank up the sweet instruction thus conveyed by the elder.

Henry had just concluded his story, when his ears were saluted by a horse laugh close to him; and, on looking round him, he saw Roger couched down behind a bush, where he had heard a few of the last sentences of the story.

"Here they are! here they are, Mr. Perkins!" cried Roger hallooing to the usher.

"And here we have been all the time you have been rat hunting," said little George.

"Be quiet," whispered Henry.

The remark, however, seemed to have startled Roger; and as Mr. Perkins was now come up, he whispered to him, but not so low but Henry heard these words—"Sure he won't 'peach."

"Pshaw!" said the usher, "what is there to tell?—if the man happened to be hunting rats as we passed by, where could be the harm of looking on?"

Roger laughed, and added, "True—and I verily believe that if the doctor himself had been with us, he would have joined in the sport, in spite of wig, spectacles, and pedantry."

By this time, the young gentleman having talked away his fears respecting the reports which Henry might make on the rat hunt, turned from the usher to Henry, and added,

"Milner! I say, Milner! how long have you become Methodist preacher?"

"Master Roger Clayton," said Henry, without noticing this question, "could you clear those bushes just at your feet, I think I could:" and without another word, he sprang over some bushes, which grew before the little eminence on which he had been sitting; ran like a hart down the hill, and was waiting coolly and composedly, at the bottom of the lane, when he was joined by the whole assembly of boys, who were posting home, (having somewhat overstaid their time,) as fast as the short legs of their leader Mr. Perkins would admit.

And here we conclude our chapter, reserving the account of the remainder of this first day of Henry's school career for another section.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Containing the Remainder of Henry's first Day at School, together with a full, true, and correct Account of the Salt Plot.*

"You are late, Sir," said Mr. Simson to his brother usher, as the party entered the school-yard; "you are precisely twenty minutes after your time, Mr. Perkins;" and he held up his watch before the eyes of his brother pedagogue.

"Indeed," said Mr. Perkins, "then my watch must have strangely deceived me; I must have my time-piece regulated."

"You will do well so to do," answered the other, drily; "a good watch, Mr. Perkins, is no bad companion; and a punctual man would not willingly be without one."

"True," replied Mr. Perkins; at the same time winking at Roger.

Mr. Simson then led the way to the hall, where the supper was laid out, consisting of huge luncheons of bread and cheese, with flaggons of beer and bowls of milk, the head of the table being graced with a large dish of fruits, puffs, or pasties; every thing being good, wholesome, and plentiful. There every one took his place, with the exception of George, who was taken aside by Mr. Simson to repeat his grammar.

The party at the table were hardly seated before Henry felt the lappet of his jacket twitched, and, turning round, was saluted in his ears by the delighted little boy, who came to say that he had said his grammar; "and I have asked Mr. Simson to ask Miss Judy if I might sleep with you, and he said he would; and he said I should be your servant too, and then, you know, I am to sit by you, because that's the rule."

"Rule or no rule," said a great boy, who happened to be seated next to Henry, "you shan't come here."

"Nor here," said the boy on the other side.

"Well, then," replied Henry, "I will go with you to the bottom of the table, though I understand that I have a right to sit near the top, as I belong to the first class." Henry was about to move, when Mr. Simson settled the matter by displacing the boy at Henry's left hand, and giving his seat to George.

The supper being concluded, candles were lighted, it being dusk; and Mr. Simson, whose post was at the head of the table, indicated to Henry that now was the time to prepare for the next day, pointing out to him the exercise which was expected of him as a member of the first class, and lending him the books which were required, until he could be duly supplied with some of his own.

Henry, on looking at his task, found that it would require his attention; nevertheless he was not so entirely occupied with it as not to be able, now and then, to give a useful hint to the little careless one, who sat at his left hand.

Wellings and Marten had drank tea that evening in the parlour, and did not appear till Henry had nearly completed his task; and, when they entered, they sat down quietly to their studies.

Thus every thing passed quietly till half after seven, at which time, Mr. Simson being called out, a buzz immediately commenced among the great boys. Henry heard many allusions to the rat hunt and the ferrets: he also heard young Wellings ask when Tom Jones meant to send what he had promised. The buzz and murmur gradually became louder, till at length young Wellings and Roger became quite riotous, and began to lug the forms from under each other; the appearance of Mr. Simson, however, soon hushed all to silence; and, as it was now eight o'clock, the lesser boys were taken up to bed, and the elder ones allowed to amuse themselves for the next hour, in any way they pleased, so as they kept themselves quiet. Some of them accordingly set themselves to drawing, others to reading, others to some handicraft, and others pursued their studies: thus time wore away till nine o'clock, when the remainder of the boys were dismissed to bed. Little George had been allowed to sit up for Henry, and was directed by Mr. Simson to show him his bed, which was the same which the little boy had always occupied.

Marten had taken up the light and led the way, being followed in perfect silence, till the whole procession were completely beyond the hearing of Mr. Simson: such a scene of boisterous merriment followed, as soon as they were

entered upon the staircase which led to their sleeping apartment, as quite amazed Henry, who had never seen any thing of the kind before.

"I'll bet you, Roger," said Wellings, "that I go up these stairs without touching a single step."

"Then you must perform your exploit in the dark," said Marten, "for I shall go on with the candle."

"But you won't," said Wellings.

"And why not?" asked Marten.

"Because I won't let you;" and he attempted to seize the candlestick.

"Stand back, Sir," said Marten, "keep your distance; don't be playing your blackguard tricks with me;" and the eyes of the young man, as he stood holding the light at the top of the stairs, flashed with indignation; whilst his fine features, for they were indeed remarkably fine, expressed the feelings of contempt, which he entertained for all such of his companions as he considered less gentlemanly than himself; in which number he included nearly the whole of his school-fellows.

"Look at the exquisite," said Wellings; "how indignant he is, but I will have the candle in spite of him," and he sprang up the stairs and endeavoured to seize it.

Marten immediately set it in a niche in the deep wall, where once had been a narrow window; and gathering his person into an attitude of defence, he threatened to strike Wellings backwards to the bottom of the stairs, if he offered to touch him.

If my reader remembers the history of the bull, he will not expect many mighty achievements from Master Wellings, the seat of whose valour, like that of Gargantoi's, lay for the most part on the surface of his tongue. The young gentleman therefore gave up the contest with as good a grace as possible, and the party reached their sleeping apartment without farther interruption.

The bed chamber, into which Marten led his companions, was a very long room on the left of the court; but, as a passage was taken out of it, it was much narrower than the hall over which it extended; it contained eight beds, with blue check curtains, one of which was at each end of the room, and the other six in a line opposite the windows It was one of these beds at the end of the room which George pointed out to Henry as that appointed for him; and he also showed him some pegs, on which to hang his clothes.

Henry, by the advice of Lord H——, had made up his mind, with the Divine assistance, to endeavour to do well himself, and to avoid, as much as possible, all interference with his companions: he, therefore, when he had taken off his coat, knelt down by his bed to pray, placing himself in such a situation that he was nearly hid by the curtains of his bed.

He had scarcely begun his prayer, when the noise of many voices, which had hitherto filled the whole apartment, suddenly ceased, and the sound of laughter affectedly (for boys can be affected as well as young ladies) met his ear from every part of the room. Henry, however,

remembered what his uncle had said respecting the mode of disarming quizzers, by taking no notice of them, and endeavoured to fix his mind on what he was doing; the smothered laughs. however, soon broke out into loud bursts of merriment, which Master Wellings took upon himself to reprove, in such a way as that if Henry had any ears at all for what was passing, he would find it impossible not to apply the ridicule to himself.

"I am ashamed of you, young gentlemen," said he; "for my part I am quite edified to see so much piety: it ought to put us all to shame. What a charming good boy: really I am almost induced by this fine example to pray myself. Oh! but what shall I do for a prayer? who has got a prayer-book? Will nobody help me out with a prayer-book? or could I not recollect some of the invocations of the pious Æneas? Dear me, as the ladies say, what shall I do? will no one suggest some holy thoughts?" and at the same moment he knelt down with mock solemnity, exclaiming,

"Teque, Jupiter omnipotens invoco."

Henry had by this time risen from his knees, and was stepping into his bed, when little George whispered to him; but not so low as not to be heard by Marten, whose bed was next to Henry's; "They have been quizzing you, Master Milner; did you not hear them?"

"I did not hear any thing said about me," replied Henry, speaking low also; "but I heard Master Wellings reprove his companions, and

that very properly too, for being so much more profane than the ancient heathens."

"Very good, very good, indeed, Milner," exclaimed Marten, "excellent; Wellings shall hear that, and I hope he will henceforward be ashamed of such ungentlemanly conduct as he has thought proper to practise to-night." He then repeated aloud what he had heard pass between Henry and George, adding, "It is my advice, Wellings, that you should leave off quizzing till you have more wit."

"I shall leave off quizzing," said the other, "when you cease to be a quiz, Master John Marten, and not before."

"Well," replied the other, "I have given you a piece of good advice, and you may take it or leave it alone, just as you please; for, to be plain with you, I don't care one farthing whether you make yourself a fool or not."

Whilst this dialogue was going on at one end of the room there arose a kind of tumult at the other, with loud bursts of laughter, mingled with an interchange of such curious language as Henry could not understand, though he was obliged to hear it. Half the words which were uttered seemed to be in some barbarous lingo, whilst the other half were equally inexplicable to Henry, from the obscurity of the subjects to which they referred. Although by a natural instinct, which belongs to every rational creature, he was made fully to comprehend by the countenances and gestures of these boys, that the interchange of sentiments, which was passing among them, was such as might naturally be expected from the pupils of Ovid, Horace,

and other such heathen writers as constantly engage the attention of the present race of young men.

Henry had made up his mind to be quizzed, but he was not prepared for any thing of this kind; and the horror he felt was such, that he could not refrain from tears; yet he was at a loss to know, whether it became him best to speak his disapprobation of what was passing, or to remain silent. At length, he resolved to cover his ears with his pillow, and thus shut out the sound; and a minute afterwards he was in a deep sleep.

At six o'clock in the morning, the boys were awakened by a bell; and as it was necessary for them to be in school at twenty minutes after six, there was no time for talking. The period spent in the school-room before breakfast, was supposed to be occupied by a revision of the lessons which were to be said afterwards; and Henry found time sufficient not only for his own lessons, but also to hear little George, who sat by him, and whose attention he kept constantly awake by many a friendly shove, applied to the lazy shoulders of the little careless one.

At length, just before breakfast was expected to be ready, little George missed his grammar, and was dismissed by his master, (as he called Henry,) to look for it in the place where he had stood to say his lesson the evening before to Mr. Simson.

Little George accordingly ran to the hall, and after looking about him some time, he espied the lost sheep under a row of desks and forms;

how it had got there, he could not conceive, not recollecting that he had thrown it from him at the moment of triumph, without taking the smallest heed to the place in which it might fall. However, there it was; and nothing was to be done but to scramble on hands and knees under the forms and desks to the place where it lay.

Whilst the little boy was thus engaged, his body being hid by the benches, he heard whispers not far from him, and peeping from his hiding place, he saw Roger Clayton and young Wellings, who came stealingly into the hall.

What are these gentry about?—thought the little boy; but, I will find out if I can: and he kept himself as still as a hare in its form, whilst he carefully observed all that passed.

"Have you got it, Roger?" said Master Wellings.

"Yes," returned the other; "I watched the cook out of the kitchen, and had my hand in the salt-box in a trice."

"Right," said Master Wellings; "and now, let me be correct—which is his mess?"

"That," returned the other, pointing to a bowl of milk; "quick! quick! that's the precise bowl—strew it in well—and now, stir up; and if you have a sprinkling left, bestow it on his neighbour's bowl."

"What! George Dunce's," said the other, "there he goes: and now let us away, or we shall be detected."

The two boys then went chuckling out of the hall, rejoicing in the idea of having well salted Henry's and little George's milk; and they were scarcely out of the door, when little George,

creeping from his hiding place, dexterously exchanged the bowls, substituting the portions prepared for Roger and Master Wellings for those which had been so carefully salted; after which he ran up the back stairs, and making a circuit, entered the school-room in another direction from that which led to the hall, not a little pleased at the exploit which he had performed, but, before he had reached his place in the school-room the bell rang for breakfast, and the hungry multitude came rushing into the court at the first summons.

At the door of the hall, in a kind of entry, stood the cake woman, old Betty Hacket, who lived by supplying the family at Clent Green with cakes, sausages, eggs, and other such matters. This busy body was seldom absent at breakfast time; and she was not often disregarded in the entry, by any of those who had either money or credit.

"Have you got any sausages, Betty?" said Roger; "What do you say, Wellings, to a sausage this morning for a relish?"

"Ay, a relish," said little George; "mayhap you may want one before long."

"What's that you are muttering there, blockhead?" said Master Wellings.

"Nothing, nothing," replied the little boy, following Henry into the hall.

The two young gentlemen, to wit, Clayton and Wellings, having got their sausages, presently appeared at the table, and being seated opposite to Henry, they waited with impatience to see him taste his milk, into which he had already broken all his bread; at the same time

giving knowing glances at each other, whilst they cut slices of their sausages which were already cooked, and laid them curiously on their bread and butter. To add to their feast, they had provided themselves, through the medium of Mrs. Hacket, with a small pot of chocolate, the contents of which, when duly prepared, they poured into their milk, to the infinite delight of dunce George, who was obliged to pretend to cough, and take out his pocket handkerchief to conceal his mirth.

In the mean time, Henry, who had just fallen in with the marvellous History of Puss in Boots, had somewhat delayed his attack on his milk bowl, and thus unintentionally protracting the expected triumph of his opposite neighbours. At length, however, though still reading, Henry took up his spoon, put it into the basin, and conveyed it, full as it was to the brim with milk and soaked bread to his lips, and having received it into his mouth, swallowed its contents without the slightest change of countenance; at the same time, turning over the leaf of his penny book with perfect tranquillity.

"Hey!" said Roger, not being able to command himself; "hey, Wellings——"

"Pshaw!" said Master Wellings—"hand me the sugar, Roger;" for I should have told you before, that these two promising youths were what is called chums or partners in the indulgences of the table.

Another and another spoonful reached the mouth of Henry, without producing a single grimace; and, to add to the astonishment of the partners in that most witty and well-devised

stratagem which we shall henceforward denominate the salt plot, little George had also dipped deeply into his bowl, without a single wry face, or the contortion of a single muscle.

The affair now seemed actually inexplicable to them, but they were losing their time, and forgetting their chocolate, which being mixed with the cold milk, was just in a state for drinking, and promised a most agreeable draught.

"Ipsi fontes jam sitiunt."

They therefore gave another stir to their foaming goblets, and feeling the salt and spice of the sausages on their lips, they both with one accord, and as if they were inspired by one feeling, lifted up the flowing bowls to their lips, and quaffed large draughts, in imitation no doubt of that immortal hero, of whom it was said—

"Ille impiger hausit,
Spumantem pateram et pleno se proluit auro."

But, oh! what doleful grimaces immediately followed this action; Roger fairly returned all he had taken within his mouth into his bowl, and Wellings, in endeavouring to swallow his portion, had the greatest difficulty to prevent himself doing the same, whilst the stare of astonishment which they both cast round them, excited one universal burst of laughter in the whole company, with the exception only of Mr. Simson, who, good man, had never been known, even by his most intimate friend, to have been

excited beyond a smile, on any occasion, however ludicrous.

As to little George, or dunce George, as he was commonly called, he actually fell from the form in his ecstacy of delight, and crouching behind Henry, remained there perfectly convulsed by his own merry thoughts.

The first person who spoke was Mr. Simson, who, addressing himself gravely to the two leaders of the salt plot, begged to know why they allowed themselves in such indecorous practices as those to which he had just been witness; adding, that he would advise them to finish their meal, and remember that, although their companions were young, they were not accustomed to associate with those who had the habits of the canine race.

"The canine race," said Roger, sullenly, repeating the usher's words, "may finish my breakfast for me, then; for I will have no more of it."

"And, why not, Sir?" said Mr. Simson, "is it not of your own composition; why then should you find fault with it?"

"Come, Roger," said Master Wellings, springing up, "say no more about it;" and he was just about to throw his own mess through the window, trusting that no one would taste that of his companion, when Mr. Simson ordered him to sit down immediately, adding, "I will be at the bottom of this; Mr. Wellings, hand me the bowl."

Whilst this was passing, all had been hushed to silence in the hall, for the boys were become anxious to discover the cause of the disgust ex-

pressed by Roger and Wellings to their breakfast; but as the bowl was handed from one to another, up to Mr. Simson, a new and more violent burst of laughter issued from little George, which set all the boys off again, whilst the party from the other table, with Mr. Perkins at their head, all crowded round towards the scene of confusion.

A momentary silence again ensued, whilst Mr. Simson deliberately put his spoon into the bowl, and conveyed some small portion of the mixture to his mouth, which he had no sooner tasted, than he turned round to the fire-place, and ejecting it with abhorrence, exclaimed—"Worse than poison! worse than poison, Mr. Perkins; most abominable, Mr. Perkins; let me beg you to palate it."

"Let me beg you to excuse me, my good friend," replied the other; "on the present occasion, I will take your word for the mess being more abominable than ever was compounded by the college of apothecaries, and Esculapius himself to boot."

Another burst of laughter, led by little George, now resounded through the wide hall, and at length reached the ears of the Doctor, who, seated in the retirement of his own parlour, was regaling himself with his usual quantum of the infusion of the Chinese herb, duly prepared to his taste by the fair hands of Miss Judy Meckin.

The old gentleman had imposed silence on his daughters, in order that he might give a more undivided attention to certain parliamentary debates, the accounts of which had been

just placed in his hands, through the intervention of the newsman. At length, however, the repeated peal of merriment proceeding through the long passages roused the Doctor, who, laying down his newspaper, looked around him on his wife, his daughters, and the dispenser of tea, as if it were possible for them to account for this most unaccountable circumstance.

At length he rose, and his awful rising might not be unaptly compared to that of the king of the ocean, so finely described in Virgil:

"Interea magno misceri murmure pontum,
Emissamque hyemem sensit Neptunus et imis
Stagna refusa vadis: graviter commotus et alto
Prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit
unda."

Some apology may, perhaps, be necessary from the author, for giving this quotation in the original Latin; but, as has been before remarked, there is so much of classic inspiration in all subjects connected with Clent Green, that even the dullest historian could not fail of being animated by the contemplation of them; but to proceed with our history: the wild uproar continued, and the Doctor growing wroth, took up a small cane, which was never far from his hand—

"Levat ipse tridenti,"

And proceeding from the parlour, presently appeared at the door of the hall, where his presence alone reduced every thing to order.

And here we hazard another quotation, at the peril perhaps of being charged with pedantry:

"Ac veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat,
Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere silent arrectisque auribus astant."

The appearance of the Doctor accordingly effected a sudden silence; nevertheless, as the various parties who were mingled together around Mr. Simson had not had time to recover their usual stations, the various groups which presented themselves to the eyes of the pedagogue as he paused within the door-way, added not a little to his amazement and perplexity.

In the centre of the room sat Mr. Simson, the elder boys forming a half circle behind, and on each side of him, whilst the rest of the young party were mounted on the tables and benches, in order the better to see the sport.

Directly before Mr. Simson stood the cook, who looked as hot as if she had been engaged in frying pancakes for the last four hours; and immediately opposite to her the cake woman, who seemed as peppery as one of her own sausages; these two ladies were the only persons whom the Doctor's presence had not the power to silence. Hence the following reproach, and the accompanying retort had reach-

ed his ears before the last murmur of discord died away.

" The salt I say was in your chocolate."

" I tell you,— no such thing, it was in the milk, and if there was but a thimble full of chocolate left in the pot, I would prove it."

" Mr. Simson, sir! Mr. Perkins! what is all this?" said the Doctor, " why am I to be disturbed at my meals by these uproars; desire these women to walk out, Mr. Simson; what are they doing in this place? I am surprised at you, Mr. Simson; I am prodigiously amazed, Mr. Perkins; what may all this mean; what may all this portend; what am I to augur from the presence of these women?"

" Sir," said Mr. Simson, respectfully, " two of your young gentlemen, viz. Mr. Wellings and Mr. Clayton have been nearly poisoned by the carelessness of your cook."

" My carelessness, Mr. Simson," said the cook; " what have I to do with the affair? you must not lay it to my door."

" Nor at mine either," said the cake woman; " the Master knows, that I have served the house first and last these twenty years, and no one can say that I ever poisoned even a cat belonging to the family."

" Well, at any rate," said Mr. Simson, " you have now made a mess which would clear the house of rats."

" Rats!" said the cake woman, " was ever any thing heard like that; I declare that I am as innocent as the babe unborn."

" Innocent," said the cook; " and now let me ask you, how could it happen, that two of

the cups of milk should be poisoned and none of the rest, if it had not been for your chocolate?"

"Silence, ye women," said the Doctor; "and you, Mr. Simson, produce the goblet; bring forward the potion, for I presume it has not all been drunk, and let me ascertain the nature of the ingredient which may have been infused into the liquor."

The Doctor was obeyed, and the bowl being handed to him, he conveyed a small portion of the liquid to his mouth; and having rolled his tongue about for a moment, and drawn his lips in various directions, he pronounced the following decision:—"The liquor has been saturated with saline particles, which, blending with the chocolate and the sugar, have produced a potion extremely nauseous to the palate, and liable to be rejected by the stomach, but no ways injurious I apprehend in other respects; and it is my opinion, that this has been the effect of some piece of pleasantry (though, by-the-bye, not a piece of pleasantry savouring either of wit or good manners) of some of you young gentlemen, I therefore fully exonerate these women, and I desire that they may be dismissed without further question."

On hearing this, the cook returned to her kitchen fully satisfied; but the cake woman bursting into an agony of grief, and joining her hands: "Oh! dear, dear Sir, pray have pity on a poor helpless widow, and for mercy's sake don't exonerate me; I shall never be able to bear it; I shall lose my bread, Sir, if you exonerate me, indeed I shall."

"Go away, woman," said the Doctor, "no one intends thee any harm."

And as the poor creature walked away, even the presence of the master himself was almost ineffectual in restraining the fresh burst of laughter which proceeded from the boys.

And now Wellings and Roger were in hopes that there was an end of this foolish affair, when Mr. Perkins, who hoped thereby to serve his favourite Roger, appeared dragging forward George Berresford, saying, "Sir, I am much mistaken, if this little man and some one else with whom he was whispering a minute ago, cannot explain this affair better than any one present."

"Think you so, sir," said the Doctor, looking at George; "well, perhaps it may be so, though I am myself of opinion that this jest or freak, of salting the liquid proceeded from some older, I will not say wiser, individual than the one now before us; nevertheless, we will proceed to question him; but first, it is my request, I should say command, that that individual with whom this boy was but now holding parley, should forthwith step forwards."

To the astonishment of many present, and particularly of Marten, Henry Milner immediately stepped before the rest.

"Henry Milner!" said the Doctor in amazement? "Henry Milner, have you any concern in this foolish affair?"

"None, Sir," said Henry, calmly.

"But you understand the bottom of this mystery?"

"I do, Sir," replied Henry.

Wellings and Roger on hearing this, were not only terrified, but ashamed, not so much from any dread of punishment, for they well knew that the Doctor would not inflict chastisement for a matter of this kind, but from the dread of the ridicule of their companions.

"Will you, then," said the Doctor, "favour the present company, Master Milner, with the explanation which you seem so well able to give."

"Sir," said Henry, "you would oblige me, if you would not require this explanation, the jest has already passed further than was at first intended, and I should be sorry that more should be said about it, and it was to this effect that I was advising George when we were speaking together at the other end of the hall."

"Well," said the Doctor, "then I will ask no more questions, and I commend the reluctance you evince, Henry Milner, to spreading mischief. Mr. Simson, Mr. Perkins, you will withdraw to the school-room, and let the first class be prepared with their Xenophons within a quarter of an hour."

As Henry crossed the yard, Roger had the grace to mumble some kind of apology to him, for his ill conduct, and something like thanks for the handsome manner in which he had brought him and Wellings off; but Master Wellings took no notice whatever of what had passed.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Showing the blessed effects of pious boldness.*

As we have given so full, true, and accurate an account of the first twenty-four hours spent by Henry Milner in Dr. Matthews's seminary, we shall now hope to proceed over our ground in a somewhat more rapid manner.

After the first day things passed with little variety; Henry still continued to patronize little George, and it was soon remarked by the Doctor, that there was a considerable improvement in the exercises and repetitions of the boy. Henry was also enabled to preserve his first resolution of keeping himself quiet, performing his own duties, and letting his neighbours alone; and in consequence he was on his side less interfered with than he had at first expected, and permitted to do much as he pleased; he had reason given him, after a time, to think he was esteemed by the ushers, and in return he really respected Mr. Simson, though he could not pay the same compliment to Mr. Perkins.

The only boy with whom he had formed any friendship, with the exception of George, was Marten, who from the first had sought his good-

will, and had even met him more than half way. But, although this young man was in many respects gentlemanlike and polite, although he was intelligent and well-instructed, and entirely above all mean and low actions, yet there were some points in his character which Henry could not understand, and could not approve. If Marten had any religion he seldom gave any evidence thereof; and was never seen to pray, or look at his Bible, excepting when once a week it was read in a class. The excessive contempt he displayed for any thing vulgar or low bred, or what he esteemed as such, displeased Henry, who had often been cautioned on this subject by Mr. Dalben: and the apathy with which he allowed what Henry thought very coarse conversation, to take place in his presence, astonished him above all measure, and especially, as he had no manner of reserve in censuring any thing like low manners and mean ways in his schoolfellows.

Would Marten support me, (thought Henry,) I think I could make a stand against this sort of wicked conversation, which passes in our play-ground and in our bed-room; but, entirely alone and unassisted as I am, I have not yet been able to do any thing; and my weak reproofs have not yet silenced one single person, although I trust that I have been able to keep little George from hearkening to these wicked communications.

It was whilst Henry was thinking upon this subject, as he sat apart from his companions with a book in his hands, one rainy day in the hall, that Marten coming up to him, said,

"Pray, my good friend, what may be the subject of your cogitations?"

"I was thinking of you, Marten," said Henry.

"Of me!" said Marten; "no wonder then that your meditations should be so interesting, as to have power to abstract you from all that is passing about you: but, what were you thinking of, respecting me?"

"What, if I were to tell you, might not give you much pleasure to hear," replied Henry.

Marten reddened, and said, "Will you favour me, by giving me the result of your lucubrations?"

"If you really wish it, I will," replied Henry.

"To be sure I do," returned Marten; at the same time betraying something like pique in the tone of his voice.

"I shall offend you," remarked Henry.

"Not at all," said Marten; but the glow in his cheeks gave the lie to his assertions.

"Well then," said Henry, "I have been thinking that you are by no means that perfect gentleman, Marten, that a stranger would suppose you to be."

"Indeed!" returned Marten, whom Henry had wounded in the most vulnerable part; "and pray, Master Milner, wherein do I fail in those points necessary to the character of a gentleman?"

"You will be offended, I see, Marten," said Henry; "I shall therefore say no more."

"Offended!" returned Marten, scornfully, "and by you, a boy of fourteen!—and on a subject of this kind!"—and he tried to force a laugh.

Henry, as I before said, had a book in his hand; and he turned his eyes to it, and began to read, saying, " Marten, I shall add no more; for you are not in a disposition to hear me."

Marten stood awhile, looking at Henry with as much scorn as he could throw into his face, and then swinging round, addressed himself to young Wellings, who was at no great distance, he said, in such a tone as Henry could not but hear, " What was that you were saying just now?—I am at liberty to hear you now."

The two young men, as they would perhaps have called themselves, or great boys, as some others might be disposed to consider them, took several turns, up and down the hall arm-in-arm and in confabulation.

Henry for a moment almost repented of having gone so far with Marten; and then again he thought that he had only attempted to do what was right, and if he had not succeeded, it was not his fault. He therefore resolved not to make himself uneasy, but to give his mind to his book, which was no other than the History of Robinson Crusoe.

Marten's spirit kept him up till dinner time, and carried him through the school hours in the afternoon, but immediately before supper, whilst passing from the school-room to the hall, Henry felt some one slip his arm through his, and turning to look, he saw his friend Marten, who said, " Well, Henry, how do you like these rainy days?"

" I happen to like the rain to-day," replied Henry, " because I have just met with my old friend Robinson Crusoe."

As they entered the hall, Marten led towards a deep recess in one of the windows, and there seating himself, "Now, Master Milner, tell me," he said, "why you don't think me a gentleman?" and the young man smiled as he asked the question, with a blended expression of humility and gentleness, which added a new lustre to his countenance.

"Shall I be plain with you, Marten?" asked Henry.

"Yes," said Marten.

"And you will not be offended again?"

"Not if I can help it," replied the other.

"Then I will be sincere," said Henry, and he stated to his friend, without farther preamble, all those thoughts respecting him which had occupied his mind in the morning.

Whilst Henry continued to speak, the countenance of Marten became more and more serious, and resentment seemed to struggle hard within his breast, with other and better feelings; he was, however, so far enabled to command himself, that he did not leave Henry as before, although his voice bespoke strong agitation as he put the following question.

"And pray, Sir, what is your idea of the character of a gentleman, since you do not allow me to be one?"

"I will answer you in the words of my uncle," said Henry, "which must be better than my own: he is the truest gentleman whose character approaches most nearly to that of the Saviour when on earth. Mr. Dalben," added Henry, "says that our Saviour, when in the flesh, supplied the finest and most perfect ex-

ample of truly dignified and courteous manners which ever was displayed before the eyes of man."

Marten looked up at Henry with a searching eye, and then looked down again, at the same time saying, "Well, Sir, proceed."

"Sir," repeated Henry, "why do you call me Sir, Marten?"

"Because," replied Marten, "I don't know what to take you for; you look indeed like Henry Milner, but you do not speak like a school-boy."

"Because I am not speaking my own words," said Henry, with simplicity; "if I were to do so, you would not call me Sir."

Marten gave Henry another piercing look, and then remarked, "He that called you a fool, Milner, was strangely mistaken."

"I am glad of it," said Henry.

"Glad of what?" asked Marten.

"That he was mistaken," returned Henry.

"But don't you wish to know his name?" said Marten.

"No," replied Henry, "because curiosity of this kind is not gentlemanlike."

"Whose words are you speaking now, Milner?" said Marten.

"Mr. Dalben's," replied Henry; "he did not indeed say that low curiosity is not gentlemanlike; but he said it was not Christianlike, and that, you know, is all the same."

"That's what I don't know," said Marten; "some of the vulgarest people I ever saw in my life were the best Christians."

"I have not happened to meet with any very

vulgar people whom I thought first-rate Christians," returned Henry; "for I think it is the very nature of religion to make people avoid all that is mean, coarse, and low; for example, it makes people hate such conversation as passes every night in our room, and which I still maintain that no one like a true gentleman can delight in."

"But I don't delight in their offensive jests," said Marten.

"You don't reprove them, Marten," said Henry; "and not because you are afraid, for you can censure a vulgar habit or an awkward action as severely as any one; but because, I fear, that you do not cordially hate these things, and hence I have ventured to think that you are not the perfect gentleman you would wish to have it supposed."

"Well, now you have spoken your whole mind, I hope," said Marten.

"Not quite," returned Henry; "but I have said a great deal, and I beg your pardon for the liberty I have taken; but if you could but know how often I have blamed myself for not dealing faithfully with you on this subject, you would forgive me."

"Forgive you," replied Marten, "yes, I believe that I forgive you; that is, I don't think the matter worth resentment;" and the young man started up, looked at his watch, and saying he was to be at the study at five, hastened out of the room.

As Marten, after having been in the study with his tutor for nearly an hour, was asked to tea and supper in the parlour, Henry did not

see him again till he was in bed; he had in the mean time made these reflections: 'perhaps in one respect I have blamed Marten harshly; I have never yet reproved the very free conversation, which I hear continually, in a manner sufficiently decisive: to be sure I have not the influence in the school which Marten has; I am much younger than he is, and liable to be beaten by almost any one of the boys in the first class, and some in the second; but I ought to have run this risk and done what I could, and I will take the very first opportunity of doing so:' neither had he long to wait for this opportunity. The boys of the first class had been that day studying the odes of a very celebrated Roman poet; and whereas the word of God is known to have a very peculiar influence in purifying the imagination; on the contrary, the writings of the heathens, unless most carefully selected, are well known to have a very different effect: it was not therefore to be wondered at if the study of the morning had suggested some ideas to the boys, on which they failed not to enlarge in the privacy of their own sleeping-room, in a manner which speedily supplied an opportunity for Henry's Christian courage. Neither did he fail on the trial; for he no sooner heard these matters brought forward than he boldly expressed his opinion of them, and blamed himself for not having more boldly reproved conversations of this kind at an earlier period of his residence at school.

The astonishment which the boys felt at being thus addressed, seemed for a few minutes to strike silence on every tongue; but he had

scarcely ceased to speak, when young Wellings exclaimed, "Well said, thou second Solomon; come, let us hear it again; give us the second part of your sermon, my young parson."

"I'll tell you what," said Roger, "I have a very great mind to break every bone of your skin."

"Or what do you say," asked another great boy, "to tossing him in a blanket?—Smith, Wellings, and Thomson, lend your help, and we will tilt him up to the cock-loft in a trice."

A blanket was then immediately snatched from one of the beds and laid on the floor, and Roger and Smith had already seized hold of Henry, when he calmly said, "You cannot possibly do a better thing for me, or a worse for yourselves, than to lay violent hands on me, for the thing will then surely come to Mr. Simson's ears, and then there will be no doubt whose side he will take."

"What, you will complain to him, will you, you coward," said Roger.

"I shall not complain," said Henry, "but you may be sure that some one will tell the tale, for at this moment I know that there are more in this room who think me right than of those who think me wrong."

Several voices at that moment exclaimed, "Let him alone, Roger; let him alone, Smith; you'll be getting yourselves into some scrape."

"We'll let him alone, and welcome," said Roger, "if he'll let us alone; but we won't be preached to neither."

"You know that he is right and you are wrong," said little Berresford, standing up in

his bed, "and if you don't let him go, I'll pick out your eyes, as the crow did those of the Gaul, in the Roman history."

"Who cares for you?" said Roger; "say another word and you shall have the first turn in the blanket."

"There may perhaps be two words to that bargain," exclaimed Henry, and at the same time shaking himself from the grasp of Roger, he added, "I advise you to let that little boy alone, or—"

"Or what," said Roger; "will you fight me?"

"I will defend George," said Henry.

"That is if you can," returned Roger, at the same time endeavouring to seize George, who had shrunk behind his friend.

"You will please to let George Berresford alone," said Henry.

"You will be pleased to stand out of the way," said Roger, "or I'll make you remember it."

Henry, however, kept his place, on which Roger raised his hand and dealt Henry such a blow, that his head was struck with violence against the bed-post, the sharp corner of which cutting his skin through the hair, the blood began to run profusely down his face; dizzy, however, as he was with the pain, he still endeavoured to protect George, whom young Wellings had just seized by one arm, when the bed-room door was burst open with a tremendous bang, and in entered Marten with a candle in his hand."

"What's all this noise?" exclaimed the

young man; then looking at Henry Milner, and seeing his face bathed in blood, and Roger grappling with him, he flew at the latter like a lion robbed of his prey, took him by the shoulders, whirled him round, and threw him on his bed; vowing, that if he offered to rise again he would instantly go down and make their master acquainted with what had been done to Henry Milner. Whilst this was passing, every other person concerned in the uproar had returned to their places, and Marten left at liberty to examine the wound in Henry's head.

The cut was not found to be deep, and as the blood had ceased to flow, Marten cut off the hair which was round it. and having procured a piece of brown paper, dipped in vinegar, he helped Henry into his bed, and wished him a good night, in a tone which indicated that an increase rather than a diminution of friendship had accrued, from the sincerity with which he had been treated by his young companion.

Henry was soon asleep, perhaps sooner than any one in the room; but neither Roger nor Wellings were disposed to rest: Wellings had crept from his own bed, and was got to the side of Roger's, where the two chums continued to whisper together for some time, till at length, as their spirits rose, their voices became louder, and they ventured some expressions of the same description with those which Henry had reproved, and which had given occasion to the quarrel above described.

"What's that you are talking there?" thundered Marten from his bed; "let me hear no more of such blackguard discourse, we have

had enough and too much of it for some months past; if you cannot talk more to the purpose, do be so good as to be silent altogether."

"What does the exquisite say there?" said young Smith, rousing himself from his pillow.

"He says nothing but what is proper," remarked a boy, who had not spoken before; "and all I blame him for, as he is the biggest boy in the room, and can thrash the best of us, is, that he did not use his authority to prevent us talking such abominable nonsense some months since."

"Use his authority!" said Master Wellings.

"His fist, then," added the other boy, "if you like the word better."

"Edward Mansfield," said Marten, "if my arm was long enough, I would give you my hand to shake across the room. However, you have said well what you have said; we have all done wrong excepting Henry Milner; we have allowed ourselves to injure each other by improper communications: let us make the resolution to do so no more, for it is never too late to mend; and let us all, who are agreed to this effect, stand by each other, to prevent any offences of this kind from taking place amongst us again."

"Agreed, agreed, agreed," said several voices, issuing from the different beds; and, this blessed agreement being made, a sweet and balmy sleep soon shed itself over the eyelids of Edward Mansfield, John Marten, and several more.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### *A Sunday at Clent Green.*

From that period Henry Milner rose in the esteem of the whole school; and though that esteem was united in some minds with envy, it nevertheless existed, though clouded and rendered dead to all good purposes. And here, being at the present moment in a serious mood, permit me to suspend my narrative for a while, in order that I may endeavour to depict to the view of my young readers the dreadfully baneful and injurious effects of this malignant passion of envy; esteem is the tribute due to worth, and cannot be withheld, and when unattended by envious feelings, it has a peculiarly fine and powerful effect in raising the person who entertains it towards those perfections which are the object of it, and hence the moral benefit of contemplating the best examples of human excellence, and more especially that first pattern of all that is estimable in human nature, as displayed in Christ, the covenant head, and representative of the human race. But when esteem is poisoned by envy, the contemplation even of excellence becomes powerless in producing any beneficial effect, and the benignant

attributes of the Almighty are displayed in vain before the heart which is clouded with worldly, selfish, and malignant passions.

We have great pleasure, however, in relating, that the esteem of Marten for Henry was wholly unmixed with envy; it was, indeed, a pure feeling of love and honour. Marten was not without pride, but his pride was not a mean pride; and he required only to be convinced of the sinfulness of pride, under any and every modification, to be induced to desire to throw it off.

This youth, for he was not yet eighteen, was descended from a good, though not a noble family; he had been brought up with a high sense of honour, and a sovereign contempt of all that is low and vulgar. From a deep and frequent study of the classics, he had imbibed, although he was not himself aware of it, a code of morals altogether heathen. His character possessed the haughtiness, though not the fierceness, of Junius Brutus; and having seen some few specimens of religious professors, who retained much of that coarseness and low breeding which is very compatible with an outward appearance of much sanctity, he had made up his mind, that all religious people were stupid and vulgar: and not understanding the beauties of Scripture, as he had never read the sacred volume but as a task, he unhappily classed the professor and the profession together, and attributed the same character to the one as to the other. He was therefore an infidel to all intents and purposes; and the style of education which he received in Doctor Matthews's seminary, was

by no means of a kind to convince him of his unbelief.

The fine, and indeed uncommon character of Henry Milner, was the first circumstance which awakened him from his dream of infidelity. He had been prepared before he saw Henry, to respect him; and though the feeling by which he had been thus prepossessed, was somewhat beneath the dignity of one so high and independent as Marten, yet, as we profess to be a faithful historian, we must not keep it back. Henry had been brought to school by an earl, whose handsome travelling chaise, when drawn into the court, was certainly much more respectable than many of the other means of conveyance which appeared at Dr. Matthews's gate, not excepting the rough pony, which had not unfrequently had the honour of bearing Marten himself to the school.

Being thus prepossessed, Marten was prepared to give Henry full credit for all that might be agreeable in his manners and appearance, but he was not prepared to see a countenance so resplendent with intelligence and benevolence, or a manner at once so unpresuming and elegant—so simple, and yet so graceful.

The consistency of Henry's conduct, for Marten, with the pride natural to man, abhorred all inconsistencies, as being the most humbling proofs of the weakness of man's nature, daily augmented his esteem for him; and when he was made to see that religion was the groundwork of all those excellencies, he began to apprehend, for the first time in his life, that there

was more in Christianity than he had been in the habit of supposing.

These blessed thoughts had been working some time in the mind of Marten, before the conversation mentioned in the last chapter had taken place; and from that period, and the uproar which took place the same night, many clouds had rolled away from his mind; and the entire stop which had been put to improper conversation in his hearing, added not a little to the clearing of his apprehension of spiritual matters: for, the nature of corrupt and impure ideas, is to darken the understanding and obscure the judgment, in a manner, and to a degree, little apprehended by the world in general. Hence, those persons who are anxious for the intellectual improvement of their children (setting aside all religious consideration) should be exceedingly careful to protect them in very early life from the reception of corrupt notions. The infant mind may be aptly compared to the infant stomach, which is only capable of receiving milk and tender meat, but which is speedily, and sometimes irrecoverably disordered by unwholesome food.

In after life, stronger meat may be administered, and the constitution may be enabled to throw off such unwholesome particles as are too often blended with the aliments necessary for man's nourishment. But whereas, in infancy, the stomach does possess this power, neither has the mind of childhood the energy sufficient for rejecting unwholesome ideas; and hence we may often observe so much that is amiss; so much darkness, wilfulness, and dulness in young men, on whose education much

expense and labour have been bestowed, without that care which is needful in preserving them from the acquirement of unholy ideas.

And here, we cannot refrain from expostulating, (we trust, in all Christian humility,) against that free and unguarded use of the ancient heathen writers, which prevails in all places of education for boys. From the very best writers of this kind, false sentiments can only be obtained, for the heathen had no knowledge of Christian ethics: but we greatly fear that there is little care used in schools in general to select that which is best, amid this mass of error and vice. And, even allowing that Horace and Ovid, with some others, may be excluded from a school, there is enough in most Latin dictionaries to fill a youthful mind with poison, and wholly to taint the heart of infancy.

Sin, when spoken of in Scripture, is always mentioned with horror, and immediately connected with the anger of the Almighty; but in the heathen writers, this association is commonly wanting; and the very duties themselves are set forth as the pattern of all that is morally base and atrocious.

But on this subject, at present we will add no farther reflections; suffice it to say, that when Marten had, by dint of superior strength, imposed an interdiction to the improper conversation of his companions, in which he had hitherto acquiesced, although he had seldom joined in it, those clouds, which (as I before remarked) had overshadowed his mind, gradually passed away, and gave room for reflections of a more wholesome nature; and if, indeed, old images

would sometimes present themselves again, and new ideas of a corrupt nature would also offer themselves in the course of study, yet, through the influence, we trust, of a better spirit, we hardly yet dare to say, a divine spirit, a kind of mental energy was created within him, and he made many struggles to set himself at liberty from that thraldom of evil thoughts in which Satan had hitherto bound him. He became every day more and more attached to the society of Henry.

It was the custom at Dr. Matthews's, as Mr. James, the rector, never gave a service in the afternoon of Sunday, for the young gentlemen after dinner to take a long walk, and thus the weary day, for a weary day it truly was at Clent Green, was worn away as easily as could be expected.

In the former part of these our records, we have ventured to hint, that the Lord's day is not the ancient Jewish Sabbath, being neither typically nor actually the same thing. The ancient Sabbath being neither more nor less than the type of the millennium, and the Lord's day the emblem of that period when time shall be no more.

It has often been remarked, that whereas the enforcement of the Jewish Sabbath was guarded with the greatest care by the Mosaic law: that it is on the other hand only coincidently, that we find the Lord's day observed by the apostles, and that there is no especial command for keeping it in the New Testament.

It seems, that all Christians have agreed to pass over the old Sabbath, which is our Saturday; and although we suppose that the apostles fully understood the reason for so doing, which is neither more nor less than this, that the

Sabbath was done away with, when fulfilled by the rest of Christ in the grave, leaving only the triumphant observance of it to be fulfilled at the second coming of our Lord; yet, there is scarcely one person among the ordinary class of believers, who could now account to themselves, if the question were put to them, for their constant breach of the seventh day, which is commonly made the most laborious and sordid day of the week. A period of combing, scouring, brushing, marketing, settling accounts, and mending of stockings: all of which things, if the Sabbath is now in force as it was among the Jews, is totally incompatible and irreconcileable with every idea of right and wrong.

In consequence therefore of this want of clearness of their ideas on this subject, there are to this day many excellent Christians, and some pious ministers, who have never yet been able to distinguish between the old Sabbath and the Lord's day; and who therefore burthen the latter with as many of the observances of the former as they conveniently can, being wholly unable to comprehend that the Mosaic law, when fulfilled by our Lord, was done completely away with, as it respects ourselves, and a more spiritual and less formal system instituted in its place.

And now having arrived to this part of our discussion, we are enabled to understand wherefore the present day of rest is not loaded by outward observances as the old Sabbath was.

The whole Mosaic system was a system of types and shadows, a kind of allegorical picture, (if the expression be not too familiar,) of that which was to take place hereafter; or, perhaps, we might rather say, a kind of scenic re-

presentation, in which mankind then, in the infancy of civilization, were directed to foreshow that which was hereafter to come to pass; and in this view the Sabbath, as it first opened to the view of man in Paradise, in all the dawn of its yet unclouded beauty; and, as it was afterwards enforced in the wilderness, though then no longer existing in its original and sinless splendour, was the lively type of the rest of Christ in the grave, and of his triumphant reign on earth in the latter days.

But, the system of instruction by types being in part passed away, the Sabbath ceases to be observed, and the Lord's day is given to the believers of the present period, not according to the law which says, "Do, and live—sin, and die;" but, as a special grace and favour, a period in which the sons of God being set free for a time from the cares and troubles of the present world, may taste an earnest of that rest which is eternal. And, inasmuch as that the system of carnal observances are past, no outward ceremonies were appointed by the inspired apostles for the observance of this day, because it can only be kept by the spiritually minded; and to those who are not so, can only be a period of weariness and distaste, or of riot, disorder, and profligacy.

They alone can love the Lord's day, who have lived close to God during the week; and though masters, parents, and magistrates, may compel those within their influence to an outward respect of this day, the saints alone are enabled to fulfil its duties, and enjoy the refreshments which it provides.

The mixed multitude who followed the camp of Israel, might indeed have been compelled to keep the Mosaic laws respecting the Sabbath; but grace alone can enable the children of God to keep the Lord's day—to rejoice in its return, or to receive it as the earnest of that glory, which is provided for them that believe; when the earth has filled her week, and time shall be no more.

Such being the nature of the Lord's day, and the qualifications of those who alone are enabled to keep it, there can be little wonder if it was found to be a weary day to the greater part of the inhabitants of Clent Green.

Any one who has the least knowledge of human nature, must be aware that the mind of man cannot be wholly engrossed with one set of objects for six days, and then, as if by a kind of magic, find itself suddenly awakened to another and completely distinct set of thoughts and feelings merely because it is Sunday, and the church bells are ringing.

That person, therefore, who would keep his Sunday properly, must retain a holy state of mind during the week; and enter upon the leisure of this day of rest, not with the idea of receiving a set of wholly new views on that occasion, but with the prospect of strengthening and invigorating those feelings, which may have accompanied and blessed him through the week.

Sunday feelings cannot be put on like a Sunday coat; and hence the minds of worldly persons on the Lord's day, may not be unaptly

compared to that householder, whose dwelling having been emptied, swept, and garnished, rested not till he had received other inmates into his house, which were ten times worse than the first.

Mr. Simson, who had the management of the school on Sunday, the Doctor being in the habit of serving a church at some distance, was very careful to remove all amusing books, tops, balls, &c. from the hands of the boys, for he was one of the old school, and a person whose religion extended little beyond forms: but he was at the same time totally at a loss in what way to fill up the vacuum in the time of the boys: and in consequence, when he had heard the Church Catechism, and a chapter or two in the Bible, his invention would carry him no farther, and he was obliged to permit the rest of the day to be spent, with the interval of morning service, in lounging, whispering, yawning, and quizzing, by which the Sunday certainly became the very worst day of all the seven, in Dr. Matthews's seminary.

When the length of the days, however, would permit, the boys used commonly to take a walk, and one Sunday afternoon in June, the day being very hot, the young party were led by Mr. Simson into the nut grove, where they were permitted to range at their pleasure, provided they did not go beyond the shade of the wood; there Henry, with Marten and little George, having found the means of separating themselves from their companions, seated themselves under the shade of a tree, on the very

spot which Henry had chosen during the celebrated contest between the rat and the ferret.

This spot was endeared to Henry, because he could hence obtain the distant prospect of the Malvern Hills; and the scene was at this time infinitely more beautiful than when he had first seen it, by reason of the rich verdure which clothed the fore-ground.

The three friends had remained some minutes together in this place before any of them spoke; at length George Berresford said, "Please, Master Milner, do tell me a story, about Mrs. Kitty, or little Maurice, or some of those things which Mr. Dalben used to tell you on a Sunday evening."

"Not now, George," said Henry, "I can't tell my stories when any one besides yourself is present."

"Was not Sunday a happy day at Mr. Dalben's?" said George.

"Every day was happy there, George," replied Henry, "and Sunday particularly happy; my uncle had such a way of making religion pleasant. I really think, that if I had never heard of religion, excepting in this place, I should have thought of it just as Marten now does."

"And what do I think of religion, Milner?" said Marten.

"Why, I believe, that a few months ago you did not think any thing about it, Marten," replied Henry, "and now you feel that it is a thing of consequence indeed, but a dull dry subject which you can never relish."

"Very true, very true," replied Marten, with a sort of a sigh; "very true, I do wish that I could be more religious, that I could be more like you; but I do feel such a distaste to the Bible, and Mr. James's sermon and long prayers, that I almost feel it impossible for me ever to relish any thing of the kind."

"What's that little volume," asked Henry, "which peeps out of your waistcoat pocket?"

"My little choice edition of Homer," replied Marten, "which I have been peeping at as I have been walking to this place, notwithstanding the prohibition of Simson, who you know says that it is not a book fit for Sunday."

"Do you ever remember the time when you did not like Homer?" said Henry, with apparent carelessness.

"Don't I!" said Marten.

"I think I have heard you tell of sundry floggings which you endured before your Greek alphabet could be beat into you," continued Henry.

"Don't speak of them, Milner," said Marten, smiling—

"Infandum regina jubes," &c.

"Did you see the beauties of Homer, when you first began to read it?" asked Henry.

"What before I knew ten words of the language; why, where are your wits to-day, Mr. Henry?" answered Marten.

"Oh! I did not know," said Henry, "I thought your genius might have helped you to appreciate this wonderful writer before you understood his language."

"What may you be aiming at now, Henry?" said Marten; "you are getting about me, and about me, I know, and you will pounce upon me presently in some quarter in which I don't expect you."

"Well, then, I will pounce upon you immediately," replied Henry, "and ask you, how it is possible for you to relish the Holy Scriptures, when you do not understand their language."

"Do you mean to say that I don't understand Hebrew," said Marten; "surely you do not presume to assert that no one can relish the Bible who does not understand Hebrew."

"I am not speaking of Hebrew," answered Henry.

"Of what then?" asked Marten.

"Of the language of Scripture," replied Henry, "which is a language the poorest and most illiterate man, if he is a child of God, may understand, but which no worldly person can comprehend."

"Whose words are you speaking now, Henry?" said Marten.

"Of course," replied the other, "I have not found out all these things myself, I have been taught them by my uncle."

"I thought so," said Marten, "for you speak wonderfully like a parrot."

"Pray, Marten," replied Henry, "are we never to speak excepting we have something entirely new, and what has never been before said, to utter? if this rule were to be established I much fear that some of us at Clent Green would be struck quite dumb; you, for instance, would not have called me a parrot just now,

for if I mistake not, I have heard that very expression applied to myself more than once since I came to this place, once by Roger, and another time by Wellings; and there are several other expressions also which some of us are in the habit of using, which we should be immediately compelled to lay aside, and what gaps would this occasion in our conversations, gaps which I fear some of us would find it difficult to fill up."

"And pray, Sir," asked Marten, "what may those expressions be?"

"Oh! there are several in constant use among our heroes at Clent Green," replied Henry, laughing, "which cannot be sufficiently admired for their elegance and novelty, as, for instance, Will you have that set to music? you are a bishop; a queer shaver; a rum concern; there goes; keep moving, &c.; and these expressions are so universally applicable, and so constantly in demand, that I really believe some of us would be entirely struck dumb if they were wholly interdicted to us."

Whilst Henry was speaking, he had plucked some flowers which grew in the grass close to where he sat, and was dissecting them.

"You are offended, Milner," said Marten.

Henry looked up with his usual sweetness of expression, and asked—"What for, what should I be offended for? because you called me a parrot? oh! Marten, if you could see my heart, and could but know my own thoughts of myself, you would not suspect me of being offended at any thing you can say of this kind; I know that there is no good in me, and that,

if ever I have been able to seem to do anything right, I owe it first to God, and secondly to my ever beloved uncle."

"I do see your heart, my excellent friend," replied Marten, warmly, "and all that ever I heard in favour of religion has never spoken so forcibly to my mind, as the view of your conduct, your consistently humble and correct conduct since you came to Clent Green. I beg your pardon for the epithet I lately gave you, it was coarse and unmannerly, and though you have forgiven me, I cannot forgive myself."

A tear trembled in the dark blue eye of Henry, as he grasped the offered hand of his friend, and he said, "My heart is often full of thoughts, my dear Marten, to which I long to give utterance, and hitherto, since I came to Clent Green, I have never found any one who would listen to me, but this little boy; but we have had many sweet hours together unknown to any one; have we not, little George?"

"Indeed! indeed we have," said the little boy, throwing his arms round Henry's neck, and bursting into tears: "Marten, you don't know half the goodness of Henry Milner; there is not a boy in the school fit to wipe his shoes; not one; no, not one.

"He has told me so many sweet stories; so many lovely stories, all about Mr. Dalben and Maurice, and poor Patrick O'Grady, and Lion, and his rabbit, and the hermitage, and then about our Saviour, and his coming again to gather us all together in the millennium, and the things we ought to do to please him, and about the types, the language of types, that is the

language you don't know, Marten; and all those things which nobody understands at Clent Green. Henry has taken great pains to teach me all these things, and they are so sweet, that I think of them sometimes all day, and even dream of them at night."

Whilst George was thus holding forth with a rapidity which rendered it quite impossible to stop him, Marten was looking from him to Henry, and from Henry to him, and when the child ceased to speak, he addressed Henry in a serious manner, and asking him again to excuse his former incivility, proceeded to this effect—

"What you said to me in the former part of our conversation, Henry, and what this little fellow has since added, seems to have opened a new prospect to my mind; can it be, that I have been till this moment entirely in the dark respecting religion, and that wanting the clue by which I might alone be led through the mysteries of Revelation, the whole Bible has hitherto appeared to me like a confused heap of rubbish, in which some fine specimens of art are thrown together amongst clods of earth, and heaps of ruins?"

"I was thinking, yesterday, when we were reading the history of Theseus," said Henry, "in the labyrinth of Crete, that he might be well compared to an unenlightened person reading the Bible; we may fancy that the more he strove to get out, the more he was puzzled and confounded, till he had recourse to the golden clue given him by Ariadne; for I am sure it was a golden clue. Then by following that clue he was enabled to get out, and to

obtain his liberty. Now the Scriptures are like this labyrinth, and the dark hole at the bottom of the labyrinth in which Theseus found himself, is the lost and undone state in which we are by nature; from this dark hole there was no means of escape, but through the labyrinth, and there was no means of passing through the winding ways but by the thread. Now this thread is Christ, and we must take hold of him where first we can find him; that is in the very first chapter of Genesis, and hold him fast, till he has led us through all our difficulties, and brought us into the light of day; and now, Marten, here is a new idea for you, so don't call me a parrot any more."

"A new and a beautiful thought," replied Marten, "which I shall not presently forget, and you must teach me, my Henry, to take fast hold of this golden clue, and to pursue it through all its windings, and God grant me grace to hold it fast."

As Marten spoke Henry brushed a tear from his eye, which the other saw, but of which he took no notice, and Henry immediately recovering himself, said—"In the Old Testament our Saviour seldom appears in person, Marten; but he shows himself under various types and shadows, and thus showing forth the manner and intent of his coming; and there are multitudes of other things also shown forth in types and emblems, in the Old Testament, and in order to know Scripture it is certainly necessary to understand this language of types; for my uncle has often told me, that it is a complete language, every word having its fixed interpretation."

"You might well tell me," said Marten, "that I knew nothing of Scripture, and hence could not relish it, for what I have heard this evening proves it to me, that on these subjects I am as ignorant as a babe."

"And so should I have been," said Henry, modestly, "if my uncle had not taken such pains to teach me: indeed I know nothing now."

"At any rate," said Marten, "you have got hold of one end of the golden thread, Henry; that is a great deal; but from whence are these types taken?"

"Oh, from every thing almost in nature," said Henry, "and some are connected with works of art, and ancient customs; and even in Homer, and Virgil, and I dare say, in many others of the old writers, we may find little allusions to old customs, which may help us to understand the Bible, and particularly the types; for people in old times loved emblems and fables, and I dare say, got many of their notions of these kind of things from the children of Israel; for you know, Marten, that many of the Canaanites and Phœnicians came into Greece and Italy about 1120 years before Christ, and perhaps brought with them out of Palestine many ideas and old customs, which they taught to the Grecians and the Romans."

"I know nothing at all about any of these things," said Marten, with a sigh.

"You can soon learn them, then," said Henry, "because you are so quick, and so clever; if they had been hard I could never have known what I do; but certainly it is more

puzzling to go backwards, as you will be obliged to do from the time of the Romans and Greeks, than to begin to study history, and types, and customs, from the first books which ever were written, and so to come down to later times: it is something like beginning with the history of a man of seventy, and going backwards till we find him eating pap, and being rocked in his cradle."

"And then there is another thing, Marten," continued Henry, "when we have been used to read the Bible, and have learnt to hate sin, and to understand the dreadful consequences, we acquire also a detestation of the vile things which we find in the classics: and if we read of wickedness, we feel inclined to fly it with horror, because it was the cause of the sufferings of God himself."

A call from Mr. Simson now interrupted this blessed conversation; but Marten, as he arose, gave his hand to Henry, and said—"I thank you, dear Milner, for the sweetest, and yet, the saddest hour I ever spent; sweet, because it has opened a world of glories to my view, and sad, because it has humbled your once proud friend into the very dust!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Including the Account of the first Vacation spent by Henry in Dr. Matthews's House.*

From the period of the conversation above described, Marten and Henry enjoyed many happy hours together, at play-time and on other occasions; and it was remarked in the school, that the exquisite was become much more condescending, though no one presumed to account for the change.

In the meantime, whilst Henry profited Marten in all subjects connected with Scripture, he was himself benefited by Marten in classical knowledge: whilst the pure and correct taste of Henry led his friend to seek that which was good, and seize that which was really beautiful in the works of the ancients.

It is also to be remarked, that the good example of Henry (although he was unocnscious of it himself) was not without weight in the school. Mr. Simson, though a dull was a correct man, and therefore lent his countenance, as far as he knew, to all that was good; and had Mr. Perkins been a man of the same character, and Dr. Matthews anxious about any thing else but the progress of his pupils in classical knowledge, a better spirit might at this time have

been easily introduced into the school; but where the moral and religious views of the head of a seminary are lax and worldly, what can be expected?

It is true, that many parents prefer a tutor who does not look too closely into the morals of their children, and that they would rather that the faults of their sons should be passed over than detected and amended; but he that is valiant for the truth, who fears his God more than his fellow-creatures, will at all hazards search into and endeavour to correct those moral abominations, with which too many places of education are permitted to abound.

We are now arrived at the period of the Midsummer holydays, a time to which Henry by no means looked forward with pleasure, as he understood that he was to remain at Clent Green, under the control of Mr. Perkins and Miss Judy Meckin. Little George was, however, to be his companion, and this was a consolation; but then he was to lose Marten, who was going to join his father at that time on the continent.

For a few days before the holydays, all was confusion at Clent Green: these were periods in which Miss Judy Meckin commonly took great state upon herself; during the intervals between the vacations this good lady sunk into a mere cypher; but the approach of the vacations was always forerun by a certain change in the expression of her countenance, portending great things, and certain fearful attacks on the heads of the lesser boys. These were occasions on which she regularly insulted Mrs. Matthews, answered the Doctor when he found

fault, and, to use an elegant phrase of ancient date, *gave him as good as he brought;* but as he generally, when violently inflamed, gave utterance to his indignation in Latin or Greek, his deeply sonorous invectives, though well applied, flew over her head, as lightning glancing on a sheet of ice; though once, on the Doctor's saying, in high indignation,

"Mulier es, audacter juras,"

she replied with offended dignity, "No more a mule than yourself, Sir; and I must say that I don't choose to be called such names."

As to the good lady of the Doctor, she was so profoundly indolent that she was very willing to put up with the occasional extravagances of Miss Judy, in consideration of the great relief she afforded her in the execution of all those smaller duties which generally fall to the share of the female sex.

There were no lessons required of the boys for two days before that which was called the breaking-up day, and on these occasions each individual was called to attend Miss Judy; who, placed in the centre of a large room, surrounded by boxes, cords, packing cloths, and clean linen, laid down the law in such style, that she made it appear that Providence had done her no small kindness in placing her in a subordinate situation in life. Those boys who were to stay at school during the holydays were required, as well as the others, to present themselves to Miss Judy at this time; and accordingly Henry received his regular summons as well as his companions.

He found Miss Judy dressed for the occasion in a dark-coloured wrapper, well known among the boys as foreboding no good, with her false curls pushed on one side, and her cap in much disorder, whilst Miss Priscilla Matthews sat on a box which was already packed on one side of her, adding not a little to her perplexities by the comments which she made upon them, and the affected tone of condolence in which she frequently addressed her.

On a large deal table, in the centre of the room, Henry beheld the greater part of his wardrobe spread out, whilst Miss Judy held a paper in her hand on which he had himself written the list of his effects, at the suggestion of the careful Mrs. Kitty: he had scarcely set his foot within the room when Miss Judy placed the paper in his hand, and desired him to call over the items, whilst she counted the articles. All went on successfully till he came to the stockings, on which the old lady flamed out, "Master Milner," she said, "I am sure, when I saw you enter the parlour in company with such a person as Lord H——, I never dreamed that I should have had such work as I have had with your stockings."

"Ma'am," said Henry, all amazement.

"Don't you comprehend, Milner?" said Miss Priscilla, who had the elegant manner of calling all her father's pupils by their surnames; "cannot you, who are so learned, understand the association of ideas in Miss Meckin's brain? I really believe that you cannot trace the connexion which she has discovered between Lord H—— and your stockings."

"Ma'am!" repeated Henry, now directing his speech to the young lady.

"Persons who travel in noblemen's carriages are generally supposed to be able to afford themselves a suitable wardrobe," said Miss Judy; "and though I have no fault to find with your other clothes, Master Milner, yet certainly your friends must have been very inconsiderate in sending you without proper stockings."

"Have I not proper stockings, Ma'am?" said Henry.

"Proper!" said Miss Judy, in high indignation; "are stockings that were already darned when you entered this house fit to have been put into my hands? I appeal to you, Miss Priscilla, if there was not a ladder, in the very first pair I opened, a ladder as long as my middle finger?"

"Yes," said Miss Priscilla, "I bear witness to the ladder; but by-the-bye you have never given it to Henry yet; where have you put it, Miss Meckin?"

Henry smiled, for he was now aware of what the old lady meant by the ladder, and Miss Priscilla burst into a loud fit of laughter, with which she made the whole chamber resound.

"I wish, Miss Priscy, you would please to walk down into the parlour, unless you choose to give your assistance," said the offended Miss Judy; "I am sure you have no business here, you only make the young gentlemen more ruder than they would otherwise be, and I am sure there is no manner of occasion for that."

"More ruder, Miss Meckin," said Priscilla,

"you don't understand the degrees of comparison: rude is the positive: more rude, or ruder, the comparative; and most rude the superlative."

"I know nothing about your incomparables and your superlatives, Miss Priscilla," replied Miss Meckin, "so I wish you'd please to walk down."

"Then you only understand the positive, Miss Meckin," said Priscilla.

"Very true, the positive is quite enough for you; but to return to Milner's stockings, how many pairs are there, not one worth counting?" said the indignant Miss Meckin, "for I have darned them and darned them till they are worth darning no longer and if Master Milner does not choose to write for more he must go bare-legged, and there the matter ends."

"And to whom must he write, Miss Meckin?" said the young lady.

"To those who brought him here, I suppose," answered Miss Meckin, sharply.

"You will please, then, Master Milner," said Miss Priscilla, with affected meekness, "to write to Lord H——, and request him to send you six pair of stockings. Is not that the proper number, Miss Meckin?"

"Pshaw," said Miss Judy, "what nonsense you are talking, Miss Priscilla; I wish, Miss, you would please to walk down."

"I will by-and-bye," replied the young lady, drawing up her mouth and looking demurely, at the same time keeping silence till the list had been read and the articles all counted, at which time Henry was about to take his departure,

when the young lady broke her silence and said, "Milner, you will have charming holydays; nobody at home but Miss Meckin and her friend Mr. Perkins."

"My friend Mr. Perkins!" said Miss Judy, in high displeasure; "you know, Miss Priscilla, that I could never tolerate that young man;" and she brought down the corners of her mouth with an expression of the most consummate contempt.

"Why, Miss Judy," said Miss Priscilla, "you astonish me."

"Astonish you," returned the other, "you know that I have no manner of opinion of him."

"That is," said Miss Priscilla, "you have as little respect for him as for Henry Milner's stockings."

"I'll tell you what, Miss Priscilla," said Miss Judy, "I maintain it here, and I will maintain it in the parlour before your father and your mother, and I am ready to uphold it before the whole household, and shall not be afraid to do it, nor ashamed either to confess—"

"To confess what," said Miss Priscilla, "you terrify me by your long preamble; I hope you have nothing very dreadful to acknowledge."

"That it is impossible for me," continued Miss Judy, "and quite out of the question, and utterly out of my power——"

"To do what," said the young lady, again interrupting her with affected impatience.

"To pack up whilst you are in the room," said Miss Meckin.

"I breathe again," said Miss Priscilla; "I was prepared for something very terrific. Oh, Miss Judy, how you have alarmed me."

Henry heard no more, for he was glad to make his escape; he was not, however, to be thus let off by Miss Priscilla, for when the next boy who had been called up to the examination of his clothes, appeared again in the school-room, he roared out with the voice of Stentor, "Master Henry Milner is requested by Miss Judy Meckin to write to the Earl of H—— for half a dozen pair of superfine cotton hose; the petition being supported by Miss Priscilla Matthews."

"Young gentleman, let me not hear the names of your tutor's daughters spoken of in the school-room," said Mr. Simson with unmoved gravity; "and I also desire that Master Milner may not be instigated to the commission of any kind of absurdity, by which he may be degraded in the opinion of Lord H——. If any kind of hose, or any other article of wearing apparel should be found necessary, in the opinion of Miss Judith Meckin, I give it as my advice, that Master Milner should forthwith address himself, by letter, to such person or persons as may have been left in charge of his uncle's household; and, no doubt, there may be some female servant, housekeeper, or other sufficient person, who may be empowered to procure, purchase, or provide such article or articles as may be necessary for his use and convenience whilst residing at Clent Green; for it must be acknowledged by all considerate persons, that the Earl of H——, even were he in

England, is not a person altogether fit to be troubled with concerns of this kind; therefore I rather marvel that Miss Judy Meckin, who is allowed on all hands to be a prudent and discreet person, should have sent a message of such a tendency to any young gentleman in this seminary."

Whilst Mr. Simson was holding forth to this effect, there was a dead silence throughout the hall, which, as soon as he ceased to speak, was followed by a roar of merriment in which every individual united, with the exception only of Henry, who made it a matter of principle, never to join in a jest which seemed to bear against his masters; and in imitation of the example he so much admired, Marten, after the first burst, placed his hands on each side of his face, and laying his head upon his knees, as he sat on a low bench, could only be discerned to laugh by the agitation of his whole frame, which, having continued for some seconds, he recovered his self-command, and looked valiantly around him, as if he would have said, "Let those who *can*, make me laugh again—I am now armed at all points." And so well armed indeed he was, that when one of his class fellows came up to him soon afterwards, and whispered, "What a fool old Simson makes of himself!"—he answered with perfect gravity, "I don't see that at all—the advice he gave was very proper and judicious."

And in this place, since so good an opportunity offers itself, I cannot refrain from remarking, that there is scarcely a more decided proof

of high and superior breeding in young persons than self-possession, and command of countenance, on occasions in which laughter might give pain or excite displeasure. This self-possession is generally obtained by persons in high rank, from the circumstance of their being often in public, and in scenes where unrestrained merriment might be thought indecorous; and hence, persons who have been used to good company, always set down those who want this command of countenance, amongst the underbred, and as belonging to an inferior class of society. We have said nothing in this place of those superior feelings and principles by which a sincere Christian must always feel himself restrained from every kind and degree of merriment, which is calculated to give pain even to the meanest of his fellow creatures.

The breaking-up-day at length arrived; and, during that day and the one which followed, Henry saw all his companions depart together, with Mr. Simson and the Doctor and his family.

Henry had not felt himself at all cast down, till Marten took his leave of him at the gate. He watched his friend as he rode across the common with his father's servant, till he could see him no longer; and was just turning into the solitary court with little George in his hand, when a letter was put into his hand, in the superscription of which he recognised the hand of his beloved uncle.

How sweet were the expressions of affection which this letter contained, and how delightful

was the assurance, that he was getting better, and likely soon to return to his home.

Henry had received several letters from Mr. Dalben, but none which had given him the pleasure which this had done; for it spoke of his improved health, and his hopes of returning in the spring; it also spoke most affectionately of Lord H—— and his kindness; with the very friendly attentions of Lady H——, with many other pleasing and interesting matters.

How very opportunely, thought Henry, is this letter come, to comfort me for Marten's absence; and, I will be comforted; but, poor Marten—I shall feel for his loss!—I love poor Marten—and he again turned his tearful eyes to the spot where Marten had last appeared, waving his hat as his last parting token.

"Don't be uneasy, Master Milner," said little George; "I will do every thing I can to make the holydays pleasant to you; and I know that we shall be very happy."

Henry and little George then turned into the court, where they were instantly assailed by Miss Judy Meckin, who informed them, that they were to remove all their books from the hall, and take away every thing that belonged to them from their sleeping apartments.

"And where are we to take refuge, Ma'am?" said Henry.

Miss Judy then directed them to a small room, containing a single bed, two chairs, and a table, in the right wing of the house, beyond the hall, "where," said she, "you will be quite out of the way."

"Any where out of the way," said Henry,

whose eye at that moment fell upon a procession of servant maids, who were crossing the court armed with mops and pails.

Whilst Henry was in the hall collecting his books, Mr. Perkins being engaged in the same way in another part of the room, he was surprised by a rough voice, which calling through one of the windows said, "Mr. Perkins! Mr. Perkins!—sir, be you within?"

"Ay, Tom, is that you?" said the usher, springing towards the window.

"So they be all gone, Mr. Perkins," said Tom Jones; for, this person was no other than the respectable master and breeder of ferrets before mentioned. "I seed them off—I was standing just by when they got into the coach; and a pretty load they were!—well, they be gone just in time, for we shall have rare sport to-night."

"Mum—" said Mr. Perkins.

"Why, you han't got nobody there?" asked Jones.

"Only a little pig or two," replied Mr. Perkins; "and you have heard the proverb about long ears."

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," answered the redoubtable Tom; "and there's proverb for proverb for you, Mr. Perkins—but, you'll be sure to mind; four o'clock, and no later—and so good-by for the present:" and thus saying, the visiter departed, leaving Henry in no small astonishment; but, as it was no part of his business to interfere with Mr. Perkins, he took no notice of what he heard.

In the mean time, that respectable usher having dismissed his visiter, returned to the busi-

ness of collecting his books, which having speedily effected, he told Henry to take care of himself, and not to go out of bounds, or allow little Berresford to do so; and then walked away, bidding him to tell Miss Judy not to wait dinner for him.

The little room which had been appointed for Henry, was that which was usually occupied by Mr. Simson; and was particularly pleasant, as it had a window which opened into the garden, which surrrounded three sides of the house. There Henry arranged his books, and those of George, on some empty shelves; and setting his table and the two chairs by the window, "Now George," he said, "I think I shall be very comfortable; and I don't think that we shall be troubled by much interference from Mr. Perkins; therefore, it will be the more incumbent upon us to do as well as we can. We will make ourselves some rules: I will do my holyday task and some other things which I have lately been forced to neglect; and you shall perfect yourself in your grammar, and construe to me; and then we will go out—and, if Mr. Perkins will give us leave, we will go to the wood, and gather moss, and I will show you how to make a hermitage. We will also draw a little, for Marten has left me several things to copy: and I have letters to write to my uncle and Mrs. Kitty—so we shall have quite enough to do."

Whilst Henry and George were settling themselves, and forming their plans, they were made aware of sundry dreadful concussions above, below, and all about them; and various terrific sounds of dashing waters, whirling mops,

and spider-destroying brooms; whilst the shrill voice of Miss Judy Meekin was distinctly heard above this wild uproar of contending elements like that of the presiding demon of the storm.

And here again we must request our readers to excuse us if our style should appear somewhat inflated; for, are we not treading on classic ground?—such, indeed, was Clent Green!—and we do not, we confess, possess that dulness of spirit, which enables us to wander among the groves of the Muses, without experiencing some feelings of poetic inspiration!

Henry and George however, kept themselves still, and tried to attend to their occupations, being refreshed by the breezes which blew over the flower-beds not far from their window.

They were not, however, long to enjoy these balmy gales; for a company of nymphs of the broom, headed by Betty Hacket, whether accidentally, or with malicious intent, we presume not to say, had brought the carpet out of the Doctor's study into a small plot of grass beneath the open window, and fell to beat and shake it with such relentless fury, that the whole air was filled with dust. There can be no question but that this dust was classic dust, having been collected in Dr. Matthews's study; but nevertheless, the small particles which filled the air produced a very overpowering effect on the lungs of the boys: for the very face of the sun was darkened by it, and an artificial night produced at least eight hours before the period appointed for the disappearance of the sun.

"Shut the windows, George," said Henry, "or we shall certainly be choked."

The little boy instantly obeyed, but not before the table, and all that was upon it, was so besprinkled with dust, that it would have been no difficult matter for George to have traced his name thereon, like Joe in the sand.

Whilst the boys were endeavouring to wipe and blow away the dust, it appeared that another host of enemies were about to assail them from the other side—for they were presently made aware of the approach of many voices from the way of the long gallery, which led to their little room.

"Bolt the door, George," said Henry; and this was no sooner done, than a great weight seemed to be struck against it; and the voice of Miss Judy Meckin was heard from without, demanding entrance. Henry immediately withdrew the bolt, and Miss Meckin marched in, demanding what business they had to bolt the door?

"To keep out the dust, Ma'am," said George.

"Hold thy peace, child," replied Miss Judy; and at the same moment she directed the maid-servant who accompanied her, to remove the bedding from the bedstead, which command was obeyed so suddenly by the stout-armed damsel, that, in her haste, she threw the feather bed on little George, and so wholly overwhelmed him that he fell down under it upon the floor, and was some moments before he could extricate himself.

It now appeared that Miss Judy was armed with a hammer, with which she began to tear down the hangings of the bed, producing fresh clouds of dust, which were so suffocating as to

force Henry to open his window again; and, indeed, the atmosphere of the apartment now became so oppressive, that he directed George to help him to put the books aside from the table, and, taking their hats, the two boys walked out upon the play-ground, where they sat down under the shade of a tree, and passed their time in reading till called to dinner.

It was the custom at Clent Green for all the boys who remained at school during the holydays to dine in the parlour. Accordingly, Henry and his little friend appeared at the first summons, and found Miss Judy Meckin in her working dress at the head of the table.

"So, you are come at last, Master Milner," said the gracious dame; "and where's Mr. Perkins?"

"Oh, Ma'am," said Henry, "he desired me to say that he hoped you would not wait for him."

"Wait for him, indeed!" said Miss Judy; "I desire that you will tell the young gentleman that I shall not give myself the trouble of waiting for him at any time—so, he may spare his messages in future."

Henry made no answer, and Miss Judy began to carve, using as much expedition, and as little ceremony, as if she had a hundred instead of two persons to serve; at the same time conversing with the maid, who waited at table.

The meal was presently finished, at which time Miss Judy dismissed Henry and George, informing them that their room was ready to receive them. The two boys were left to themselves during the rest of the day; neither did

they find the time heavy, for what with reading, drawing, and playing, the hours passed very pleasantly.

At six o'clock they were called to tea, when they met Miss Judy only, and having received permission from her to extend their walks a little farther than their usual bounds, they took a very pleasant excursion, brought home some moss, and then went to bed, Miss Judy having given each of them a piece of cold fruit pye for supper; for, though this lady was rough in her manner, there was no real unkindness in her disposition.

Henry told George a story in bed, and the little boy, before he went to sleep, said, "Henry, Master Henry—why should we not be as happy as the boys who are gone home?"

"We may be very happy," said Henry; "and we will make no comparisons, for they are foolish things; we will take things as they come, and be thankful:" and then he added a few words to him on the duty of being contented with our condition, in a manner so sweet that the little boy seemed to feel it, and said he should never forget it.

In the morning, Mr. Perkins appeared at breakfast, with a black patch on the side of his face, for which he accounted, by saying that he had had the misfortune to slip down as he was descending a hill.

"Indeed!" said Miss Judy, "some folks are very apt to meet with misfortunes of this kind; however," added she, "I hope you will take care to avoid such accidents in future; for I can't tell what the Doctor might think of them;

and perhaps he might not altogether approve of an usher who is liable to come home with a broken head."

Mr. Perkins looked a little silly on the occasion, and set himself during the morning to arrange the Doctor's books, though he interfered little with the boys. As this first day of the holydays—so passed nearly all the rest.

Henry was enabled to conduct himself with his usual correctness, and such were the pains which he took with little Berresford, that the child began to feel himself improved, and no longer to look on his studies with abhorrence and dread. Towards the end of the holydays he wrote a letter to his father; Henry did not see it; but, he therein expressed himself in such a manner of the kindness of his friend, as would greatly have surprised Henry had he perused it; for this excellent boy perceived nothing in his own conduct to George which was in any degree meritorious; and herein he judged, in taking no credit to himself, properly; for no one is able to do well, excepting in the strength of his God.

At length, the six weeks of the vacation were passed away: the Doctor and his family returned, and the boys dropped in one after another.

# CHAPTER XIX.

*Containing the Account of Thomas's Visit to Clent Gren, with the Mock Trial of Henry.*

THE meeting of Marten and Henry was as cordial, if not more so, than the separation had been, and within a week after the holydays every thing had fallen into its usual course; I had forgotten to say, that during the holydays Henry and George had adopted a little white kitten, of the Persian breed, which they fed and protected till it was in some degree independent of their care; she still, however, recognised her best friends, and frequently appeared at the meals in the hall, where she received many a savoury bit from the hands of her protectors; but of the friendship subsisting between Henry and Kitty we shall speak no more at present.

The young gentlemen had been assembled about a month, when, one half-holiday, as they were all amusing themselves in the play-ground, a man on horseback was seen riding along the road, from the way of Worcester, and after having considered him for some time, Henry exclaimed in an ecstasy—"It is! yes, it is, indeed, Thomas; I thought I knew him when he looked no bigger than the point of a needle, and now I am sure of him." With that he

flew to the very verge of the Rubicon, and being followed by every boy in the school, stood waiting till the trusty servant was within call.

"Oh, Thomas! Thomas!" cried Henry, "how good you are; and how is Maurice, and Mrs. Kitty?"

"Oh, Thomas! Thomas! how good you are, and how is Maurice, and Mrs. Kitty?" re-echoed another voice from behind him, rendering it wholly impossible for Henry to hear the answer. Looking behind impatiently at this interruption, he saw Master Wellings close at his ear, and had some difficulty in restraining himself from giving him a shove to some distance: the joy, however, which he felt at Thomas's near approach, soon made him forget Master Wellings, and he returned again to his inquiries: "Are they all quite well, and Lion too?"

"Are they all quite well?" repeated Echo.

"How good you are, Thomas," said Henry.

"How good you are, Thomas," said Master Wellings.

"And how is little Maurice—is he grown?" asked Henry.

"And how is little Maurice—is he grown?" said the other voice.

Thomas was by this time so near that Henry could distinguish the broad grin of satisfaction on his countenance.

"Well, I am glad to see you, Thomas, that I am," said Henry.

"Well, I am glad to see you, Thomas, that I am," squeaked Echo.

"Can't you hold your fool's tongue, Wellings?" said the indignant Marten, who now stepped forward; "what an ape you are!"

A few more steps of the horse, and Thomas had passed the Rubicon, where he instantly alighting, Henry had flown almost into his arms, and was hardly restrained by his more manly feelings from hugging him round the neck, as in former days.

"And how be you, Master Milner?" said Thomas; "how be you, sir? you be growd surprising?"

"I am very well, Thomas," said Henry, "and very glad to see you."

"And I am very well, Thomas," added the other voice, "and very glad to see you."

"And are they all well, quite well?" said Henry, holding Thomas's rough hand within his.

"And are they all well, quite well?" repeated Echo, in a still more squeaking tone.

Thomas looked at the second speaker with a stare of vacant amazement—"To be sure, sir, they be, capital well, and Maurice is half a head higher, at the least; I measured him but last week by the gate-post, as is in the yard; you remember it was there we measured him, Master Milner, when he first comed; and I have got a bit of a letter, sir, as he wrote to you last night, and I had a deal to do to keep Maurice from running after me, this morning."

"Poor Maurice," said Henry; "why did not you let him come, Thomas?"

"Poor Maurice," said Master Wellings, "why did not you let him come, Thomas?"

The good old serving man gave a keen look from under his bent brows at Wellings, and then said, "I have a deal to say to you, Master Henry, but whilst you talk with two tongues, I

can think of nothing as I have to tell you; but sure you look bravely, and that's one comfort; and you all seem merry enough, my young masters; well, laugh away, now's your time, Master Milner and I will have a bit of talk presently by ourselves."

"Yes, Thomas," said Henry, "you will like to put up your horse at the Lion, and then I will take you into the house, and you can show me Maurice's letter."

"And may be," said Thomas, pointing to a pair of well-stuffed saddle-bags, which lay across the horse, "I may have something else to show you; those bags be well filled."

"By your kindness, and Mrs. Kitty's," said Henry; "but you are very kind, and always have been, and I do not know any body in England that I should have been so glad to see, and I do not care who knows it; but I had almost forgotten to speak to old Spot:" and Henry went up to pat and stroke the horse, whom he had known for many years.

Master Wellings still keeping close to Henry, and repeating his last words: "I had almost forgotten to speak to old Spot," was going to lay his hand on his neck, when Thomas, drawing the horse a little on one side, said civilly—"Stand back, my young chap, let the horse alone; you ba'n't lucky among the bastes; belike you may make the horse uncivil."

"What's that you are saying?" asked Master Wellings, bristling up like an angry cat.

"That you b'an't lucky among the dumb craturs," added Thomas; "so, I say, you had better let the horse alone."

" I can manage a horse, I dare say, quite as well as you," replied Master Wellings, " and if I choose to touch the horse, I will."

" I does not know much as to your management of horses," said Thomas, looking round with a broad grin at the rest of the boys, " but I know this, that you have not much notion of the manner of guiding a bull." At the word bull, Master Wellings's countenance instantly fell, and he drew back, which being observed by the other boys, they all, with one accord, called out—" What's that! what's that about the bull?"

" Oh! nothing, nothing," said Henry, " nothing at all; Thomas, don't tell that story, pray don't tell it."

" Pray do tell it, Thomas," said one and another; " do tell it;" and the boys gathered closer round him.

Thomas could not resist the temptation, and notwithstanding Henry's entreaties the whole story was unfolded, together with the issue thereof, which was the adoption of Maurice.

" Well," said Henry, addressing his schoolfellows, when the story was finished, " I am sorry that you know this tale; but there are several things which ought to be remembered first: it happened several years ago, and it produced great good to Maurice, and perhaps few of us would have been less frightened if we were to find ourselves in the way of a furious bull, and therefore, I hope, that as this is the first we have heard, it will be the last we shall hear of the bull. '

Mr. Simson appearing at that moment, Henry

asked, and obtained permission to accompany Thomas to put up his horse, and presently afterwards appeared returning with him to the school-house.

Thomas was carrying the saddle-bags, which he presently lugged into the school-room, and produced from thence a store of apples, which Henry divided amongst his school-fellows; he then asked Mr. Simson to permit him to withdraw with Henry, and was allowed to go into the empty school-room. Henry having hinted to Marten and George Berresford, that he wished them to be of the party; and there Thomas produced Maurice's letter, half a dozen pairs of new stockings, with various other articles of clothing, and such a store of cakes, puffs, raised pies, and other matters of the same kind, as Mrs. Kitty supposed might be acceptable. To divide these amongst the whole school would not have answered; Henry, therefore, resolved to bring out a certain portion of them, as long as they lasted, to the great class, after the little ones were gone to bed, taking care at the same time that little George should have his share.

Thomas and Henry then entered into discourse on many things, which not immediately interesting Marten, he went to the proper person and made interest for some supper for Thomas, which having procured, he brought it in himself, and setting it before him, he said—"Mr. Thomas, I am truly glad to see you, and I beg you to tell all those who love Henry Milner in Worcestershire, that he is the very best boy that ever was, or ever will be in this house."

"That's saying a dale, my young gentle-

man," replied Thomas; "nevertheless, I reckon that it's as true spoken a word as ever was uttered, for bless his sweet face, from first to last, there never was such a boy as Master Milner; and here's to your health, sir," added Thomas, taking the cup in his hand, and rising and bowing; "you be a gentleman, I see, every inch of you, and no doubt a Christian too; for, as my old master used to say, they two things always go together, that is, among the better sort."

Henry and Thomas were together till bedtime, and Henry having written a letter to Mrs. Kitty, and another to Maurice, and procured his old clothes from Miss Meckin to send to the latter; Thomas took his leave, and Henry went to bed to dream of former days, the remembrances of which had been refreshed by the visit from his faithful servant.

It seemed when Henry saw young Wellings at breakfast the next morning, that he had been more hurt and offended by Thomas than had at first appeared, and he was sorry to find that this irritation was kept up, by the perpetual allusions which the boys made to bulls, bullfeasts, and other subjects connected with this animal; and when he had hoped that the matter was quite exhausted, it was set a-going again by an unlucky, and perhaps half mischievous allusion of Marten's, to the history of Hercules and Euristheus, the last of whom is said to have hid himself under a brazen bowl, whenever his heroic cousin returned from any of his labours with the trophies of his conquests on his shoulders, hinting that the Cretan Bull was one of

the monsters subdued by this valiant son of Jove.

Perhaps there is no method which may be more successfully used for exciting and keeping up the passion of hatred in the human breast, than this mode of quizzing, so often practised in places of education, whereby a mental sore is ever kept open, and as it were, a perpetual blister laid upon the heart.

From the period of Thomas's visit, time passed on for several weeks without producing any events worthy of record.

In describing the environs of Clent Green, I forgot to mention the garden which was appropriated to the young gentlemen, and which was a portion of ground which formed a part of the garden of the old mansion, being enclosed with a wall, which ran a considerable way along the side of the play-ground, and was approachable from thence by a door; in this garden were several sheds and outhouses, containing coops or pens for poultry, in which the boys were allowed to keep rabbits, and here they used to spend some of their leisure hours, when the ushers were not disposed to take them farther a-field; the largest of these cubs or dens, or whatever else you may choose to call it, had been long occupied by Wellings and Co., and being quite distinct from the rest, and enclosed by a little low wall, what the contents of this place might be, was not generally known. It happened one afternoon in autumn, as the young gentlemen were amusing themselves in this garden, Henry and Marten being together near the little den last mentioned, that they distinctly heard Roger

say to Wellings—"I'll bet you that this ferret is as good a one as any in Tom Jones's possession; it's a beauty of a ferret."

"I say," answered Master Wellings, "it is not to be compared to that which killed the great rat in the gutter, the last time we were at Jones's, and Mr. Perkins says so too."

"But does Perkins know we have got these ferrets?" asked a third voice.

"I never asked him," replied Wellings. At that moment Roger came out of the shed, and seeing Marten and Henry so near, he asked them to come in and see the ferrets.

"Don't say any thing to me about your ferrets," replied Henry, "for I don't desire either to see them or hear any thing about them."

"And wherefore, Master Wisehead?" asked Roger.

"Because," replied Henry, "we are not allowed to keep ferrets; and, if you let me know that you have them, and I should be questioned about them, I shall tell all I know."

"You are a rum concern, Milner," said Roger; "an odd fish as ever entered a decent place of education. What! you young fool! surely you won't go and 'peach to the Doctor about the ferrets?"

"If I am asked, I shall tell the truth, that's all," said Henry: "and now, that you know I am not a person to be depended upon, I advise you to keep every thing from me which you desire I should not tell."

"So you are not ashamed to call yourself a tell-tale," said Wellings.

"I don't call myself a tell-tale," replied

Henry; "I am no tell-tale; I only speak when I am spoken to. But, don't trust to my uttering falsehoods for you; and, I caution you beforehand, which is all fair and open."

"Very true," remarked Marten; "what Milner says, is straightforward and plain enough."

"Well, but surely he won't be blabbing about the ferrets," said Master Wellings.

"You have no reason, Wellings," replied Henry, "to call me a blab."

"No, that he has not, in truth," said Roger, "fairly spoken enough. I don't think he'll be making mischief, neither."

"You shall try me if you please, and see what I would do if I were to be questioned," said Henry. "I hardly know what I should say, if I were to be asked about your pranks; but I should not wish to make matters worse than they are."

"Let us try him then," said Roger. "Come, Marten, you can question and command as well as the Doctor himself. You shall play the Doctor, and I will be Mr. Simson; for he is as likely as any one to be the accuser; and we will try the tell-tale."

"You play, Mr. Simson!--you play old Graveairs, Roger!" said Wellings; "why, you are just as fit for such a character as you would be to ape Miss Judy Meckin at combing time! Come, let us call the first class, and Mansfield shall play old Simson; he is just such another queer shaver."

The first class were accordingly called, Marten seated in state on a heap of stones, and Edward Mansfield fixed upon to bring up the com-

plaint; all the elder boys in the mean time having placed themselves round to see the sport. Whilst the accuser was being made acquainted with the subject of accusation, Marten sat studying his pocket Homer, with as perfect composure of manner as the Doctor would have himself displayed on a like occasion: neither did he lift up his eyes from his book, till the *soi-disant* Mr. Simson had expressed himself to the following purpose:

"Sir, I am extremely distressed to be obliged to disturb you from your studies, which ought to be and undoubtedly are of a more interesting nature than the things which I am compelled to impart; inasmuch, as the volume which you are now perusing treats of matters of high and exalted import; whereas, that which I have to say, refers to certain misdemeanors of your young gentlemen, of which hints, though dark ones, have reached my ears, through the intervention of that prudent and sagacious person, Miss Judy Meckin; who, having observed that the inferior or minor digit of the sinister hand of Master Roger Clayton was tied up and bound with a remnant of black silk, satin, sarsenet, or other material of the same colour, was led to opine, that it was possible, that the same Roger Clayton had received a wound from the tooth or teeth of a ferret, an unclean, offensive, and ill-conditioned animal, which is justly and properly abhorred by all sensible and discreet persons, although possessing qualities, which formerly, as also in the present day, have, and do commend it to the regard of many such

young gentlemen as are lovers of pugilistic contests and sanguinary sports."

Thus spoke the representative of the usher; and he who stood, or rather sat, in the character of the Doctor, was a moment or more before he replied; then raising his eyes from his book, "Mr. Simson," he said, "I commend your zeal: this matter must be investigated—and though I do not altogether coincide with you in your ideas of the prudence and sagacity of Miss Judy Meckin, yet I am willing, as all prudent persons ought to be, to be benefited even by the hints of those of whose wisdom I may not possess the highest opinion. And now, Mr. Simson, it is my wish, that forthwith you should go forth into the hall, and select, pick, choose, or call from the mass of the boys, the *ignobile vulgus*, that individual of whose correctness of speech you have had reason, (through experience, for as the learned affirm—*experientia docet*,) to form the best opinion,—and bring him into my presence without loss of time, in order that I may interrogate him concerning this matter!"

"Sir," replied the representative of Mr. Simson, "I shall have no difficulty in selecting the boy most fitted to our purpose on this occasion, there being only two of the first class whom I consider as being wholly clear and free from that low, despicable inclination for those sanguinary sports, in which the little animal above spoken of is able to communicate to their entertainment; and the first of these being an exquisite, and in consequence, very unstable and uncertain in his humours, I shall set aside as a

witness not to be depended upon; but the second being a steady, sober, rational, prudent, discreet, and tractable character, I shall presently introduce into your presence."

He that sat in the seat of the Doctor changed not a muscle of his face whilst the pseudo Mr. Simson made his reply—not that he was not somewhat hard tried, when mention was made of a "certain exquisite" for whom he had no small regard. Nevertheless, he managed to preserve the dignified solemnity of his character, replying, that he desired that the young gentleman in question might be summoned to his presence.

Henry Milner was forthwith brought forward, which same Henry Milner, standing with his eyes bent down, awaited the pleasure of his master, having first made a most profound and respectful reverence.

"Humph!" said the Doctor, looking keenly on Henry—"and so, young man, you are the person selected by Mr Simson as the individual amongst our young people, the least liable to be swerved by passion, interest, self-conceit, fear, or other feelings to which frail human nature is liable; and hence, as being the person the best fitted for giving a true, clear, and just statement of any incorrect proceedings which may now be carrying on under my roof."

Henry bowed, and answered that "no doubt there were many persons in the school who might be confided in quite as safely as himself."

The Doctor in return, affecting to take a pinch of snuff, said, "You must please, sir, to leave

me and Mr. Simson to judge for ourselves on this occasion; your business is now to answer the questions which I shall propound; and first, permit me to ask, have you, Mr. Milner, ever seen a ferret or ferrets since you became my pupil?"

"Yes, sir," said Henry.

"That's an untruth," exclaimed Roger; "that's a bare falsehood; for you have not seen the colour of the skin of a single ferret in my keeping, or in that of any other boy in this house."

"Hold your peace, Roger," said Marten, "or I have done."

The other boys enforced this command, and the *soi-disant* Doctor proceeded to this effect:

"Where, sir, did you see the animal or animals you speak of?—in whose hand, and in what place?"

"In the hands of Tom Jones; and in the field near his house," replied Henry.

"A good come off," cried Roger; "a rare come off!"

"Silence!" exclaimed the other boys, and the Doctor went on.

"Don't prevaricate, sir; but answer me this question—have you or have you not seen a ferret or ferrets within my premises?"

"No, sir," replied Henry.

"Rare!" said Roger; "I wish to my heart, that the Doctor himself was now questioning him."

Marten took no notice of this, but going on with his examination, spoke to this effect:

"Have you, or have you not, Mr. Milner,

reason to think, suppose, or conjecture, that any of my young gentlemen possess one or more of these abominable creatures, or that any animals of this kind are nurtured, cherished, or protected, by any of the young men or boys under my tuition ?—speak to the purpose, sir."

"I hope, sir," returned Henry, "that I shall never speak an untruth in your presence, or that of any other person; but I would rather not answer this question."

"No prevarication, sir," returned the Doctor; "have you or have you not reason to think that there are ferrets on my premises?"

"There are, sir," replied Henry.

"And, in whose hands?" asked the examiner;—"declare the names of the persons who possess them."

"Roger Clayton has one," returned Henry; "I can answer for no other person."

"What say you to that, Roger?—Eh, Roger!" exclaimed the boys, who surrounded him.

"Why," replied he, "that Milner is as he said, not to be depended on, if this is a specimen of what he would do for a friend in distress; he is a mere nothing at all—a rotten post to lean on."

The trial now being at an end, the boys got round Henry, and said, "Now do tell us Milner, have you given us a true copy of your countenance?—Would you really blab in this way, if you were put to the trial?"

"Certainly I would," said Henry; "so, take care you don't trust me; consider me as a spy, if you will, but make yourselves sure of this, that I will always speak the truth, (the Almigh-

ty helping me,) whether it makes against myself or my friend. I am not a tell-tale, for I seek not occasions of mischief, as you must all have seen long before this time; and this I add, that had I desired to injure any of you, I should not have warned you not to have depended upon me; or laid myself open as I now have done."

"Fair enough," said Marten—"fairly spoken enough; and I think you all ought to be satisfied."

"Satisfied!" said Roger; "satisfied, to find that we have a blab and a tell-tale amongst us; and one too that is impudent enough to tell us that he is one, and will be one whenever called upon."

"Why," replied Marten, "his forewarning you of his resolution to speak the whole truth whenever called upon, is the very thing which clears him in my opinion of all dishonourable intentions. He plainly tells you, that he wishes you to be careful of what you do before him, because he cannot, and will not lie and equivocate to hide your faults."

"Well," said Wellings, "all this is very fine, but it is a monstrous bore to have such a blab amongst us."

"Get thee within thy brazen bowl, O most valiant Euristheus!" said Marten; "for, we are about to bring forward the Cretan bull!"

"No more of that," said Wellings, reddening. "We have had enough of that already, Marten; I was quite a boy, you well know, when that affair took place; and, if all our fool's tricks when we were children are to be brought forward, I know not where the end of them will be."

"True," replied Marten, "we have all been fools in our time; and, I will promise you never to use the words brass bowl, bull, or booby, excepting when you accuse Milner of being a blab; for, had it not been for honest Thomas, this most savoury and witty history of the encounter between Master Wellings and the bull, together with that of the valour of Master Henry Milner, and the descent of poor Patrick O'Grady from the summit of the hay-cart, would never have reached the ears of a single individual at Clent Green."

So saying, Marten took Henry's arm, and walked with him from the garden.

## CHAPTER XX.

*The Latin Themes—and the Prizes.*

THE trial respecting the ferrets did not appear to alter the conduct of the young gentlemen in general towards Henry. Wellings, however, some days afterwards, informed him that the ferrets were all gone—a piece of information, the truth of which Henry did not think it his business to inquire into.

"I suppose," said Master Wellings, "that they must have got out in the night, somehow or other, for they were safe in the evening, and in the morning I missed them; so, as they were not where I left them, I suppose that they were gone; and so you may tell the Doctor, Henry, that there are none in or about the premises."

"I do not suppose that he will ever ask me any questions about them," replied Henry.

"I don't know that," said Wellings; "I don't know any thing about it; but the ferrets are gone—and that I know to my sorrow."

Thus ended the affair of the ferrets; and presently a new subject of discourse was brought forward. It was a custom of Dr. Matthews to require a Latin theme from every boy in the great class, before the Christmas holidays; and to bestow a first and second prize on the two

best themes. These themes were to be of a specified length; and the subjects were left to the boys themselves.

One morning the Doctor informed his pupils that this his usual plan was not to be departed from; and he further added, that he had given his pupils timely notice, in order that they might have the more leisure for studying their subjects and composing with correctness.

This day, as soon as the young gentlemen got out into the play-ground, Roger Clayton exclaimed, "Surely, the Doctor does not think that I shall be puzzling my brains about my theme from this time till Christmas."

"I don't know what he thinks," said Master Wellings, "nor do I much care; but, I am sure, that neither you nor I, Roger, shall trouble ourselves about our themes till just a week or so before breaking up."

"Most resolutely and wisely resolved upon," exclaimed Marten; "I cannot but commend your prudence and discretion."

"You are quizzing, Marten," said Wellings, "I am sure of it."

"Don't decide rashly," answered Marten, calmly—"be sure you don't, Wellings!"

In pursuance with the determination of Roger, neither he nor Wellings attempted to begin their themes till two weeks before Christmas; but Marten and Henry laboured together; each of them choosing a character from ancient history for their subject. Marten was undoubtedly the best scholar in the whole school, and therefore had no difficulty in accomplishing his task; but Henry, who had never written any

other Latin than mere exercises, found difficulty in every sentence, but he had a friend at hand. Marten was ever ready with his advice, though he had too much honour to write the theme for him; and if he had offered to do so, I trust it would have been disallowed by Henry.

About the time when some of the idlest boys in the class were beginning their themes, Henry's was finished, neatly copied, and laid by; and he was thus freed from all those tremulous apprehensions which must ever attend a modest person, who thinks that he must perform a difficult task in a very short time.

The season of Christmas at length drew near; and the day fixed for giving the prizes was that which preceded that of the breaking up; many a stout heart quaked, when the awful morning arrived, the reading of the themes was to take place in the evening; and, as it was always a kind of public occasion, during the course of the morning, several carriages rolled in at the gate, from which the parents, friends, and connexions of many of the boys alighted, and were introduced into the parlour to pay their compliments to Mrs. Matthews and the young ladies.

During the course of the day, several individuals among the young gentlemen were summoned into the presence of their friends, and amongst these was Marten, who was inquired for by Mr. Fortescue, a gentleman of large fortune in the neighbourhood, who was well acquainted with Marten's father; and was come expressly to invite him to spend the holidays at Fortescue Court.

No one, however, inquired after Henry or George; they therefore sat together most of the day in the school-room, the elder quietly amusing himself with a book, and the other in making a leather ball.

Much talk in the mean time passed in the school about the prizes; the young gentlemen making many conjectures concerning the person who might expect the second prize, for there was no doubt but that the first would be adjudged to Marten.

Whilst these discussions were taking place, a very pleasing young man in a clerical dress entered the room, and accosted several of the boys by name. Henry learnt that this person was the younger brother of the Doctor, Mr. Richard Matthews, who had on one or two occasions taken his brother's place in the school for several weeks, and performed his delegated duties in a most exemplary manner. In the course of the turn he made round the hall, he at length came up to the window near which Henry sat with little George, being followed by some of the elder boys.

When he approached, Henry rose up and bowed, on which Mr. Matthews, turning to his companions, said, "Do I not now see young Milner, the excellent Mr. Dalben's pupil?" and being answered in the affirmative, he gave him his hand, saying, "Master Milner, I am glad to see you—I formerly knew your excellent father; I was then but a little boy indeed, but he came to see me at school, and presented me with a little pocket Bible with clasps, and was indeed the first person who ever gave me an idea of the value of Scripture."

The tears started into Henry's eyes, and he from that moment felt that Mr. Matthews was his friend. How sweet, how very sweet it is to hear of the good works of a parent now no more!

"We are all on tip-toe," said Roger, addressing Mr. Matthews, "to know who's to get the second prize this evening."

"I hope," replied Mr. Matthews, "that you have all tried to deserve it, and then it is of little consequence who gets it."

"Oh! as to that," replied Roger, "I am sure I should like to get it, if it was only to plague Wellings, for I know he would be so confoundedly mortified."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Matthews, "one could not but wish you success, for the sake of the noble disinterestedness which you display:" and the young clergyman smiled.

"I am sure," said Master Wellings, "I should not be mortified the least in the world if you got it; for I don't care a brass farthing for the prize, unless it might be to dumb-founder Marten; for he will have it, that I did not take half time enough for my theme; and, I am sure I was at it till I was as stupid as a dog!"

"Are you quite sure, that you were not as stupid before you began the theme, as after you had finished it, Wellings?" asked Edward Mansfield.

Mr. Matthews then addressed Henry, and said, "My little man, you look very calm; you don't say anything about the prize: have you no chance of it?"

"No, sir," replied Henry, smiling; "I do

not think I have; and, I am not sure that I wish for it."

"Eh!" said Roger, "do but hear him! what tune shall we set that to?—Eh! my good fellow! so, you don't want the prize?—who's to believe that, think you? Why, Mr. Matthews, you would not credit it, but as soon as ever the Doctor gave us notice that we were to write themes, he set to work, and wrote and corrected, and studied, and re-studied, and scratched out, and put in, night after night, night after night; and so went on till about ten days since, as if his very life depended on his theme being the very best; and now he pretends to say he cares nothing about the prize. Let those believe him, who like to be made fools of; for my part, I know that he would give his head, ears, and all, to get the prize."

"I would give nothing to get it," replied Henry, "though I would do much to deserve it; but somehow, when I think that I can only have it by disappointing and vexing other people, I feel that I would rather not have it—and that is the plain truth."

"You surprise me," said Mr. Matthews; "I don't quite understand your sentiment."

"Only, sir," replied Henry, "that I don't like to be happy at the expense of other people; and indeed, sir, I don't know whether I can be made happy at that rate."

"Excellent!" said Mr. Matthews.

Henry looked up as if to say—Why excellent, sir, I don't comprehend you—what have I said?—However, he did not speak excepting with his eyes.

"I call your principle excellent," said Mr. Matthews, "because, in the first place, it is not a common one; and in the second, because it is so entirely congenial with Christianity, and conformable to the feelings which Christ our Saviour desires to excite in the distribution of his rewards to those that love him. I use the word reward in this place, because however obtained, either through Christ, or by a man's own deserts, happiness bestowed on a creature who is found worthy thereof, must be called a reward.

"In describing the blessedness of his redeemed ones, he makes the prospect of the happiness of others, and the entire exclusion of the view of pain, tears, and sorrow, as one of the first ingredients of this state of beatitude: whereas in all views of happiness depicted by unregenerate man, either for himself or his friend, there is a kind of exclusive spirit, and a hope of being better, wiser, richer, more fortunate, and more blessed than his fellow-creatures. In one word, my dear Milner, I do of all things enjoy your idea of not wishing for that sort of happiness which can only be obtained by a triumph over other people's feelings."

"Sir," replied Henry, "you are very good, for giving me any credit for speaking what I have done; but, I am very sure that there is not one boy here present that would sit down coolly and quietly to wish his companion any unhappiness."

"Now really," Milner, said Roger, "I do think you judge better of us than we deserve: you are a good fellow after all, though a queer

one; and yet I don't know but I think better of you than of ever another lad in the school."

"Clayton," said Mr. Matthews, "will you never leave off speaking like a plough boy?"

"He can speak properly when he pleases, sir," said Edward Mansfield; "but he thinks it smart and dashing to be vulgar now and then."

"I am much afraid," said Mr. Matthews, "that his nows and thens come very often, and sometimes when not called for."

This conversation was interrupted by an exceedingly shrill voice issuing from the farther door of the school-room, sounding at first like the shriek of a lap-dog, whose tail has been accidentally trod upon; and, becoming gradually more acute and sonorous, and at length proceeding to utter articulate and intelligible sounds. The words which were thus conveyed to the astonished auditors were to this effect: "Mr. Perkins! Mr. Simson! Mr. Perkins!—What, no usher in the hall!" Then, in a higher key, "Mr. Perkins! Mr. Simson!—Mr. Simson! Mr. Perkins!" Then, an expression of impatience, after which the following names were reverberated, in still more high and querulous accents, "Master How! Master Jones! Master Rawlins! Master Bunce! Master Greaves! Master Lister! Master Betts! Master Hoskins! am I to send, call, knock, and sing, for an hour in vain? and am I, at length, obliged to come myself at this time too, when I am wanted in twenty places at once—because you don't choose to come and be combed and washed, and have your best clothes on. But I will wait no longer; you shall not be dressed, not one of you—and

then, how are you to appear in the school-room before all the company?"

The former part of this exordium seemed to have proceeded from some chink in the wall, but some unlucky person having contrived during the oration to throw the door wide open, the whole person of Miss Judy Meekin appeared from behind, clad in the robe or wrapper which has been honourably mentioned aforetime, her left hand being armed with that terrible instrument of many teeth, with which she was accustomed to operate on the heads of the lesser boys; and her right hand being raised as if to enforce her argument, whilst every feature of her face was animated with high and excessive indignation.

Such was the figure displayed to view by the opening door, and such the terror she inspired, that the little boys, instead of obeying her summons, gathered together like frighted sheep, in the most remote part of the school-room.

Mr. Matthews, however, seeing the demur, walked up to the enraged lady, apologized to her for the trouble she had had of coming in her own proper person to seek the boys, alleged in excuse the bustle which then prevailed in the house, and having thus dispersed the storm, and restored something like complacency to the old lady's face, the scene was closed by her departure, and that of the little flock, against whose hands and heads she meditated certain attacks which were more requisite than acceptable.

This world has been often compared to a stage, on which an infinite variety of scenes are

introduced, and on which the same actor struts at one time with feathered head in the character of a prince, and in the next hour performs the part of some obscure menial, and *vice versâ;* thus was it with Miss Judy Meckin, whose next appearance was in the school-room, which being illuminated, and disposed somewhat in the form of a theatre, with a kind of platform or stage at the higher end thereof, was by no means a contemptible place; in front of the stage or platform were rows of seats, placed for such visiters as chose to honour Clent Green with their presence from the neighbouring villages and farm-houses, together with such of the boys as were considered only as spectators, and on the platform on each side were chairs, placed for the more intimate and more honourable friends of the Doctor, together with the ladies of the family, amongst which last Miss Judy Meckin shone resplendent in a pea-green satin, with a wreath of white roses, which was supposed to be rendered less girl-like by a kind of cobweb-like lace cap, which peeped from beneath the tiffany and tinsel leaves; neither were the roses on her head her only ornaments, for in this, the most triumphant period of her year, her features were bedecked with many gracious smiles, and she paid her compliments to the strangers, with as much glee, vivacity, and self-importance, as if she had been a young bride on a birth night at court—

Varium et mutabile semper
Femina

In a kind of semicircle, forming the back-

ground of the platform, sat those persons who were to be judges of the merits of the themes; and here, indeed, many wise faces, and wiser wigs were displayed to view, and the solemn hems and coughs which proceeded from this crescent were not a little appalling to those whose judgment was on the point of being decided.

When the company were assembled, the great bell was rung, and the boys were introduced, the younger ones being directed to take the places appointed them in the front of the audience; whilst the ten elder boys, or I should rather say, the ten members of the first class, were allowed to stand together on the corner of the platform, waiting till one and another should be called forward to produce his theme, and to hear it read. Mr. Matthews, having undertaken to do as much justice to each author as his powers of elocution would permit.

In order that there might be a chance of producing the themes according to their respective merits, the authors were to be called according to their usual position in the class, and the themes were not only to be read in Latin, but also to be given in their English translation, for the benefit of the ladies present, and according to this order of things, our friend Henry expected to be the third person called upon, and Marten the last.

When every thing had been thus arranged in the court an awful pause ensued, filled up with a kind of confused murmur of whisperings, and suppressed titterings, the greater part of which last might be traced to the Misses Matthews, who were placed in the most conspicuous

situation at the opposite corner of the platform to that occupied by the parties who were about to be judged.

During this painful pause an accurate observer would have been interested in remarking the various effects which their present situation had upon the young men, some of whom seemed more violently agitated than circumstances would justify, and these were commonly those who had boasted most of their indifference to the opinions which were this evening to be pronounced. Roger stared, and seemed wholly bewildered; Master Wellings looked white, and trembled; Marten was grave and impenetrable, and Henry Milner was just as usual.

At length the word of command was given, and Mr. Roger Clayton desired to step forth and produce his theme, which he did in the utmost confusion imaginable; neither can we blame him for being confused, the situation being sufficiently embarrassing.

The Latin was read, and no comments made, and the translation then given, which passed in the same way; after which, the young gentleman was desired to withdraw. Another boy was then brought forward, whose production was also heard without comment.

Master Henry Milner was next called, and it was evident that his youthful and very pleasing appearance instantly excited interest, together with the peculiarly innocent and unpresuming manner in which he looked up to Mr. Matthews, when he delivered his theme to him.

What the elders on the bench thought of his

Latin did not appear, although there was a stir among the wigs whilst the lecture was going on, and the Doctor was seen to tap his snuff-box with a flourish, and heard to hem between the pauses no less than three times, a circumstance from which the anxious Marten (who, by-the-bye, at that moment had altogether forgotten the existence of the exquisite,) began to augur well, as he also did from a certain glow which lighted up the features of Mr. Matthews as he read.

At length the Latin lecture being finished, Mr. Matthews turned with spirit to that part of the audience who were not supposed to understand the learned languages, and gave the translation as follows:

"Whilst my more learned and intelligent companions have invoked the daughters of Jove to their assistance, and sought that inspiration which proceeds from the Pierian fountain, being little versed in these matters, I have been led to desire to drink of another stream, and to imbibe that inspiration which may enable me, unworthy though I be, to sing the praises of the Shepherd King, such as he is represented in the volumes of Sacred Song, and such as my fancy has sometimes represented him to me in visions on my bed, and in my waking dreams, when wandering amidst those glories, scenes of natural beauty, wherein pastoral images are most likely to affect the imagination.

"And first, I would desire to point out the origin of my Shepherd King, of whom the sweet Psalmist of Israel was the emblem; his origin is divine, nay, he is divinity himself;

but he descended from on high, and put on the veil of flesh, and became the Shepherd of the human race, for the flock of his fold are men; and in this his character of a shepherd, he gave up his life for his sheep, and the coat with which his divine nature was endued was torn and rent, and for a while taken from him; but he had power to assume it again, and again to take upon him his pastoral office; for he had by his sufferings purchased for himself the lives of his sheep, and though now not present with them in the body, he still reigns over them, and watches over them; and his eye is on every hill and every valley where his sheep are found; by his care the green herb is supplied, by which they are nourished, and it is he who makes the wilderness to gush with fresh waters to allay their thirst.

"His flock are now indeed scattered, yet his eye is upon them, and his promise remains that he will come in the latter days and search his sheep, and seek them out, and deliver them from all the places where they may have wandered in the cloudy and dark day.

"In the latter days, then, we shall see him again, and behold him wearing his crown resplendent with many jewels, and bearing his pastoral staff in his hand, and the golden age will no longer then be as the dream of the poets, for the earth will then give her increase, and all evil beasts shall have ceased from the land.

"Join then with me, my friends, in singing the praises of the Shepherd King, for who can bear comparison with him? my harp indeed is

a little one, it has only a few chords, and these are often out of tune, but such as it is, it shall be set to his praise till I can find one worthier than him for the subject of my song."

Mr. Matthews ceased to read, and restored the paper to Henry, who, as he received it, was amazed with such a burst of applause thundering from the unlearned part of the audience, as he had never before heard; he was even unacquainted with this usual mode of showing approbation, and hardly knew what to make of it, though he obeyed the hint of Mr. Matthews, who whispered to him—" Bow to them, Milner, bow, and withdraw."

He accordingly bowed with his usual graceful modesty, his colour being at the same time considerably heightened, and then withdrew to his companions, where he presently found both his hands grasped within those of Marten, who with tears in his eyes, said—" Henry, dear Henry, I rejoice with you; I cannot say how much."

" I don't understand it," said Henry, looking gratefully up to his friend; " what is it?"

" Never mind," said Marten; " stand back, they are reacting again, it's no matter what you understand; stand behind."

As Henry drew into the rear, his eye fell on little George, who was sitting near the platform, and displaying such a variety of grimaces as he had never before observed him make, and, at length, when his eye met those of his friend, the little fellow fairly jumped up, clapped his

hands, and had, as it appeared, some difficulty in restraining himself from giving a great shout.

The fourth boy was now undergoing his examination, but Henry being drawn behind, saw and heard little, till Marten was called, when he forced himself forward, and felt his cheeks glow and flush.

Marten's theme was excellent Latin, and the translation displaying good taste, and great correctness of principle, was received with applause; after which, the themes being all read, the great men on the benches withdrew to adjudge the prizes, whilst some of the lesser boys amused the audience by reciting speeches from Shakspeare, and other fine passages of English poetry. The wigs and spectacles at length appeared again, and Marten, being called forward, was presented with a very beautiful edition of Homer, whilst a very handsome compliment was paid to him by the chief of the judges, on his excellent and pure Latin. The young man received the book and the compliment with modest grace, but evidently started, and was agitated, and stood still in the middle of the platform, when he heard his friend Henry requested to appear next.

Henry reddened when he heard his own name thus proclaimed, but rather lingered, as not knowing whether it might not be a reproof which he had to expect: however, being pushed onwards by his companions, he came forward, and the person who had given Marten the Homer, thus addressed him—

"Master Milner, we have adjudged the

second prize to you, on mature deliberation, although we think that your Latin is not superior to that of several of your companions, for you have all done well, and the Doctor is obliged to you for the credit done to his tuition; but as there is certainly more originality in your composition than in most others, we consider that the prize is fairly and justly yours; and your instructor, therefore, permits us to bestow it upon you, trusting that it will be an encouragement to you to continue to cultivate those original talents with which you seem to be endowed."

Henry bowed, and as he extended his hand to receive the book, which was a handsome Virgil, murmurs of approbation arose from the benches where the ladies sat, and the honourable Mrs. Prattleton, who was the first lady present, declared aloud, that she should have gone home quite dissatisfied if that charming boy, Master Milner, had not had one prize.

And now followed one of the scenes of confusion which always ensue at the breaking up of a large mixed party, a short period of disorder in which more mischief is commonly done than during all the foregoing hours, during which such party or parties may have been assembled.

Miss Judy on this occasion began to talk nonsense to Mr. Simson, and Mr. Perkins to Miss Priscilla; Wellings and Roger, who were both in ill-humours, to utter treason against the Doctor, young Smith to quiz Marten, &c. &c. whilst the sapient Mrs. Prattleton had caused Henry to be brought to her, and as she still sat by Mrs. Matthews, was holding his hands, and

cramming him with every injudicious expression of flattery which her foolish imagination could suggest. Henry could hardly make out what she said, though these terms, sweet boy, fine face, elegant person, youthful scholar, intelligent mind, original ideas, poetic taste, sweet complexion, graceful air, delightful countenance, &c. &c. &c. rang in his ears for some hours afterwards.

At length, however, the party dispersed, and the boys were not sorry to find a hot substantial supper spread on the school-room table, to which they all sat down, with a view to enjoy themselves, but this enjoyment extended not beyond the smaller classes, for, with the exception of Marten, not one individual of that class was in a happy state. Marten indeed was happy, because his satisfaction proceeded not from his own success, (for he well knew, that he was at once the eldest boy in the school, and the one who had enjoyed the greatest advantages in the acquirement of the Latin language, it was no triumph to him to receive the prize, whereas it would have been a marked disgrace if he had missed it,) but from the pleasure he took in the success of his friend; his joy, therefore, not being a selfish joy, was a truly exhilarating one, and he was all gaiety during supper; but Henry who had now first felt the nature of a worldly triumph, who had now first tasted the cup of flattery, felt he knew not what, of sadness and of fear, which he could not overcome, and on Marten's rallying him on his dejected appearance, he fairly burst into tears, and said—" I cannot be happy, because I feel

that I have not deserved to be set up as I have been this evening, the ideas in my theme were not mine, though they called them original, they are all out of the Bible, and they might have known that if they had chosen, and then they said that my Latin was no better than that of the other boys; then why was I to have this prize, and what was the use of that old lady larding me as she did with her foolish flattery?"

"You are out of humour, Milner," said Marten.

"I believe I am," replied Henry; "but I don't know why;" then smiling, he added, "My mind is something like the chocolate mixed up with salt and sweet; I am proud, and yet I am vexed; I am conceited, and yet I know myself to be a fool; I hate that old woman's flattery, and yet I am pleased with it; I don't want the prize, and yet I am delighted with it; I want to be like old Henry Milner, who used to play with little Maurice, and yet I fancy that I should like to be a fine orator, or writer, and admired by the whole world."

Whilst Henry was speaking, and not supposing that any one heard him but Marten and Edward Mansfield, who sat on the other side of him, and who was a liberal and well-meaning boy, the ushers being in the parlour with the company, Mr. Matthews was behind his chair, having just come in to peep at the boys, and had heard all that had passed; and when he ceased to speak, to his great surprise, took upon himself to reply.

"My dear Milner," he said, "you did not

know that I was so near you, or perhaps you might not have spoken your whole mind quite so freely; but never fear, did I not know and love your father, and therefore you have a right to consider me as an old friend; but friend or no friend, be assured, you have no reason to be afraid of my being displeased at what you have just said; the state of your mind, as you have just described it, coincides entirely with some preconceived ideas of my own respecting the nature of worldly distinctions, and arbitrary rewards to be given or withheld by the favour of man; all earthly honours, my dear boy, especially when bestowed to the exclusion of others, undoubtedly excite bad passions, and neither tend to the happiness of those who receive them, or are excluded from them, although they may lead to mental and bodily exertions in some instances, and therefore may be used as motives of action where better principles are wanting.

"All excitements from temptation, however," added Mr. Matthews, "are dangerous, and never tend, in my opinion, either to spiritual good, or the general harmony of society.

"However, the best thing you can now do, my dear Henry, is to eat your supper, and endeavour to believe, what is very true, that your success this evening is not owing to yourself, but to the blessing of God, on the labours of that excellent man who had the care of you in the early part of your life."

Mr. Matthews then consented to take his place at the table, between Henry and Marten,

and leaving the company in the parlour to amuse themselves, he added not a little to the festivity of the supper in the hall, by his agreeable conversation, and affectionate affability.

## CHAPTER XXI.

*Containing the Arrival of Major Berresford, and the History of the Leg of Mutton which flew higher after it was boiled than it had ever done before.*

The Christmas holydays were not intended to be so long as the summer holydays had been, on which account most of the boys whose friends lived at a distance remained at school. On this occasion, Mr. Simson was left in command, and was vastly more attentive than Mr Perkins had been, though Henry did not enjoy this vacation as he had done the last, as Mr. Simson was remarkably dull and uninteresting.

Mr. Matthews had gone off the day following the breaking up, and Marten had departed with Mr. Fortescue; but the Doctor and his family were at home, and Henry saw a good deal of them, as the boys dined in the parlour. Little Berresford was as usual Henry's chief companion, and in the innocent society of this little boy, and that of one or two more of the same age, Henry soon recovered his peace of mind. He got a few carpenter's tools, and taught his little companions to make little articles in wood. They fitted up some ships; and made some chairs and tables in miniature, with sundry other matters of little importance. They read Robin-

son Crusoe and the Pilgrim's Progress, and Pilpay's Fables; with certain other deep learned works of the same description; and one Sunday, Henry taught them many things from Scripture, which had been explained to him in past times by Mr. Dalben.

Towards the end of the holydays, Henry was surprised by the arrival of little George's father, Major Berresford, who was just come from abroad, and who had resolved, as he was an elderly man, to sell out of the army, and devote his future days (the Lord permitting) to the education of his only child.

It had been so long since little George had seen his father, that he did not know him in the least, when he saw him alight from the carriage which had brought him, and he was therefore the more surprised when summoned to appear, and when told that his father was actually arrived.

About an hour after the arrival of Major Berresford, Master Milner was also called for, and Henry was conducted into a small parlour, where he found the major alone with his son.

"There's Master Milner, papa," said little George, who opened the door; "that's Henry, my Henry Milner."

The major got up; he was a dignified and truly gentleman-like man, but seemed worn with hard service, and apparently not in good health. He advanced in haste to Henry, seized his hand, and looking upon him with eyes moist with tears, "Master Milner," he said, "receive a father's thanks and blessing; I have heard all you have done for my son; and I know not how

to utter my gratitude. Words will not and cannot express my feelings; you have obliged me in a way that never can be repaid; you have not only protected, cherished, and assisted my little boy, but you have taught him to know, to love, and to serve his God. You have made his life a blessing to him; you have been father, mother, all to him."

The major could say no more; his feelings would not permit him: but he made Henry sit by him, whilst he looked on his sweet countenance with almost as much pleasure as on that of his own little son.

"That's Henry, papa," repeated George; "I told you how pretty he was. There is no boy in the school half so pretty, not one worthy to tie his shoe. Won't you let him go with us when we go?"

"Are you going to take little George away, sir?" said Henry, sorrowfully.

"Not for a quarter of a year, Master Milner," replied the father; and then I propose, as all places are nearly alike to me, to spend the next few months at Malvern, in order that George may be near his valuable friend; for I understand, you are to leave this place when your uncle returns to England. George and I have settled it all."

"Very well," said Henry, "very well, sir; and now I shall be at liberty to be happy and rejoice with George; for I could not be glad when I thought you were going to take him away." And Henry's face immediately brightened up.

"And now," said the Major, "what shall

we do?—Your holydays are not over, I hear; George says there are three or four more days to come. I shall ask the Doctor if he will spare you a few days; he has known me many years, and therefore will not be afraid; and we will have a little excursion. I have a servant with me and a gig; I will get a hack horse for the servant, and the gig will hold us all. It is fine open frosty weather, and we will go and see the world, won't we, George?"

The little boy gave a bound, and the Major hastened to put an end to all suspense by going immediately to the Doctor to obtain the desired permission, which he found no difficulty in doing.

The Major dined with the Doctor and his family, and in the evening withdrew with his two boys to the Red Lion, where they drank tea and went to bed early, in order to be the fitter for the excursion, which was to commence the next day.

It is not my intention to give a long account of this tour; neither shall I precisely say in what direction they went, or what places they saw, because I do not choose my readers to know the precise situation of Clent Green; though I will acknowledge, that it is within view of the Malvern Hills. My reasons for keeping this matter secret do not affect any of my readers; and therefore I desire that no one will give himself the trouble of looking into them.

The young gentlemen were pouring in again, and Marten was already arrived, when the Major brought his young companions back; and in a day or two from that time, every

thing had fallen into its usual routine. I had almost forgotten to say, that Dr. Matthews had received a letter from Mr. Dalben during the vacation, saying that he was then with Lord H—— at Paris and was so much better, that he hoped to be in England as soon as the severity of winter was passed, at which time he trusted that he should be able to resume the care of Henry.

It was intended that Marten should remain another year at Clent Green, and then go to the university; and as this was to be his last year at school, his father wished that he should enjoy some particular indulgences, such as a room to himself, and the privilege of taking his meals in the parlour. As Marten was a great favourite with the Doctor's family, these privileges were immediately allowed him; and at the same time it was arranged that Theodore Fortescue, the only son of Mr. Fortescue, and heir of an immense fortune, should be received as a parlour boarder at Clent Green; the young man, who was a thoroughly spoilt child, and only one year younger than Marten, having expressed a wish to that effect.

Theodore Fortescue had acccordingly arrived with Marten, and, as he clung to him with great assiduity, the Doctor augured no particular good to his favourite pupil from this connexion, Theodore being almost every thing which a young man ought not to be.

These new arrangements had a tendency to separate Marten from Henry: when they met however, it was with their ancient cordiality. Thus passed the remainder of January, with the

whole of February and March; at the end of which time, certain circumstances took place which I think it my duty to record.

It seems, that by dint of perpetual attentions, together with the influence of a fashionable appearance, a decisive manner, and much confidence, Theodore Fortescue had obtained more influence over the mind of Marten than the young man himself was aware of; and as Theodore had conceived a great dislike to the upright and straight forward manners of Henry, a dislike, not altogether unmixed with envy; for the praises of young Milner as a remarkably elegant boy, had reached him through the means of the honourable Mrs. Prattleton, some weeks before he had seen him; he had made it his endeavour by every under-hand method he could invent, to undermine the friendship which he well knew had subsisted for some months between Henry and Marten. Had the other been aware of his insidious purposes, he might have guarded himself against them: but Marten being incapable of a mean action, was the less liable to suspect meanness in another, and especially in one who had the appearance of a gentleman.

Henry had other enemies as well as young Fortescue, the most inveterate of whom was Wellings; and this reciprocal feeling between Wellings and Theodore presently became a motive of action, which led them to act in concert on an occasion which I shall presently take an opportunity to explain.

One night, after the younger part of the scholars were retired to rest, Mr. Fortescue entered

the hall, and began to whisper with Wellings and Clayton, and when dismissed to their room, he followed them up stairs, and getting into a corner with them, renewed the discourse, whatever it might be.

These whisperings were renewed at intervals for several days; and at length, as secrets of this kind are seldom very closely kept, Henry was told that the great boys meant to have a hot supper very soon, unknown to the masters.

"A hot supper!" said Henry to young Mansfield, "would it not be better to ask leave, and have it publicly?"

"No," said Mansfield, "Fortescue says there would be no fun in that."

"Well," said Henry, "don't tell me any thing about it, for I will have nothing to do with it."

"You won't," said Mansfield, "I thought so—I told them so; and, for my part, I shall have as little to do with it as you will have; for the supper is to take place on Easter Monday, and I shall be out then; for I always spend my Easter with my cousins at the Grange."

Henry Milner heard no more of this wild scheme for several days, and indeed thought no more of it; and thus the time passed till Easter Monday arrived. The boys, as usual on that day, had a holiday, and took a long walk: they did not return till it was dusk, and Henry had totally forgotten what had been said of the supper, till some one summoned Master Wellings from the hall, informing him that his father was come, and had asked leave for him to spend the evening with him at the Sun, the exclamation

of Master Wellings now for the first time revived the idea of the supper, or some other frolic in Henry's mind; for the young gentleman, instead of expressing any joy at seeing his father, cried out, "How unlucky! what wind could have blown him here this night of all nights in the year?"

Master Wellings was however obliged to obey the summons; and Roger Clayton looked very blank on the occasion. All things however went on very quietly till bed-time, and the boys were all dismissed as usual; but as they were going up stairs, Henry thought he saw a light twinkle through a chink in a small door, which opened upon a winding staircase, by which admittance was obtained to a long range of dark garrets, which were seldom visited by other creatures than rats. Of this, however, he took no notice, supposing that some servant might be up that way; he accordingly accompanied his companions to their room, where every one got into his bed as usual; and the younger ones were presently asleep. The noise of a distant door however rather startled Henry, as he was dropping into a dose, and opening his eyes, he looked round him, and plainly distinguished three or four figures creeping softly through the room, and seeming to go out at the door; he waited a moment or more, and then thought he heard whisperings without, and the name of Marten.

He instantly jumped up in bed, and partly dressing himself, went out into the passage, where, by the obscure light of the moon, for the moon was in her first quarter, he perceived that

the door of Marten's little room was ajar, although no step or voice was heard.

There is some frolic in hand, (thought Henry,) but I trust Marten has nothing to do with it. Friendship, however, impelled him to ascertain this; and he stepped on tip-toe and barefoot to his friend's door: there he plainly saw Marten standing near the window, and dressing himself. At the sight of a figure in the doorway, the young man started, and exclaimed, "Who is there?"

"It is I, Henry Milner," replied the other; "and I am come to beg you Marten to have no concern in this frolic."

"What frolic?" asked Marten.

"I don't know," replied Henry, "but I am sure that there is some scheme on foot; and I am come to implore, and beseech you, my friend, to have nothing to do with it."

"There is no harm in it," said Marten.

"There is," said Henry, "or you would not be so secret. Let me entreat you, dear Marten, to have nothing to do with it."

"I wish I had no concern in it," replied Marten; "but I have been drawn in by Fortescue. I have given him my word, and I cannot draw back; I know that I have done wrong, that I have acted like a fool, and I am sorry for it, but I can't draw back."

The name of Marten! Marten! now ran whisperingly through the gallery, and at the same moment the young man broke from Henry, rushed along the passage, and disappeared through the door-way, where Henry had seen the light.

Poor Henry was at that moment completely miserable. There was an old chest in the passage, quaintly carved with many curious devices. On this he sat, and wept like an infant; and there he remained a long time, lamenting his beloved Marten, whose friendship he believed was lost to him for ever. At length being excessively cold, he crept back to his bed, and soon lost the remembrance of his sorrow in a deep sleep.

When Henry awoke in the morning, he perceived that all his companions were in their usual places, and it seemed that they were none of them conscious that he was aware of any thing that had happened during the night.

During the whole of that day he saw Marten only once. Wellings and Mansfield came home in the evening, and every thing went on in its usual course, but before breakfast the next morning, the whole of the first class, with the exception of Henry, Wellings, and Mansfield, were called into the Doctor's study, and addressed with more than his usual solemnity.

"Young gentlemen," said the Doctor, when they were all ranged before him, "you are perhaps surprised at being summoned into my presence at this unusual hour." The Doctor paused, but no answer was made. "I own that it is a rare circumstance—an unusual circumstance—an extraordinary one; but, I have received a letter," and the Doctor displayed a sheet of paper which had been folded like a letter, at the same time deliberately and carefully arranging his spectacles in that place for which spectacles were originally intended; but whe-

ther for the convenience of the nose or the eyes, we presume not to decide, as more learned persons than ourselves have been posed by the arguments on both sides.

But, to proceed with our narrative: "I have received a letter, gentlemen—" and the Doctor spread both his hands on the paper.

"I see you have, sir," said Mr. Fortescue.

"You will please not to answer, sir," said the Doctor, with dignity. "The letter now before me was put into my hands at nine o'clock last night; it was delivered at the gate by a boy or boys, for there were more than one of the party; and a request was at the same time made that it might be placed in my own particular hands."

In this part of his discourse the Doctor looked round him, took off his spectacles and wiped them, and then placed the epistle at that distance from his eyes most suitable to the state of his optic nerves.

"You perhaps might like to hear the contents of this letter, gentlemen," said the Doctor; "I will therefore read it aloud, and I trust you will find it edifying."

The Doctor then read—

"SIR,

"I think it right that you should know that on Monday last, being Easter Monday, the whole of your great class, excepting Wellings, Milner, and Mansfield, arose from their beds after the little ones were asleep, and went up into the garret at the end of the right wing of the house, and there being assisted by some one

from without, raised up in baskets the materials for a hot supper, consisting of roasted fowls, ham, a boiled leg of mutton with caper sauce, hot apple pies, potatoes, and Cheshire cheese, together with a bottle of wine, and a quart of ale, on which they regaled at their leisure, and did not return to their beds till one o'clock."

When the Doctor had finished this rare epistle, which was signed "Juvenis," he looked round on the ashamed and astonished group which was gathered round him, with a countenance which in spite of his utmost endeavours could not or would not indicate displeasure. In vain he bit his lip and drew down his eyebrows; the idea of the leg of mutton ascending in a basket up the side of the house, at length so totally overpowered him, that he burst into a loud deep laugh, and rising in haste, dismissed the young gentlemen, saying, "All I have to require is, that the next time you make a feast in the cock-loft, you will honour me with an invitation."

There are some dispositions which dread ridicule more than corporal punishment; and there are certain seasons of life in which the human creature is particularly liable to be wounded by being made an object of merriment.

Now it happened unfortunately that Marten was not only naturally very sensitive on this point, but precisely at the age in which this sensitiveness is at the acmé; he would therefore much rather have felt the weight of the

Doctor's displeasure in any honourable and dignified form which could have been devised, than to be held up as an object of merriment, and, as he chose to think, of contempt. Accordingly, the Doctor's back was no sooner turned, than he addressed Theodore with some bitterness, and said he would take care that he should never make such a fool of him again.

"Those are the greater fools who lost their supper," said Theodore; "but, who do you think could have contrived that abominable letter?"

"Who," said Roger, "who but Milner—did you see the hand, Marten?—I had a glance at it, and I could have sworn to Henry's O's and his H's, and the tops of his L's. It's just like him—the trick is just like one of his; and you know, Marten, that he was up; you acknowledge yourself that he was up; and I dare say that he crept up the stairs, and saw how we carried on the war."

"I can't believe it," said Marten, "I can't believe it."

"Then let it alone," replied Roger; "think what you will, but if Milner did not write that letter, who could have done it? We should not have gone to have 'peached about ourselves; and Mansfield and Wellings were out of the way."

"It can't be Milner," said Marten.

"I can't believe it was any other," remarked Master Smith; "and I'll tell you why, Marten; Roger advised me to go down and lock the young ones in their rooms; and I did slip down, and looked into the passage, but turned

back, because I saw Milner sitting on the chest, and then you know I came down again an hour after, and he was asleep in bed; and then I bolted the door on the outside. Besides, Roger said it was his hand; and he must know Milner's hand, or it would be strange."

"Oh, Henry, Henry!" said Marten, as suspicion stole upon him, "it cannot be—surely it cannot be:" and he walked to the window to hide his feelings.

"Come, come," said Theodore, going up to Marten, "there is no use in fretting now; the best thing we can do, is to think no more of this foolish matter. It is all over now, and there is not much mischief done; you see that the Doctor himself could not help laughing at it, so we had best keep the thing close, or some others perhaps might take upon them to laugh, from whom the liberty would not come so well."

"I care not for laughter, for any body's laughter, now," said Marten; "I have acted like a fool, I know; but that does not trouble me—it is Henry, my dear Henry, who afflicts me; I could not have believed him capable of such an action as this. I have made an idol of this boy; I believed him all that is excellent, all that is honourable; and I am like one awakened from a dream." Here Marten placed his hand on his forehead, as persons often do in the moment of distress; and his attitude, together with the expression of his countenance, excited such bursts of merriment in his companions, that the young man felt himself offended, and walked out of the room.

"There now," said Roger, "if he meets

Milner in that humour, he will tell all, and perhaps before all the other boys; and then there will be no end of quizzing. Follow him, Theodore, and persuade him to hold his tongue."

Young Fortescue immediately obeyed the hint, and the other boys withdrew to the hall, where their breakfast was waiting them.

Marten and Mr. Fortescue had some, and indeed no small degree of ridicule to endure from Miss Priscy Matthews, who had got the story out of her father; and in consequence, said so much at table about flying legs of mutton, that her father at length thundered his command, that no more was to be said on the subject; and the young lady was in consequence silenced.

It appears that the history of the midnight supper never got wind in the school in general, for no hint was ever afterwards made respecting it, though Jack Reese the butcher's boy, who was suspected of having given his assistance on the occasion, was never afterwards seen near the house; but, from that time a coldness grew between Henry and Marten, and one of such a nature, that Henry, though deeply wounded, had no redress; for though Marten was distant, he was polite; and though cold, obliging.

Thus finished the month of March, and April broke upon the little seminary with her sweetest zephyrs, fairest flowers, and most verdant mantle!

## CHAPTER XXII.

### *The White Cat..*

The coldness between Marten and Henry had subsisted several weeks, when the latter was parted from his last little comforter, the affectionate little George; and from that period Henry became more anxious than ever to receive a summons from his dear uncle to return to Worcestershire. George was indeed gone to an affectionate father, and had parted from him with unabated kindness, he therefore still thought of him with a tender pleasure; but, in looking at his beloved Marten, he experienced only anguish.

It was during the first week in April, that Marten, who had at this time more liberty than the other boys, had gone over to the village on some little errand, when on his return, and whilst yet at a distance from the school-house, and in a situation from whence, by reason of some intervening shrubs he could not see it, he was accosted by that honourable person ycleped Jack Reese, of whom mention has been made once or twice before. This same Reese seemed to be in a fearful passion, and the manner in which he addressed Marten might be called any thing but respectful.

"I say, Mr. Marten," began the boy, "I say, I wish you would please to speak to Master Wellings, and tell him, if he don't choose to pay me the money he owes me, I shall think of some way of making him repent it."

"I shall not be the bearer of any of your impertinent messages," said Marten.

"Well then," said Jack, "I suppose I must bear them myself, and belike Master Wellings might not choose for me to be telling all his pranks to the Doctor."

"Say what you please to the Doctor and to Wellings too," said Marten. "I have nothing to do with any thing that ever passed between you and Wellings."

"Ha'n't you?" said Jack with a grin; "mayhap, I could make you understand, that young Wellings has made as big a fool of you as of some of your betters."

"My betters!" repeated Marten.

"E'es," said Jack; "for I reckon you count the Doctor your better, don't you?"

"To be 'sure," replied Marten; "but how has Wellings made a fool of me?"

"Ay! how has he," replied Jack with another grin, "I could tell you if I would—but, I won't, neither; I'll have the shilling that's owing me first, afore I'll tell."

"Come, come," said Marten, "have done with your vulgar impertinence. I desire to hear nothing you can have to tell."

"That's well for you," replied Jack; "for I have no mind to tell you what I know; though it concerns you more than you think on."

"What have you to tell then?" asked Marten.

"I thought you had no mind to hear," said Jack, turning towards the village.

"Has what you have to tell, any thing to do with me?" asked Marten.

"Ha'n't I said so," replied Jack; "it concerns all the big ones, but you above all, and another spark—I has forgotten his name; but he is fresh-coloured, white and red like a Miss; and his hair crisped and curled as if the barbers had had the handling on't!"

"What, Henry Milner," asked Marten, impatiently.

Jack winked, and said, "You have it, the very same."

"Well, then," said Marten, impatiently, "since this mystery concerns Henry Milner, I will give you the shilling which you say is owing to you, if you will explain it to me."

"Let's see the shilling," said Jack.

"There it is," replied Marten, showing him one, "and if you will tell me any thing which either Henry or I ought to know, you shall have it."

"Fair enough," replied Jack; "come, lay the shilling down betwixt us."

Marten did so, and Jack proceeded to unburthen his mind of what he had to say.

"Do you remember last Easter Monday, Mr. Marten?" said Jack, grinning again.

"I do," replied Marten, gravely.

"Do you know where young Wellings slept that night?"

"At the inn," replied Marten.

"Ay, sure enough," said Jack, "and so he lost all the fun, and was mortal vexed; so the

next morning he comes to our house, and brings a sheet of paper with him, and borrows father's ink-horn, and there he sits down, and writes a letter, and folds it up, and puts a bit of a wafer in it, and gives it me, and bids me see that it was brought to the school-house the same night by nine o'clock."

Marten stamped as Jack went on, whilst his face now flushed with rage, then grew pale with grief, in the recollection of his long course of coolness to his beloved Henry; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he restrained himself to hearken to the remainder of Reese's recital; he, however, heard out the boy, and was astonished to find that he had been the complete dupe of Wellings and Fortescue, who had not only formed this plan of separating him from Henry Milner, but had been weak enough to let this low and profligate Jack Reese into their plan.

Whilst Marten was thus engaged, another scene was acting at the school: it seems that young Fortescue had been presented with a terrier by a friend of his father's, and had been permitted by the Doctor to keep it at the school.

It happened this very morning, at the very moment when the boys were dismissed from their lessons, that this terrier espied Henry's cat sitting on a low wall, and Fortescue immediately suggested the idea of setting his dog at her, and having a hunt: with this view he snatched her up, and unseen by Henry, walked with her to the most distant part of the play-ground, followed by Wellings, Clayton, Smith, and many of the larger boys.

In the mean time, Henry little knowing what was intended, walked towards his garden, being accompanied by one or two of the lesser boys.

At the corner of the play-ground the elder boys happened to meet Tom Jones, who had with him two more dogs, and Roger having informed him that they were going to have a famous cat hunt, he advised them to let off the cat at some little distance from the dogs, directing them how to set the dogs after her.

All was done as Tom directed, the terrified Lilly was set down, and the dogs set upon her, whereon she took to her four paws, and fled with all her strength, whilst men and boys pursued, whooping and hallooing, neither minding bounds, fearing the higher authorities, or harkening to the dictates of common humanity; the poor creature ran till she came to a small brook, not very distant from the play-ground, and then suddenly turning, fled in the direction of the garden door, where Henry stood with the lesser boys, wondering at the noise, but not suspecting the cause till his poor Lilly, panting and almost exhausted, came close up to him, and endeavoured with a spring to clear the wall, the dogs being at some distance behind, and the rabble of boys still more remote; I use the word rabble in this place, not choosing to call them young gentlemen.

Quick as thought, the indignant Henry opened the garden door, let Lilly through it and then setting his back to it, as it opened outwards, drove back the dogs with the end of a stick which he had in his hand, and sent them howling away, for he had thrown the

stick at the last of them, and it had come with some violence against his leg. He had scarcely effected this victory over his four footed enemies, than Fortescue, Roger, Wellings, and several others came on, and demanded entrance into the garden.

"You enter not," said Henry, "unless you pass over my body; I defend this post till I die!" and, as he spoke, the young hero flamed forth with such expressions of indignation, and even of contempt, as drew upon him the blows, not of one or two, but of all who could reach him, neither could they dislodge him from the door, till the blood streamed from his forehead and head in several places, and every limb was bathed in perspiration.

At length Fortescue, with a violent effort dragged him from the door, and by the same impulse threw him on the sand, whilst the victorious band rushed into the garden, renewing their shouts and cries of triumph.

It was precisely at this moment that Marten, who was hastening from Reese to embrace his Henry, now completely reinstated in his regard, came up to the garden door, where the first object which met his eyes was his beloved Milner, bleeding and stunned by his fall.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Marten; "my Henry, my dear Henry, speak my Henry, speak, my dear Milner;" and he knelt on the grass, and raised him up.

The head of Henry fell on the breast of Marten, when first lifted up, but a moment afterwards he roused himself, opened his eyes,

and said—"Run, Marten, run, I hear their cruel cries, save my poor Lilly. Oh! Marten, if you love me, save my Lilly."

Whilst Marten hesitated, being perplexed at all he saw and heard, a shrieking voice was heard, exclaiming—"Master Milner! Master Milner, Lord H—— is come for you;" and the next moment Miss Judy Meekin appeared.

Henry, who had not been materially injured, was risen from the ground, and was struggling to get free from Marten to look after his cat.

"Master Milner! Master Milner!" exclaimed Miss Judy, "Lord H—— is come, and cannot wait; but what is the matter, you are covered with blood?"

"I will go," said Henry, "they will kill my cat."

"Are you materially hurt," asked Marten.

"Don't detain me a moment," said Henry, and he was rushing through the door, when Miss Judy forcibly grasped him on the other side; and Mr. Simson coming up at the same moment, he was dragged by a back way to be washed, dressed, and plastered; Marten having assured him, that he would instantly put a stop to the cruel war which the dogs and boys were then waging against his cat.

It is not our intention to describe the means which Miss Judy took to render him fit to be seen by Lord H——, nor to speak of his feelings on meeting again with that excellent nobleman, or the joy which he felt, when informed that his uncle was already in Worcestershire, and that he might hope to see him that very

evening. Neither will we speak of the parting scene between himself and his master, or the many compliments which were paid to Lord H——, by Mrs. Matthews.

Suffice it to say, that Henry did not part with any of these (his friends for the last twelve months) without a tear. Lord H—— was, however, anxious to be gone, and, as he wished to shorten the parting scenes, he hastened Henry to the carriage, and was just stepping in with him, when all the boys came in together from the garden; and Marten, rushing forwards, presented Henry with his cat, whose fore-leg (which was broken) he had carefully bound up; having placed the animal in a basket with some straw.

"And, are you going," my Henry, said this fine young man, clasping his young friend in his arms; "and is no time permitted me for making up all the injustice of my late conduct. I have now indeed, though too late for my peace, discovered how I have been duped, and you injured, but justice shall be done when you are no longer here.

"Farewell, then, my Henry! and sometimes think of Marten! Farewell, my Henry! my beloved Henry, farewell!"

The door of the carriage was then closed, and when the weeping Henry saw his Marten for the last time, an expression of the deepest sorrow was shed over his whole noble person.

And now, my reader, I close the second part of the history of Henry Milner, hoping that it may not have left you wholly without the

wish of hearing more of Henry, Marten and little George, at some future period, should life and opportunity be allowed me of adding a third part to this, my history.

THE END OF PART II.

LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.